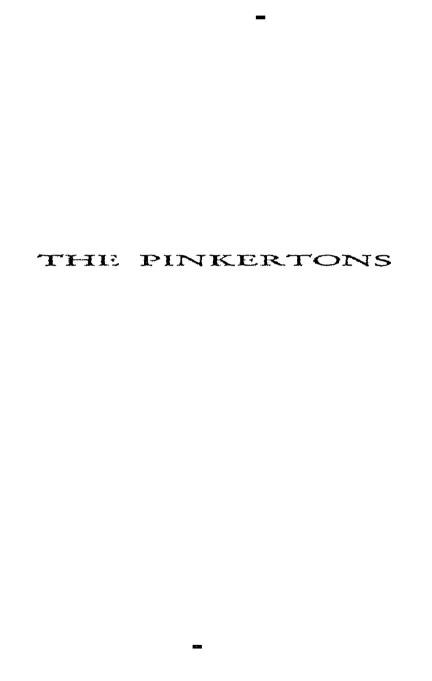


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ALLAN PINKERTON
When Head of the Federal Secret Service, 1961

#### A DETECTIVE DYNASTY

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# $\mathcal{B}_{\mathcal{Y}}$ RICHARD WILMER ROWAN



BOSTON LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY 1931

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#### TO MY PARENTS

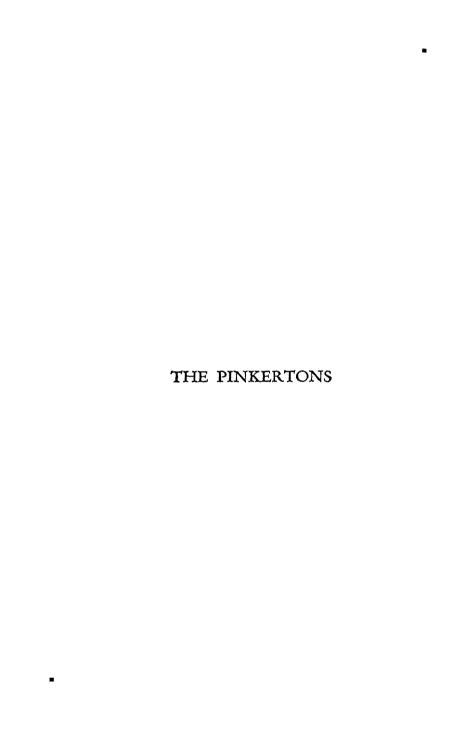
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#### I: BOGUS ISLAND

#### The Clues That Discovered a Detective

When the mob had howled on in search of better streets to conquer, a few very bold among the harassed law-abiding emerged from their battered shops and houses and came to the aid of one who had tried to do his duty. He now lay in the gutter, trampled and beaten; and furtive Samaritans lifted him up and carried him to his home, where a frightened little boy opened the door to them. The stricken man was William Pinkerton, sergeant of police in Glasgow, so badly injured by Chartist rioters he never would walk again. The boy was his son Allan, who would come to look back upon this moment of domestic calamity as the beginning of his own exceedingly strange and subtle career.

There are some in every age destined to portray with their lives the suspense and climax of well-constructed melodrama. Allan Pinkerton was one of these. He was, moreover, of that elect company which seems to thrive on any hindrances or mishaps likely to weigh down the average mortal in quest of a livelihood. This police sergeant's son was born in the Gorbals, on August 25, 1819. By 1862 he was a person of note, and the impact of his increasing fame spread back even to Glasgow — from which for some twenty years he had been a good distance removed — was felt over half of Europe and over all the Americas. Before his death it literally circled the globe. He was Mr. Pinkerton the detective, and organizer and director of a private secret service. Having embarked almost accidentally upon a difficult and, at the time, obscure vocation, he made that rapid progress indicative of very special talents,

showing himself an innovator of unexcelled sagacity in criminal investigation. Inasmuch as the impalpable genius of M. Eugène Vidocq of Paris had burned itself out about 1850, it is safe to say that Allan Pinkerton was not merely the most celebrated, but the greatest detective of his day.

He was barely ten when his father met with the injuries eventually proving fatal. As it was necessary for him to join at once with his brother Robert in helping to maintain the home, he went straight off to work as an errand boy for Neil Murphy, maker of patterns. But the running of errands has ever detained and discouraged the ambitious. Allan saw no future in it; so at the sturdy age of twelve, two years before the invalid father died, he apprenticed himself to a cooper, William McCauley. Cooperage in Glasgow largely occupied him for the ensuing decade. Until he was nineteen he stayed with the painstaking McCauley; whereupon he came forth an independent craftsman — and a Chartist of dangerous ardor.

This Chartism which so afflicted the Pinkertons was the all but engulfing radical movement of the time; a time of grave industrial agitation in Great Britain, of unregulated toil, degrading poverty, undernourished multitudes, of dazed or dull or cynical employers and politicians, and of Robert Owen. The radicals, presented with revolutionary examples by France and America, sought to relieve the working masses by a great leap of electoral reform. Economic laws newly discovered in British industry and ever so easily misinterpreted were the intangible tyrants, which must be overthrown by balloting. Visionaries and extremists did their usual harm, advocating physical force, or promising overnight what a century of desperate endeavor has scarcely been able to obtain. Chartism. then, contrived to menace privilege on a broad front; and both its partisans and its repressors were grim, vindictive and violent.

Young Pinkerton, the cooper, experimented with violence.

# BOGUS ISLAND

Throughout his life he was to be possessed by a curious blend of devotion to law and order and sympathetic understanding of the hard way of the transgressor and underdog. And so it was that embittered by his own experiences both as workingman and witness of others' grinding labor for miserably inadequate wages, he forgot the day his father's life had been shattered by the Chartist "physical force men", and joined them. An adherent of such leaders as Frost and William Muir, he went about plotting, protesting and rioting like any other young malcontent, pressing recklessly closer and closer to the brink of a personal catastrophe.

Then, at twenty-three, he married; and his honeymoon became an emigrant voyage to Canada. If he had not set forth with such expedition, the day after wedding Joan Carfrae, he would doubtless have been divorced from that Edinburgh lassic by being lodged in jail. It was 1842, and an epidemic of arrests for political conspiracy was sweeping northward from Birmingham and other centers of agitation.

Allan had been forced to flee from turbulent scenes. He was young and making a new start, presumably hopeful of steadier employment, better pay, and a measure of tranquillity. Instead he found America - which was also young and not a bit tranquil - held open to him a leading rôle in a drama of many significant adventures. If fear of imprisonment had hurried him out upon the Atlantic, nothing less than shipwreck delivered him to the hospitality of the Canadian coast. At this period it was commonly said that Scotch and Irish emigrants, having paid their passage money in advance, were often more barbarously cooped up, cramped, ill-fed and unventilated than the contraband blacks of the reluctantly expiring slave trade, who must be put ashore alive and in apparently good health to yield the slaver a profit. The vessel conveying Allan and his bride missed Halifax harbor by something less than two hundred miles, piling up on Sable Island,

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that mortuary of mistaken pilots. Separately rescued, the Pinkertons were soon reunited, unharmed and evidently but little dismayed. The attendant perils and panic of their landing were no more than the rigors of the voyage itself had schooled them to endure.

Next being taken aboard a schooner, they reached the St. Lawrence in it, and proceeded thence by way of the lakes to Detroit. Allan very abruptly, inexplicably, had decided against Canadian domicile. He bought an elderly horse and an ancient wagon, bestowed the small bundle of their salvaged possessions underneath the driver's seat, and jogged by easy stages to Chicago. The Pinkerton funds had, meanwhile, shrunk to what may be loosely termed a minimum: between them they could muster a quarter of a dollar, and took turns in carrying that lucky piece tied up in a handkerchief. But the horse might be sold for something - unlike the antique wagon it had to be fed, and could not offhand be given away. Immediate anxieties embraced, simply, where to eat and where to lodge, and where to find a place of business needing casks or barrels built in accordance with the substantial precepts of William McCauley.

In a vast central region of sprawling prairie towns and villages, Chicago protruded importantly—an unedifying civic agglomeration set down by the mouth of a river and distinguished by the equally wide-open ideas of even its earliest settlers. Incorporated in 1833, a census of that year revealed forty-three houses and less than two hundred inhabitants, but the little community straightway had dashed into a land boom and the wildest forms of speculation. Property held at two hundred dollars in '34 was gaily selling for forty thousand two years later. Until the banking panic of '37 called a sudden halt on all this wholesome fun and came very close to becoming a halter.

### BOGUS ISLAND

Citizens hung by the neck, as it were, till every pocket had turned inside out. Paper chips, scribbled promises of merchandise or services, ragged IOU'S passed freely from hand to hand as the town's surviving currency; and if ruin were to be fended off it must be done with money gone entirely out of circulation. Chicago, however, was already wicked enough to feel secure against a fatal infancy. The exploded boom seemed almost ancient and another was being nourished toward gentle inflation when Allan Pinkerton added himself to the town's few unemployed.

Prompt intervention by Scots like Robert Fergus, the printer, and George Anderson, then dealing in tobacco, to whom the newcomer presented himself, secured him his first American job. He had come more than four thousand miles to seek a sober, industrious young man's share of opportunities in a land reputedly paved with them. He went to work at his trade in Lill's brewery, as yet neither a large nor prosperous concern, and able to promise him only fifty cents a day. It is probable, though, this sum was a great relief to him. The feelings of Glasgow's insurgents had not been outraged by offers bettering twelve shillings a week. Presumably Allan, the immigrant, was satisfied.

But only for a year, until he got his bearings! Then he stopped making kegs for Lill's thin brew and moved thirty-eight miles northwest to the pleasant Scots settlement of Dundee on the Fox River in Kane County, Illinois. He was virtually as poor on reaching the new abode as he had been twelve months ago, when first undertaking to navigate the mud of Chicago's incipient streets. However, there were instantly perceptible advantages in his transfer to village life. It was not the fine country air—though costs of living were less—it was a matter of prestige, dear to every Scot. In Dundee he at once became somebody, for all the farmers of that district needed barrels for their produce and welcomed the arrival of

a Glasgow lad who would make them handily. He became the "only and original cooper of Dundee", a title he would never be other than proud to own; and now his career seemed to lie straight on, without a tortuous curve or stealthy step ahead of him.

He lived and he worked in the same one-story frame building, with a fruitful garden beside it, and ready supplies of hoop poles and staves in convenient stacks at the rear. Very soon he was in need of help and hired a young German who already knew something of the trade. With an assistant in his shop he could venture farther afield and cut himself the poles and staves that in this abundant land might be thriftily obtained by mere expenditures of time and energy. It was this saving pursuit that caused him one day to row out to a little island in the Fox River, a few miles above Dundee. Nobody ever appeared to claim the small strip of wood and brush; it was unnamed and said to be uninhabited.

Now Allan Pinkerton possessed the iconographic eye, — vision, that is, which makes a picture of a scene even to minute details and then mops it up entire, salvaging innumerable impressions that escape average eyesight, which either lavishes its whole focus upon the first interesting object in view or bounces forgetfully from one point of curiosity to the next. On the river isle Allan saw signs and absorbed portents. There were signs of intermittent habitation of a lively and rather mystifying character; and the portentous thing about it was that, if not one but several persons — a family, some sort of group, or worse, a gang — had come visiting here not once but a number of times, what already had happened repeatedly would be likely to happen again.

The cooper, reflecting, walked over the ground, following along the water's edge and tramping the island across and across, until he had halved and quartered it and combed it and swept it of clues. "This is no picnic," he probably mur-

### BOGUS ISLAND

mured; as picnicking was much too frivolous and idle a form of enjoyment in that pioneer epoch of hard work — save, perhaps, on the fairest of summer holidays, of which there was then only one, the Fourth of July.

Dusk had fallen before he remembered his original errand. He hurriedly cut as many hoop poles as his present impatience could manage, dumped them into the borrowed rowboat, and pulled urgently away to add official sanction to his first crime case.

Here was the chance observation — unfailingly vital to the success of the true detective — and here, too, was an early specimen of that Pinkerton timeliness which in Allan's career so often resembled pure luck. Again, we witness destiny in motion; for there were many well-conducted settlements of North America, in drowsing, respectable regions, where the germ of detective talent might have been kept isolated for years, without excuse to take exercise. Whereas Allan Pinkerton from his shipwreck had come as directly as he could to Illinois!

Kane and practically all adjoining counties had of late been infested with counterfeiters, coiners, and a coincident plague of horse thieves. Stealing horses, even on a large scale, would require no island rendezvous. But if counterfeiters were making use of the neglected river retreat, then the only original cooper of Dundee carried information and deductions in his head that should be presented to an officer of the law. Fortunately the sheriff of Kane County was a receptive individual, and in hearing from an amateur did not play the professional investigator and try to put the Dundee man in his place—albeit this receptiveness of his got the better of him later on and he was widely believed to have opened his jail for a bribe.

Allan so accurately described all he had seen that, when next morning the sheriff made a trip with him to the island,

he said he could not learn any more about it if he came and camped there a week. By his instructions a watch was set—and then a trap. Presently the trap was sprung. Owing to the primitive exploit of observation Mr. Pinkerton had conducted at the sacrifice of half a boatload of barrel staves and hoops, there resulted the capture of a formidable outlaw band, both men and women, coiners, with many implements of their craft and a generous evidence of unlawful labor in the form of bogus money.

The river island thereafter was called Bogus, in honor of this illicit tenantry. Arrest and prosecution of the criminals brought Allan no material reward; yet his powers of discernment became a wonder in the village. The sheriff, B. C. Yates, began stopping by the cooperage shop to discuss the events of the week on a crime-dotted calendar, causing it to be said in Dundee that Allan had rowed out to Bogus Island a workman and rowed back a detective. "From cooper to copper" became the slogan native wit fashioned for him. But this was mere neighborly blandishment; he had still a good distance to go.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In all probability this apt expression was coined some little while after the detective's early adventures in Kane County. The slang word "copper" seems first to have been applied during the fourth decade of the nineteenth century to the constables of London, just then newly uniformed and organized under the direction of Colonel Rowan of the Royal Irish Constabulary and Sir Richard Mayne. Allan Pinkerton's fellow villagers in Dundee, as yet unlikely ever to have seen a uniformed policeman, were no less cut off from acquaintance with the current Cockney slang.

#### II: OLD MAN CRAIG

#### And the Stuff of Which Counterfeiters Are Made

Almost anything can happen from time to time in a recently settled country whose oldest tradition is lawlessness; but counterfeiting is sure to be one of the things happening almost continuously. The uncertain conditions of banking and currency had decided a few friends of George Smith, who were, like himself, prosperous natives of Aberdeen, Scotland, to join him in backing a bank. This institution, rather inclusively named the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company, they located at Milwaukee. Notes having the value of one, two, three, five and ten dollars were lawfully issued. The farmers took kindly to them, called them "George Smith's money" and "as good as wheat", and put them into steady circulation. Whereat counterfeit notes superbly imitating Smith's began to float around, about as good as weevils and soon as prevalent a blight.

In Dundee village the storekeepers, Henry Hunt and Increase Bosworth, both good friends of the local cooper, were being swindled by transient customers who passed them "the stuff", and as the losses of each mounted they called upon Allan Pinkerton to devise them some scheme of relief. What could be done? Their neighborhood must be made to seem unsafe to dealers in cash for the credulous. At this time, so he said long afterwards, Allan had yet to possess — or even examine — a genuine bank note worth ten dollars. The thought of bills of such gigantic worth filled him with a kind of awe. Yet he was willing as an amateur policeman to affect large

acquaintance with paper money, no matter in what sizes, values, or spurious forms.

Not many days later a man stopped in Dundee who impressed all beholders as suspicious. He was a stranger, for one thing, seemed to be rich or, at least, "pretty well fixed", and manifestly accustomed to travel. He had made his way overland upon the back of a truly magnificent horse. Allan Pinkerton's habitual attire in his cooperage shop was divided into two modestly coördinated parts: a coarse hickory shirt and a pair of blue denim overalls. He had heard of the mysterious visitor and so wandered straightway to Eaton Walker's harness shop where some saddling defect was being repaired; and there, in his unintended make-up of shiftless yokel, while admiring the roan, he heard that beauty's owner ask to be directed to the "house where a man named Crane resides."

At once the Pinkerton eyes blinked into action. They put away for later use the impression of a big man weighing all of two hundred pounds, nearly six feet tall, and about sixty-five years old, though erect, hearty, and of commanding manner. This mental file copy was touched up by notice of a heavy, plain gold ring on a finger of the left hand — dark hair, only lightly traced with gray — features prominent, and nose very much so, mouth exceptionally large, and eyes — a swift, reviewing glance at the eyes — restless, keenly roving, small and gray, and contributing in the main that expression of cold superiority.

Young Mr. Pinkerton, edging in to pat the equine dandy, answered with a grin when the inquiry about Crane was fired at him. He knew where Crane lived and offered bucolic details. By hearsay he knew Crane well, a hard character, according to Kane County gossip, unscrupulous associate of several different brands of criminals and believed to be one himself—the distributing agent for Eastern counterfeiters who were giving George Smith's money so much unhealthy competition.

### OLD MAN CRAIG

When directing the stranger to Crane's place the cooper managed to seem pretty recklessly inclined himself, which provoked instantaneous results. The horseman remarked that he had often had dealings with Crane and intimated that he might do business with another in this neighborhood — should a certain bright-appearing young man care to meet him privately and discuss the matter.

It was quictly agreed that they get together in a much less frequented section later that morning, Allan Pinkerton revealing that his only wish for delay sprang from the necessity of going home and pulling on his boots. He turned back to help Walker with the saddling of the roan, winking slyly, so that the tempter mounted and cantered away, never doubting he had won a convert.

Allan now stood at several crossroads and did not take a single wrong direction. He might have plunged, or merely tiptoed, into unlawful trafficking. Or again, full of the spirit of adventure, he might have conferred on America — which would suffer in turn the "sleuth", the "gumshoe" and the "dick" — the vogue of the barefoot detective. Instead he hurried down the road to his shop and dwelling, found his boots and even his hat, and, with the former probably an encumbrance, set out to walk to the remote spot which his suspect acquaintance, who had a horse to carry him, had designated. Twice on the way he paused, stopping to interview his principals, Hunt and Bosworth. Between them they advanced fifty dollars toward the expenses of betrayal.

Atop the enviable thoroughbred he found his man waiting for him. His name, he divulged, was John Craig. Or Smooth John Craig, or Old John Craig when spoken by any of his innumerable acquaintances, employees, or subterranean associates! With which baffling introduction his mastery of the technique of intrigue seems to have dissolved.

"Do you ever deal any?" he asked at once. And Pinkerton said with encouraging directness—"Yes, when I can get a first-rate article"—continuing to explain that, whenever he dealt in "the stuff", he was able to "work it off" paying his men at the shop on Saturday nights.

Old John Craig never doubted it. As a match for Glasgow wits he was just a big, well-preserved chap who sat his horse with the fine bearing of a regular cavalryman. Being afflicted both with unlawful inclinations and an excessively confiding nature, he made no more than a kindergarten exercise for one as certainly intended to be a detective as Allan Pinkerton.

A "square" man, said Craig, could enrich himself quickly with little risk by coming to terms with him. He had samples to show which were "bang-up stuff." Wait and see! And then, before Pinkerton could bait him with a skeptical glance, out he gushed with batches of "George Smith" counterfeits, and the demand that their engraving be noted as something surpassing even the delicate art of getting rid of them.

"What are you asking?"

"What I always get — five hundred or a thousand dollars worth at twenty-five per cent," Craig bragged. Crane, who so far had figured as a kind of password, had once been used extensively as an agent, said Craig. But of late the fellow had grown difficult to keep in touch with. His zest was gone, he was tapering off, and now stood to be displaced by a more enterprising customer-accomplice.

At this point Allan showed his roll of fifty dollars, but did not part with any of it. He announced he would have to stir about and try to obtain the balance Craig required; and so it was arranged that they meet next at the unfinished Baptist church at Elgin, about five miles from Dundee.

"At home in Vermont," quoth Craig, "I'm a mighty steady Baptist. I must remember to tell my wife I helped dedicate a new church of ours out here in Illinois."

#### OLD MAN CRAIG

At another consultation with Hunt and Bosworth the cooper secured seventy-five dollars to add to the fifty already contributed by them, enabling him to bid for five hundred dollars worth of the "stuff" that was evidence. Since he had promised to visit Elgin that same afternoon, the storekeepers provided him a conveyance; and he was the first to arrive. When Craig pranced up and had tethered the roan, he insisted he be allowed to enter the partly erected church building alone. Allan, judiciously peeping, saw him hiding a parcel under a flat stone. Craig straightened up and turned sharply—but his impending customer seemed wholly intent on determining the Baptists' idea of an architect.

"Jake Yelverson — my assistant, you know — has been here," explained the belatedly prudent Craig, "and he must have left a bundle of the stuff which I specified as for you. I expect, friend, you'll find it under one of those stones yonder."

Mr. Pinkerton went in and began prodding various slabs with an unaccustomed boot, until he came by trial and error to the one he knew was the right one. "You mean this stone, Mr. Craig?" And then the crisp new bank notes so imperceptibly illegal were in his hand; he gave John Craig the one hundred and twenty-five dollars in good bills, and offered, as he and the Dundee tradesmen had decided he should, to "join with some others" and buy out the counterfeiter. If Craig would only give him time to raise the necessary capital, he would undertake to carry the enterprise forward on large lines. Craig, having no objection, made an appointment to meet Allan at a Chicago hotel and bind the bargain in four or five days' time. Allan waited until he trotted off and then started back alone to Dundee.

Major Arthur Griffiths, writing years ago in his monumental compilation, observed truly of the case of Old John

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Griffiths, "Mysteries of Police and Crime." Vol. I.

Craig: "It can hardly be said that Allan Pinkerton showed any marvellous acumen in this detection. But it was a first attempt, and it was soon followed by more startling adventures." The first of these followed almost immediately and was perhaps more than startling because wholly cerebral.

As it turned out, in Allan Pinkerton's initial task of detection the battle was not so much with Old John Craig as with infinitely older temptation. According to Griffiths, he afterward acknowledged what dangerous desire he had felt to take up the nefarious traffic. He had in his hand five hundred dollars, or what professed to be, each note so admirably counterfeited that it was practically as good as gold. He would have had no difficulty in passing them, and with such capital he might lay the foundation of his fortune. Scheming notions of sudden wealth and a life free from the grinding toil he had always known came seductively to mind. He put aside these thoughts, yet never forgot how nearly he had yielded. Within himself he discovered a sturdy conscience, but likewise, ever after, a strong kindred sympathy for those he found less resolutely favored.

An hour later he was proudly calling upon the Dundee storekeepers, delivering to them their curious new stock, expected to produce dividends of security from which the whole township would benefit when Craig's conviction became news to spread around. And though he would recover and return thereafter thousands of dollars in cash which had been stolen and of which — unless in the confession of thieves — there would be no accounting until he made it, never again was Allan tempted as he had been, by his own admission, on that warm July afternoon.

It now remained to plot the final undoing of Old John Craig, whose resources of wealth, experience and overbearing

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Mysteries of Police and Crime." Vol. I.

### OLD MAN CRAIG

mien warned of failure if something less than an iron-clad case were brought into court against him. Mr. Pinkerton thus far had done pretty well, winning the confidence of the suspected criminal and also supplying him an apparent abettor in whom he might confide. It was to endure as his single plan of attack in almost all crimes against property and in other crimes too, effective in a multiplicity of variations and disguises but ever, basically, the same.

The meeting in Chicago occurred at the Sauganash House, where Craig came out with an offer of four thousand dollars counterfeit for one thousand dollars of genuine George Smith or any other reputable currency. Delivery to be made within one hour! Pinkerton took refuge in the ancient device of an absent partner's objections. A certain Boyd was in with him on the deal and had declared, he said, that nothing should be paid until he had seen the contents of any bundle Craig was prepared to deliver. Boyd, an attorney, was one of those granitic sticklers for form and, even in negotiating a crime, the letter of the law. But Craig resented the adamant mistrust of an absentee. He asked to withdraw for a little, so that he might take counsel with the wise, useful "Yelverson", whose total invisibility and strength of character compared very favorably with Boyd's.

Allan Pinkerton was armed with a warrant. Moreover, in another part of the hotel he was detaining two members of Chicago's primitive tribe of police. After a while Craig did return as he had promised, though in the light of his immediate behavior it is hard to perceive why he bothered; for he undertook to pretend that he did not recognize the cooper of Dundee, remembered nothing whatever that had passed between them. All of which exasperated Pinkerton so much he called in his constables, displayed the warrant, and, with little of the finesse he later developed, caused Craig's arrest as a counterfeiter.

Craig seems to have been neither angered nor aggrieved. Probably he felt clated at having provoked an impetuous act before the proofs against him became indestructible. Taken into custody, he had no money upon him, either bogus or genuine, and after being transferred into the keeping of the sheriff at Geneva, the county seat, he suffered the annoyance of several days' detention while waiting for a bail bond to be arranged. The otherwise available "Yelverson" in this crisis became totally inert. And it was a compliment to Allan Pinkerton, whose quite unsubstantiated testimony would have had to convince a jury, that Craig decided not to wait for justice. His dignity and elegance rallied in captivity, the handsome horse was put up for sale, and thus, marshalling his assets and cementing a close accord with the sheriff, the counterfeiter went free, unbailed - though at a price which various local rumors combined to fix at little below the value of the jail itself.

It appears Craig had nothing really at stake save temporary discomfort and the bribe money he paid to good effect whenever he was caught, and which he continued to pay until he died—a free man still—robbing many jailers and bailiffs of that probability of income. Being caught, to be sure, was a deterrent to trade, and he went to great pains to avoid it. His headquarters at Fairfield, Vermont, were but fifteen miles from the Canadian border; and there he legitimately engaged in farming for the pleasure and pretense it afforded, but never kept less than two first-class engravers constantly employed at his farm.

Allan Pinkerton was not to blame for this rather shabby ending or deeply chagrined by it. He considered the whole countryside — with a few exceptions, like Hunt and Bosworth — altogether too languid wherever confronted with the counterfeit, either as a menace to financial responsibility or as the

#### OLD MAN CRAIG

moral problem of the individual. He was fond of telling about the storekeeper who had found a bogus coin inflicted upon him, and — "one day I thought it was good and the next day I'd think it was bad, and so, on one of the days I thought it was good I just passed it on in change, and that relieved me of any further worry."

This condition of mind had beset the American Commonwealth from pre-Revolutionary times. Philip Schuyler of New York, with eight thousand pounds of fraudulent bills in circulation about 1773, had been moved to advocate a striking remedy. Said Schuyler, who had not yet experienced his depressing military relations with the aspiring Gates and the Continental Congress - since most of the colonial notes were absurdly crude, new plates should be ordered so perfectly made as to defy imitation. In addition, a lesson might be taught by this artistry and a solemn warning conveyed. Let the engraver, he urged, be authorized to decorate the notes with an eye looking out of a cloud, and with a coffin, a cart and a gallows. On this last machine were to hang three symbolical counterfeiters who had not taken warning in time. And beneath the whole agonizing scene he would imprint this legend: "Let the name of the money maker rot." Mr. Pinkerton, cherishing an account of the suggestion in his criminological notes,1 made that symbol of the eve conform to his own vigilant destiny.

In the case of Old John Craig, it is possible that the prisoner's abrupt manner of paying a fine spared the cooper of Dundee an unpleasant hour in court. He was the only witness who really mattered; and the counterfeiter, if permitting himself to come to trial, would have been smart enough to retain an aggressive lawyer. No doubt some shining light from Springfield, believed to have far brighter prospects than Mr. Abe Lincoln, just then being put forward by his faithful adherents

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Thirty Years a Detective."

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of the Sangamon country for that one dismal term as their representative in Congress!

The storekeepers, Hunt and Bosworth, though more than usually public-spirited, had spent - when Allan Pinkerton's Chicago expenses were included - close to one hundred and seventy-five dollars upon the Craig affair, and they began to miss it audibly. Even the counterfeit bills, returned by the county prosecutor, were of little interest as souvenirs; everybody at one time or another had seen that kind. Allan, assuming that his friends' losses could be more equitably distributed, took a trip to Milwaukee and called on George Smith at the office of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company. The banker listened gladly to the tale of Old John Craig and only recoiled a little when Allan explained why he had come: to have him "cash" the dangerously perfect imitations of his notes! What argument followed we may surmise; but the barrel maker out of Glasgow succeeded in awakening Aberdonian conscience. Smith handed over good bills to be delivered to the storekeepers and had his money's worth scolding Pinkerton for risking such a sum when "meddling without authority." But afterward the banker chuckled over the transaction, reporting it to his partners as news of a clever young Scot who soon would be heard from, and not unfavorably.

The discomfiture of Craig had at least the result of reminding a horde of other brazen practitioners that the passing of counterfeit money could be treated as a crime. Banks and corporations too, as well as officials and influential private citizens, showed a stiffening of attitude and combined all over the West in a salutary extension of watchfulness. While the Bogus Island reputation of Allan Pinkerton consolidated with a great deal of new renown, not all of it undeserved.

The crudely precipitate beguiling of Craig seems to-day chiefly an exposure of his inexperience; and it may be guessed the respect he stirred at the time passed over his immature

# OLD MAN C' 1

handling of a counterfeiter to do the delicate decoying of genuine George Smith more the pocket of George Smith himself. That Pinkerton reconstrishment—unless the popular attitude toward crusty banders suffered depreciation only after 1847—must have impressed Hunt and Bosworth, the beneficiaries, and all the reighbors for leagues around as a

stroke of genius - which, indeed, it was.

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#### III: CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

### Urged to Resign and Go in Business for Himself

ALLAN PINKERTON had shown he was not simply observant of things; he had a keen eye for men and a persuasive, masterly way of dealing with them. This, whatever else were his talents, was his one authentic quality of genius. He could in his work descry traces of guilt in a query or gesture, or read an arraignment in a nest of cold ashes left on a descrited river island; and he could look for much more obscure, infrequent combinations of daring, persistency and shrewdness, and nearly always locate the man he required. It was to be his great gift, perhaps his greatest - hardly a continuous manifestation of the Pinkerton luck - this finding of men, and women too, his star operatives, branch managers and superintendents, who turned up at odd times and in odd ways, and then proved almost providentially suited to the work he had in hand. He did not ask for experts, and yet he discovered a score of them. He preferred, in fact, inexperienced applicants, preferred to train them himself, stamping out the patterns he had need of; and so his principal subordinates, no less than his two sons, were "Pinkertons" every one - his eyes and his arms, his players, pretenders and shadows - a kind of secretly assembled clan, a detective dynasty.

Equally fortuitous heritage made his sons promising recruits, with endowments of ability and determination which were peculiarly like his own. That veritable crown prince of Pinkertons, born on April 7, 1846, had been christened William Allan in the Dundee kirk. A robust infant and American,

# CHICAGO'S DELECTIVE FUNCE

with a frugal birthplace, lung power and residence in a doubtful State to project him toward the presidency, he was not at once recognized as the future "Big Bill" of the Chicago headquarters, who would control a thousand agents and make a criminal underworld spreading halfway around the earth identify its dread of The Big Man and The Eye with the fear of God.

Allan was a proud, kind, but scarcely indulgent father, always engrossed in some form of work and never loquacious about his parenthood. We have no credible anecdotes of his part in the earlier upbringing of William or his brother Robert, born in 1848. But the cooperage shop was gradually gaining, making a profusion of rotund containers — even making some money, though cash was still rare as a substitute for payments in kind. There were seven Germans now singing at their work with adz and driver; and the proprietor, in whatever spare moments they enabled him to have, was immersing himself fanatically — he proudly admitted it — in a new faith men called Abolition.

The leading residents of that part of the state were nearly all of them Abolitionists, many scheming like criminals to strike off the fetters of every black they could manage to spirit away from bondage. Thus the cooper-detective of Dundee came into touch with Elijah Lovejoy, Philo Carpenter, Doctor Dyer and L. C. Freer, aggressive leaders of the anti-Slavery cause; and in him they found a readily enlisted confidential agent. Without doubt Allan Pinkerton was constitutionally disposed to hate slavery, but also he professed small admiration for the elegances of the Southern gentry, which slave labor seemed to maintain. He became a diligent, valuable foreman on the "underground railway" that, in righteous defiance of a sternly surviving law, moved runaway slaves to Chicago or over into Canada, beyond the boundaries of recapture. One of his young sons' carliest remembrances was a

shop filled with grinning, fugitive darkies who had passed under the protection of his father and the local Abolitionists and were being taught to support themselves at the cooper's trade.

However, this humanitarian enterprise had to be conducted with a certain austerity. "Nigger thieves!" were being named and cauterized by resonant Southerners in the United States Senate. It was a form of secret service - and good practice for an amateur detective who would be chief of the Federal Secret Service in about fourteen years' time - but there was no fame in it; only a clear conscience and the gratifying thrill of nullification. While the harrying of horse thieves, coiners and counterfeiters was a pursuit almost as noble and fully as exciting, which occasioned the plaudits of every honest man in Illinois. Young Mr. Pinkerton found time somehow for his growing trade, the proper maintenance of his family, and underground forays against Negro servitude, and also he kept after the thieves and bogus money people - often without a warrant but always with enormous zest. He must have seemed desperately officious to some acid villager, unless that cynic of Dundee needed cooperage repairs to his tub. Yet elsewhere in the county his services achieved recognition and gained the final impetus that lasted him a lifetime. The illustrious B. C. Yates appointed him deputy sheriff.

Not many months later the fame of the cooper who carried detection as a side line had spread to Cook County, then comparatively rural, with Chicago merely its animated core. Sheriff William Church came down to Dundee with an offer that subtracted Allan Pinkerton forevermore from the shop where barrels were made. He left the business in charge of a foreman, his first German employee — to whom he eventually sold it — and moved with his family back to Chicago. And so valuable an investment did he prove for Cook County that

# CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

his appointment was carried over when Church — whose right arm he had been — was succeeded by Cyrus P. Bradley.

Detective engagements began falling thickly around him now. The post-office department put him on its then very limited staff, as a special agent. Some progressive mind suggested that the constables of Chicago be absorbed in a regularly organized police department; and, of course, the dependable Pinkerton was asked to lend his skill and repute to the fledgling, which showed many prenatal scars. From being a zealous amateur, and then a deputy sheriff who did any number of routine things remarkably well, Mr. Pinkerton now became not alone a policeman, like his father, but a recognized force in disguise, a "plain clothes man", so called. As a detective in Chicago he was as competent as every one expected, but also he was original, unique. He was the first detective, and he was at that time the city's only detective.

His early record in running malefactors to earth and making them confess, disgorge and repent their crimes would be phenomenal in any period; but to his contemporaries, who recalled the very recent lawless years of pioneering, there was downright wizardry in what this self-taught master of investigation went about quietly accomplishing. Railroads were then the most spectacular development of the country; railway shares were believed a springboard to fortune; and the men who directed the more popular and prominent lines were themselves often chosen as fairly pretentious advertisement outstanding citizens whom every one knew by sight. The roads, of course, were scattered, spreading apart over rough and thinly settled country, and their trains peculiarly vulnerable to great and petty thieves alike. It was this endemic pest of railroad robberies that caused a group of the victims, in 1850, to persuade Allan Pinkerton to abandon his limited field as a public servant for the unimaginable range and advantages of private service, with himself as the head of

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Chicago's first private detective agency — one of the first of its kind, too, in the world.

Foremost among the railroad executives who came together to promote this unusual concern, both with encouragement and the necessary promise of regular employment, were John F. Tracy of the Rock Island Railway and H. F. Hammond of the already mature Galena and Chicago Union road. The Illinois Central was likewise a cliental founder, though not as yet represented, as some historians have tried to believe, by either Ambrose E. Burnside or George B. McClellan.

At the start Allan Pinkerton had a Chicago attorney, E. G. Rucker, as his partner. After an experimental year or more the detective decided he would rather go on alone, and the partnership was dissolved. The Agency kept afloat and prospered — as the cooper shop had done — because Allan himself, with relatively few employees, worked day and night in behalf of the individuals and companies that paid for protection. Certain rules which he laid down almost at the outset survived as a code of practice as long as he retained personal control, which, in spite of a physical breakdown, was virtually to the day of his death. And most of these rules continued in force thereafter, maintained through the years — against a pressure of competition he had never experienced — by other Pinkertons, his sons and their managing staff.

No operative of his, Allan decreed, must ever accept any gratuity, whether a bribe thinly or heavily veiled, or a well-deserved cash reward which had been offered in good faith by the client, in advance, mayhap, of the Pinkertons coming into the investigation. The cost of engaging Pinkerton detectives

<sup>1</sup> These future military celebrities came into the employ of the Illinois Central before the Civil War, in 1852, and 1857 respectively, and, though early, enthusiastic clients of the Pinkerton Agency, cannot be numbered among the virtual backers of that enterprise.

# CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

Allan kept, in his own favorite phrase "always on a strictly ber diem basis." The prospective client, in short, was allowed to come fairly close to estimating what the tariff would turn out to be - an innovation of enduring consequences, which may never captivate all professions, but which after eighty years is the established procedure of first-class surgeons and even now stealing upon reputable members of the bar. A fixed sum being acknowledged as the cost of one Pinkerton's work for one day, the client need expect to pay only that amount multiplied by the number of agents and the number of days he had authorized to be devoted to his interests. Specified travel or other extra expenses were agreed on in advance; and the client received daily reports from each detective as proof of services rendered. Neither Mr. Pinkerton nor any employee acting for him was permitted to increase the force at work on a case without notice to the client and explanation of the added requirements. A wealthy client, however, might allow the Agency carte blanche from the beginning in a complicated and prolonged investigation.

Active Pinkerton agents could not exploit their experiences in newspaper or magazine articles. And Mr. Pinkerton was invincibly antagonistic to the forcing or "framing" of evidence. In view of the number and variety of the men and women he had to engage over a period of years, surprisingly few charges of fraud, of "fake" or "frame-up" were legitimately preferred against his operatives. The founder sacrificed one palpable source of golden revenue to insure himself and his successors against this imputation — so frequently lodged against private detectives — by declining to accept any kind of divorce case, however obvious the innocence of or injury sustained by the applicant. The morasses of collusion and mendacity that surround the administration of the divorce laws in many States of the Union were not, if he could help it, to be dredged to order by members of his organization. As

a symbol of the duties he set out to perform he chose a wideopen eye, which stared unwinking from his office signs, stationery and bulletins. Underneath the eye he had printed the arresting caption: "We Never Sleep!" The ensuing thirtyfour years of his life were devoted to making good this advertisement.

Although a few of the Pinkertons turned out to be better spies and secret agents than Mr. Pinkerton, it was his maximum hope in training recruits that he build up a body of his peers. And to be as good a detective as Allan Pinkerton was in his prime meant being a man whose integrity and tireless devotion to his calling were allied with a formidable perceptive equipment, with imagination and inspired flashes of intuition. His detection and arrest of the jewel thief Harmond in the summer of '53 gives a very fair picture of the kind of independent operative he was before the administrative necessities of a growing organization began to confine and overburden him.

With a friend the detective was walking along Lake Street in Chicago when a man who strolled on ahead of them had the misfortune to attract his attention. He knew he never had seen the man before, but felt with equal certainty that here was a subject who would bear watching. Whatever his purpose had been until that moment it was dismissed by a strong intuitive impulse. He offered an abrupt excuse to his friend and left him, turned into the nearest clothing store—that of H. Kohn, where he happened to be known—and borrowed an old hat and coat. When he emerged, the stranger was still in sight, and by hurrying he reduced the gap to less than two hundred feet, a suitable distance for shadowing. The man displayed as he meandered on a perceptible furtiveness—perceptible, at least, to Mr. Pinkerton. He was followed to the Waverley House; and there the detective, closing in, saw

### CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

that he had registered as "John H. Harmond, St. Louis, Mo."
— and been assigned to Room 29.

Mr. Pinkerton was well acquainted with Lafferty, the proprietor of the Waverley House, but did not disturb him. He posted himself instead at a distance to watch the entrance of the hotel, as well as the windows on one side that included those belonging to Room 29. It grew dark — it was night. But he resisted the notion that he might be making a fool of himself and stuck to his vigil. He saw the glow of candles ascending to the various rooms; light from the suspect's window indicated that Harmond had supped and was, perhaps, getting ready to retire. The light in Number 29 winked out. Mr. Pinkerton, after allowing a sufficient interval for Harmond to show himself, if he intended again faring forth, decided that all would be well for the time being and returned to his home and a belated supper.

There was both train and boat leaving very early the next morning, and Mr. Pinkerton, still obsessed with twinges of instinctive suspicion, resolved to be up and in a position to see whether Harmond was leaving by one or the other. The detective had noticed a bed of mortar beside the carriage drive of the Waverley House, and by 4:00 a. m. he was already at work there, in a shabby old suit, a seedy, tattered felt hat with a brown-stained clay pipe stuck in the band, a mortar hoe, and a conspicuous dinner pail. Sure enough, the suspect appeared shortly after sunrise, and Pinkerton followed him directly to the station of the Michigan Central Railroad. When Harmond had secured a ticket there was still some twenty-five minutes to wait before the departure of the train. Shadowing him now from a discreet distance, the detective watched him saunter toward the lake, saw him pause at the margin, look carefully around, then kneel down and start digging in the sand.

Allan Pinkerton caught a distant sparkle and assumed that

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a tray of jewelry had been unearthed from its temporary hiding place. With which task attended to, Harmond was again in motion, hurrying so rapidly to reach his train that the detective—not wanting to run and alarm him—found he could not catch up with him before he had boarded it. Pinkerton charged into the day coach. The train he found was about to start; he had only a minute or two in which to make an arrest; and, though he looked like anything but an associate of the police, Harmond apparently realized his purpose the instant he saw him in the aisle.

Cut off in that direction, the fugitive tried to raise the window and scramble out. But Allan Pinkerton had hold of him — "You're my prisoner, Harmond!" — before even a third of his bulk could be said to have slid from the car. Very submissively then the other allowed himself to be pried loose and helped back into his seat. Yet the moment he felt both feet on the floor he again began struggling with his captor.

The detective had handcuffs in his hip pocket, but in holding down a muscular prisoner he had no hand to spare in plucking them out. And all of a sudden Harmond gained a sly inspiration, born doubtless of the other's uncouth appearance. "Folks," he yelled, "help me! Somebody help me deal with this ruffian!"

A few more inquisitive passengers surged forward. Pinkerton hung on with all his might, as Harmond furiously called out and resisted. Then came the conductor, summoned by the commotion or a timid traveler, irritably forcing his way through a press of ringside witnesses. "Stop that row, you fellows! Do you want me to call the police?"

"Help me-" Harmond began again.

"I am the police," said Pinkerton, gasping for a voice of cool authority and not quite making it. "I'm arresting this man for robbery. Fetch out the cuffs from my hip pocket!"

When the conductor found the fetters as directed, they

## CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

seemed to convince him he had to do with a real detective. He and Pinkerton and a grinning brakeman subdued the prisoner. It now only remained to march him to the county jail. Arriving there, Pinkerton found his friend, Simon Doyle, the warden, cheerfully eager to assist in searching Harmond; and from the thief's modish apparel they drew forth an imposing heap of rings, jewelled pins and gold watches, besides more than nine hundred dollars in money. Leaving all this questionable cargo — and its carrier — in charge of Doyle, the detective now hastened to return to the Waverley House. There, in spite of the early hour, none of the guests was taking his ease. Even as he drew near, Pinkerton felt the tremor of their imprecations.

Practically every one who had spent the night under the same roof with Harmond had paid for it in jewels or cash, or both; and in such circumstances Allan Pinkerton made no impression whatever, save as a rusty tramp who should be excluded from the agitated presence of the genteel. He would be incapable of sympathy for owners of diamonds who had awakened to find that they owned them no longer. But now he was speaking pleasantly: "You people better get along to the sheriff's office, or the jail. . . . And don't be later than nine o'clock." The local authorities, applauded for prompt solicitude, were presumed to have given him a dime at least to bring this message.

Not even the distracted Lafferty recognized the benefactor of his guests until the detective privately revealed himself. And so proud had Allan become of his mortar-stained guise he trooped on home without stopping to change it. Mrs. Pinkerton, we observe, was scarcely taken in; while the boys found their father's grimy masquerade enchanting.

Of the score or more at the Waverley House who had been plundered, one after another they came and delightedly identified their treasures. By ten o'clock they were testifying be-

fore the Grand Jury; by eleven-fifteen Harmond's indictment was accomplished. The tray of rings he had deposited overnight by the lakeside was later discovered to have been stolen at Toledo, Ohio, from a traveling jeweller named Isaacson—to which profoundly grateful merchant restitution was also made in full. Harmond's trial came on swiftly, his conviction was certain, and it removed him to the old Illinois penitentiary at Upper Alton for a term of nineteen years.

Not often, to be sure, was Mr. Pinkerton compelled to rely so exclusively upon his intuition, for any number of known, described and badly wanted criminals were on his lists, teeming in his head, and constantly falling into the nets he spread along the railroad lines engaging his services. The episode of his suspicion and capture of Harmond was typical of many that showed him the most indefatigable detective in the West.

In 1857 he was implored by a group representing Chicago's more peace-loving citizenry to see what might be done toward protecting an ancient burial ground from the raids of ghouls and vandals. Called the Old Catholic Burying Ground or Old French Cemetery, and located on the shore of Lake Michigan upon a high, sandy, narrow strip of land, it came within the limits of the city and enclosed not only the graves of hundreds of recent settlers who had died in the Roman Catholic faith but also those of a great number of French pioneers and their partly Indian offspring. And now the students of medicine were being much too neighborly in securing subjects for dissection.

Years before the City of New York had known the rigors of a civil uprising which had this same offense of plundered graves as its inspiration. Chicago wanted no rioting or any

<sup>1</sup> The Doctors' Riot of 1788. Many of the best known physicians on Manhattan island were driven into hiding across the Hudson in New

# CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

public impulse patterned upon the wickedness of old New Yorkers. However, the Catholic cemetery was close to the lake and only a mile and a half from the river, and the temptation to steal newly buried bodies from so convenient a spot was next to irresistible. Many thefts were being undertaken by persons more recklessly adept than devoured by interest in anatomy. Others were known to enter the grounds at night in sheer malice, desecrating graves from which bodies had not been removed.

The public temperature, not unheated by sectarian feeling, was going up and getting menacing. But the detective had promised an anxious committee to check the marauders and put a stop to vandalism. He sent for one of the most reliable and devoted men he was ever to have in his employ — a great Pinkerton, Timothy Webster. "Take eight men there tonight," said the chief; "place them so that all entrances are covered, and in particular keep watch over the more recent graves."

But Allan Pinkerton knew from personal experience the somnolent hazards of such patrol duty. Probably nothing would happen for hours, or for several nights running; and the eye that never slept would be no less soothed than any other by the quiet and the dark. He therefore spent an afternoon in improvising a crudely effective and silent system of post alarms. He bought several sets of heavy chalk lines, such as carpenters used in laying out their work, and attached the ends of the lines to small stakes which were to be driven into the ground about three feet apart. Webster and his eight operatives would each be placed to stand between a pair of these stakes; and so that every one of them might be known to

Jersey; while companies of militiamen were held under arms for several days, and such notable persons as John Jay and the Revolutionary hero, Baron Steuben, were injured in attempting to persuade the mob to disperse.

stay at his post, awake and watchful, a signal would pass almost continuously along the lines from man to man. Webster would start it, pulling the line on his right three times to notify the man next to him in that direction. When a complete circuit had thus been established and Webster felt the final signalling pulls on his left-hand line, he would allow a minute's interval and then reverse the direction, signalling the operative next on his left and having the circuit end with three tugs upon his right line. Which system so coördinated the vigilance of the Pinkertons that swift and certain capture must follow any pillaging—or merely mischievous—attempt to invade the cemetery.

Mr. Pinkerton had every confidence in Timothy Webster, but was by nature too thorough to deputize his managing responsibilities, besides having an inventor's abundant zest for his latest creation. Several of Webster's force, also, had been very recently engaged. And their employer troubled himself to learn how dutiful they were — taking especial note of a certain Terry O'Grady, a raw young immigrant, whose audacity and prowess, alleged to have been the pride and grief of Ireland, had yet to be noticed in the New World.

The signal lines were working as expected when the first of Pinkertons stole upon the scene. He passed Webster and two more faithful watchers, and came near to O'Grady; but a very few repetitions of the signal had begun to bore that knight of dangerous if distant adventures. He grumbled audibly, wished he had never heard of Allan Pinkerton or his Agency. Then, taking out a pipe, he lighted it; a bottle presently added internal comfort; but still he was discontented and said so, addressing himself in a far from muffled tone. He was, in short, simply wasting his own time and that of eight other—and presumably better—men, since the most indiscriminate night prowler would scarcely venture

### CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

near the cemetery against the warning of a voice and lighted pipe.

The detective had seen and heard enough, and he walked away in dour exasperation. However, he acknowledged the lonesomeness of the assignment, and his mood quickly passed. In the light of his subsequent endeavors, it may be supposed his eyes began to twinkle merrily.

It would be astonishing - even disappointing to some to discover Allan Pinkerton addicted to boisterous fun and practical jokes. The secret agent can afford to be humorless. Causing confidences to meet with betrayal, sending pitiably guilty persons to the vile prisons of that time was a serious business. In the Civil War also, as director of a military secret service corps, he had the lives of many courageous operatives dependent upon his judgment and ability. This, too, was no joking matter. None the less, Allan Pinkerton had juvenile notions of mischief and let a rather rugged sense of humor break forth on occasion.

At the Agency next day he solemnly gave it out that he would be away from town that night. Webster and his crew were, of course, to continue standing guard over consecrated ground. When the chief detective once more came toward the Old French Cemetery, he carried a folded sheet under his arm. Nearing O'Grady's post, he found that champion again bolstering his spirit with monologue, pipe and bottle. Pinkerton shrouded himself in white, approaching with stately tread, and emitted a strangled, mournful cry - half shriek, half groan. The outburst that followed came from O'Grady, a yell of fright, high-pitched and penetrating. His superior matched it, though more dismally. And O'Grady's second yowl was less distinct - he was already on his way.

The ghost pursued him, crying out and trailing the sheet.

Other Pinkertons tugged on their lines, creating a panic response, and so began running about and firing off their revolvers. O'Grady had attained incredible speed from a standing start, but his employer kept him in sight; and the two of them soon outdistanced every other watcher who had picked up the trail. The fleeing detective now reached the north branch of the Chicago River, which was little more than a creek at this point. And O'Grady was not pausing for creeks that evening; he plunged in, swam across and went straight on, leaving his personal devil fairly aghast on the other side.

Mr. Pinkerton spent the remainder of the night at an outof-the-way inn and came to the office ready for business as
usual the morning after. He had decided he would not be too
hard on the Irishman — he'd been penalized enough. But
O'Grady did not report that day, nor any other day. He
could not be traced and never was heard of again. So emphatic
had been his resignation he left a small balance of salary remaining due him. It was still being carried on the Agency
books that were consumed with many a secret in the great
Chicago fire of '71.

#### IV: A WEB OF DETECTION

### The Celebrated Adams Express Robberies

An organization that dealt fairly with its clients, delivering the results they bargained for, seemed to the West so novel an achievement, the fame of it fast spread beyond the limits of the railroad lines whose need had mothered Mr. Pinkerton's invention. New clients, both corporate and individual, applied without end to the Chicago office. Every week brought one or more additional cases; and when some of these were declined, the wonder of that - a private investigator with scruples enough to hem him in - made "protected by the Pinkertons" a highly reputable commodity. It was Allan Pinkerton's own shrewdly original step, this marketing of a promised defense against criminals and trained, aggressive pursuit of them as a supplemental form of insurance. That, irrespective of the danger or frequency of lawless attempts, a kind of sublimated protectorate and hovering threat to evildoers could be sold over the counter to large hotels, associations of bankers, conspicuously wealthy persons and substantial business houses, the Agency and its several imitators were to learn somewhat later.

Spectacular success against railroad thieves brought innumerable odd communications of approval and inquiry to the headquarters at Chicago. There was one in which a candid fellow wrote: "I am traveling around a great deal, and want you to send me a roving commission as one of your detectives. I see many instances where the power of such authority would be of great benefit to me."

Another explained the applicant's self-inflicted qualifica-

tions: "As I am a married man, with six cherubs, my mother-in-law being a permanent fixture with me now, I can leave home indefinitely."

But none ever coming to the desk of the chief was more peculiar—and very few more momentous, in point of fortifying the Pinkertons' reputation with national advertisement—than a telegram received late in January of 1859. Adding his own punctuation, the detective read:

CAN YOU SEND ME A MAN HALF HORSE AND HALF ALLIGATOR? I HAVE GOT "BIT" ONCE MORE. WHEN CAN YOU SEND HIM?

It was signed by E. S. Sanford, the vice president of the Adams Express Company, a concern which had grown up with the nation's new railroads and enjoyed a monopoly in a vast area of the East and South.

This was not Mr. Pinkerton's first indication that his ability was known in distant cities. He had been in touch with this same official of the express company the fall preceding - had had a letter from him giving details of a mystifying theft which had occurred in, or in transit to, the company's office at Montgomery, Alabama. An express pouch, it seemed, had arrived there by messenger from Atlanta on April 26th, containing, among other packages, one enclosing ten thousand dollars in bills on the Planters and Mechanics Bank of Charleston, South Carolina. This package, intended for Columbus, Georgia, had been forwarded into Alabama by mistake, another worth four thousand seven hundred fifty dollars being missent at the same time. Maroney, the agent, popular and somewhat of a personage in Montgomery, had discovered the latter amount in the pouch when he unlocked it; but the ten thousand dollars was not to be found. Maroney had said he never saw it. The messenger, Chase, was equally positive he had delivered the pouch just as it had

been handed to him in Atlanta and that it had not once been out of the locked safe in the express car on the way to Montgomery.

A local investigator, Buck McGibony, with others sent from Mobile, New Orleans, and from Philadelphia and New York, had circled about formidably but accomplished a trifle less than nothing. Among them only one, a New York man named Boyer, had thought of something and earned his expenses. He advised the express company officials to submit the mystery to Allan Pinkerton.

Answering Sanford's letter promptly, the Chicago detective had given his opinion that, while either Chase or Maroney might be the thief, he was - at long range - rather disposed to suspect Maroney. He knew the Adams Company's unvarying procedure: the messenger was an automaton compared to the agent; he carried a locked pouch always and had no key, the pouch being locked in his presence by the dispatching agent and similarly unlocked by the one to whom he delivered it. In order, then, to rob any given pouch, a messenger would first have to steal the key from an agent, or secretly borrow it long enough to have a duplicate made. If this had not been done, and Chase's pouch gave no signs of having been tampered with, Maroney was more than likely the guilty man. And in conclusion, Mr. Pinkerton pointed out that the agent would be impossible to convict unless an impregnable case could be made out against him, since Southern sentiment would resist to the last the most damaging circumstantial evidence submitted by "lowdown hired detectives" come from the North.

But the exchange of letters somehow had cooled this promising intervention. Sanford made no reply; and there the matter had rested, with Maroney and the messenger alike suspected, and one or two of the more persistent investigators still stumbling over a cold, cold trail.

Cotton at this time was king and chancellor of the exchequer also. Millions of dollars poured into the South to purchase each crop; and the Adams Company handled virtually all this cash in transit. A very efficient, responsible system of express agents and messengers was in operation; and the company heads, while resentful of losses, were much more concerned about the vital stream of public confidence. Shippers must not get the impression that express cars, safes, or pouches were insecure, or Adams employees corruptible.

In October, Nathan Maroney had asked for leave of absence and journeyed northward, being shadowed as far as Richmond, Virginia, where the trail ended. On this trip only his fondness for horse racing and for rather low types of companions could be reported against him. Soon he resumed his duties in Montgomery. But now officers of the company had lost faith in their popular representative; his tastes were too obviously expensive, his friends not all they should be; and his removal had been decided upon, when, on January 20, 1859—the occasion being the visit of the superintendent of the Southern Division—the Alabama agent handed in an abrupt resignation.

It was accepted on the spot. Yet both Maroney and his superior agreed the parting should be amicable; and the former said he felt that he ought to remain at his post until the company appointed his successor. A week later, on the twenty-seventh, consignments of packages coming to the Montgomery office included four—one bound for Charleston, South Carolina, enclosing twenty-five hundred dollars, and three bearing thirty thousand dollars—five thousand dollars—and twenty-five hundred dollars, respectively, to the capital of Georgia. Maroney receipted for these with a number of others, putting them away in the office vault to be forwarded on the morrow.

Chase was again the messenger going between Montgom-



### WILLIAM A. PINKERTON

ery and Atlanta. He and Maroney next morning prepared the pouch he was to carry to the latter city. Some hours later that pouch reached its destination and was unlocked. The parcels worth exactly forty thousand dollars had all been checked off on the waybill; but the four of them had vanished, like steam in a cool draught.

This second theft appeared an act of surpassing effrontery. Discovery of the loss chanced to be witnessed by the Southern Division's assistant superintendent; he took the next train to Montgomery, saw Maroney, and was assured that the four parcels had been in the pouch entrusted to Chase. Maroney had the receipt signed by the messenger to show that each of the missing parcels had been dropped into the pouch before he used his special agent's key to lock it with the messenger looking on.

"So long as I've got that," he insisted, "I won't be held responsible. The packages — no matter what their value — had passed out of my keeping."

Chase also was rigorously questioned. And each suspect developed a substantial following to argue his innocence.

Allan Pinkerton, too far off to hear them arguing, contemplated his odd telegram. The express company had suffered a second rousing bite, and because of his previous unresponsiveness Sanford was phrasing his cry for help with a whimsical twist of apology. The detective understood the alligator reference to mean that the trouble still lay near the Gulf, and that specific Southern affiliations, therefore, would be required of any agent making a foot of progress. Subsequently a letter gave him all the facts up to date.

In some parts of the South, Mr. Pinkerton believed, he had become known as one who helped slaves desert their masters. He could only conjecture what special distempers the Alabama climate reserved for a man of his faith; but, in beginning a struggle which he knew might test the

Agency's resources, he regretfully appointed a substitute to precede him and reconnoiter. This operative, Porter — who was neither horse nor alligator, and not a subtle blend of both — traveled by way of Richmond, there adding to his appearance, speech and manner those little touches that distinguished the Virginians and their imitators.

Upon reaching Montgomery, he was clever enough to secure a job as clerk in the same hotel where Nathan Maroney resided. But even before that came to pass he rushed off his first report to Chicago. The Adams officials, stung to hasty action, had ordered Maroney's arrest. Bail had at first been fixed at the amount charged in the warrant — forty thousand dollars; but after a hearing before a palpably unimpressed judge, this fell off sharply to four thousand dollars, the proofs of the prosecution seemed so excessively slim. And, Porter added, leading citizens of Montgomery had contended for the privilge of signing the bail bond.

Remanded for trial at the next session of the Circuit Court, Maroney shared his partisans' conviction that the case the company had to press against him would there and then collapse amid extra-legal derision. The accused, moreover, before ever encountering the law, had staged a crafty scene in the presence of a Mr. Hall, route agent for the company. The allegedly rifled pouch, returned to Montgomery from Atlanta for Maroney's identification, had already been examined by Hall, who found no signs — in Atlanta — of its having been tampered with; but now, after Maroney started examining it, he suddenly exclaimed: "Just as I thought! See here — it's cut!"

Hall looked; and sure enough it was cut. He found his former thoroughness reproached by two small slashes in the leather — made at right angles to each other, just under the pocket on the outside of the pouch intended to contain the messenger's duplicate receipts and waybill.

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Allan Pinkerton, after reviewing the baffling situation which Porter depicted, decided a second man should go down to Montgomery, stay in the background, covering not only Maroney but his wife and also their more intimate friends. to be ready at short notice to follow any principal in the case who suddenly journeyed out of town. Whereupon he sent for Roch, a trusted operative, who in years to come was the Pinkerton criterion of the perfect shadow. Bald, slightly stooped, insignificant, a German with heavy-lidded eves, a long prying nose and longer memory, his detective talents were about evenly divided between seeing and hearing, and managing never to be seen himself. The disguise of Roch, who in type was to be an immigrant German or "Dutchman", came forth from the Agency's extensive wardrobe kept in a state of ever-increasing variety by frequent attendance at rummage sales. And now stout boots, a long pipe, a quaint nationalistic coat and peaked cap embellished this sparsely built Teutonic fate who would dog the heels of Nathan Maroney or any one else for a month, a year, or century, while health and Mr. Pinkerton permitted.

To confer with the directors of the Adams concern, Allan Pinkerton hurried to New York. There, in consultation at the Astor House, he learned very little about the possibilities of theft from company pouches, but a great deal about Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Maroney. The suspected express agent had been born in Georgia, had gone to Texas as a very young mgn, fought with the Texas Rangers in the Mexican War, and distinguished himself in several engagements of that parade to empire. About 1852 he had turned up in Montgomery, being first employed as an agent by Hampton and Company, who ran a line of stages. Upon leaving that position he was next the deplorably idle treasurer of Johnson and May's circus until its slight entertainment value had been attached, together with the few other assets. Maroney

had in that instance been charged with embezzlement—it did not seem possible a treasury could get so depleted of its own accord—but the accusation had proved to be false. After which experience he hastened back to the firmer footing of transportation. Railroad trains were now running in place of Hampton's stages; and he became a conductor in Tennessee, afterward assistant superintendent, resigning to attain the even more desirable post of express agent in the capital of Alabama.

It was the dossier of Maroney's wife that betrayed the steeper declivities. She was thought by the knowing but charitable - of whom there are always a few in populations of several hundred thousand - to have been a widow, a Mrs. Belle Irvin, at the time of her ostensibly lawful alliance with Maroney. She had one child, Flora, now seven or eight years old. A little sifting of rumor had put on file with the company other indisputable facts: of good family, she had run off with a man who subsequently deserted her and the child, in the too familiar manner of villains of the epoch - whereupon, either because she found the gay life pleasing, or because, according to alleged old family custom, her relatives virtuously cast her off, she had resorted to a succession of dubious domiciles, flourishing in Charleston, New Orleans, Augusta, and finally Mobile - whence she had emerged with Maroney, as his bride.

Spokesmen of the Adams Express Company deemed these histories significant, now that fifty thousand dollars was at issue. And for no reasons he bothered to record Allan Pinkerton suddenly concluded that the risks induced by his connection with fugitive slaves and militant Abolition were, after all, not enough to keep him out of Alabama. It was scarcely the loss of fifty thousand dollars that drew him; it was the spectacular negligence of the Maroneys' moral status. He—who might have been a successful newspaper pro-

prietor if the continent of North America had not stood in greater need of one truly able detective—permitted himself to espy the florid outlines of a really spontaneous sensation.

He started from New York that night, and mentions reading "Martin Chuzzlewit" until he reached Alexandria, Virginia, where he had to throw his copy away. Mr. Dickens' poor opinion of slavery had been in print some fifteen years, but any glimpse of the book inflamed those professional Southerners whom the traveler moving upon Montgomery could hardly help but encounter. The detective carried a letter to Messrs. Watts, Judd and Jackson, legal advisers of the Adams Company, who were requested to acquaint him with any new information they might have regarding the Maroney case. Personally he counted more on news that would issue from Roch and Porter, and, after putting up at the Exchange Hotel, set about establishing an unobtrusive contact with each of them.

At the hotel Mr. Pinkerton had almost immediate occasion to decide for himself about Maroney's wife. He studied her in such opportune moments as he had through the course of one day, and then wired Chicago for a third operative to come to Alabama. The lady was, he opined, a pretty vivid flame that might eventually illuminate the whole investigation; and she would need more attention hereafter than either Roch or Porter could spare.

While the German had thus far only waited and watched, the genial visitor from Richmond, Virginia, had dodged skillfully into the social whirl in which Maroney rotated. The suspect, Porter had learned, had bought a valuable race horse, Yankee Mary, while on his tour away from Montgomery in the fall. The swift little mare had made her début even before the occurrence of the second theft; but ever since then

Maroney had been backing her heavily, the while affecting to be just an admirer, conferring the glory of ownership upon a saloon keeper, Patterson, and several other cronies.

The public house that Patterson kept was Maroney's head-quarters, now that he was without any regular place of employment. Porter and Roch were agreed that the serving of whiskies and beer — which latter Roch described as barely drinkable — and the saloon's outward aspect of refined festivity cloaked not only almost continuous gambling but also sharper games wherein the novice had no chance. And upstairs were the customary panoplies of vice. "Fast men from New Orleans" and other Gulf ports, declared a Pinkerton observer, were "constantly arriving or departing." Of women of even higher velocity there were always a few ranging about within call.

Mr. Pinkerton dropped in at Patterson's bar, found the beer more palatable than Roch had indicated, and the character of the resort too openly depraved to need detectives to notice it. Hanging around there proved Maroney a fool and a waster, but it did not prove him a thief. He had never lacked money to spend, had always been generous and a notably lucky gambler, so that his present style of living could not be urged as a certainty of illicit resources.

Green, the third Pinkerton agent brought upon the scene, arrived in the nick of time. Porter heard that Maroney's wife was packing for an extended journey; and the newcomer had scarcely learned to know her by sight when he headed forth again, shadowing "Mrs. Maroney and daughter" to the best hotel of Charleston, and thence aboard a steamer and on to New York. Maroney already had telegraphed a friend in the Northern city; and it was as the guest of this merchant that his wife came to rest under Green's persevering surveillance.

Next Maroney himself decided upon a "business trip",

and Porter, now intimate with him, was told about it. Roch at once prepared to follow. April 5th saw the late Adams employee boarding an Atlanta train, with most of his friends at the station to cheer him on his course, and a few even riding part of the way with him. One other who elected to travel with the hero was stupidly ignorant of Southern rules of transportation — entered the "Jim Crow" car and seated himself. A shabby, dull-mannered, middle-aged German!

The debonair Porter, prominent among the noisy sportive throng, saw Roch slip aboard the train, keeping as much out of sight as possible. Maroney, Patterson and others were going from car to car, studying every white passenger. Evidently the suspect thought he would be shadowed and wanted, if possible, to identify the man, or men, setting forth upon his trail. "But Roch will fool 'em," Porter assured himself. And Roch did, neither Maroney nor any of his prowling partisans bothering to look into the car reserved for colored people.

Roch staved a night at the Atlanta House because Maroney registered there. Then on to Chattanooga they went, the pursued and his sorry-looking pursuer, from that place to Nashville, and back again to Chattanooga. Memphis was Maroney's next destination, and here he abruptly boarded a steamboat, the John Walsh, disembarking with equal suddenness at Natchez. The comparative proximity of all passengers on a small river craft had caused Roch grave forebodings, but he took the chance and could tell that he was not arousing the other's suspicions. Frequent and invisible detours Maroney made to "Mudder Bink's" and other notorious brothels were like causes of momentary alarm to the detective. At Jones' Express office in Natchez the suspect inquired for a package, but was disappointed. He proceeded then to New Orleans; and from that celebrated city Roch wired a long report to his chief, now actively engaged with another side of the case in Philadelphia.

Allan Pinkerton advised his operative to discard the immi-

grant and become a dashing Southerner. And so Roch gratefully shaved and scrubbed and arrayed himself with modish elegance. Maroney likewise made revisions, a new gray suit, hair trimmed and curled, and whiskers of an altered flare so considerably heightening his effect upon himself that he went straightway to the gallery of Messrs. Spaulding and Rogers to pose for a daguerreotype. Again exchanging telegrams, Mr. Pinkerton instructed Roch to get a copy of this picture. The detective applied as a friend of that gentleman who visited the gallery yesterday; and a good-looking octoroon girl, believing in the authentic speech of five silver dollars, handed over the copy desired.

Up the broad river to Natchez once more Maroney hustled, all but leaving his shadow among the Creoles. Roch knew he must not board the saucy Mary Morrison in his agreeable new guise, for, as an equal, he might have to converse with Maroney, and the days of his usefulness on the case would be at an end. Back into the rusty German hide he darted, then, and raced to the gangplank with only a leisurely Southern second to spare. And Natchez now held an expressed article addressed to Nathan Maroney — a black-painted trunk, nail-studded and nondescript, with tags of Montgomery, Galveston and New Orleans remaining as legible fragments on its sides. Which antiquated object its owner and his Pinkerton shadow escorted to New Orleans, to Lake Pontchartrain, and to Mobile by steamer.

On the afternoon of April 30th, Maroney sailed up the Alabama River to Montgomery. Roch was no longer tagging at his heels; but that engaging hotel clerk, Porter, waited to greet him. Roch had written on ahead; for the battered old trunk, he felt sure, was harboring a part at least of the stolen money. And Maroney himself showed a certain uneasiness about bestowing it safely for the time being. Porter, the Pinkerton, he asked to attend to the matter in person: have the aged

piece of luggage put away with care in the storage room of the hotel, and "Nathan Maroney" plainly chalked upon it.

While in Memphis, the suspect had posted a letter. Roch, contriving to see it, had copied the address. Thus Mrs. J. Cox of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, became of interest to the Pinkertons. Jenkintown was a small community about twelve miles from Philadelphia; but it was in Camden, New Jersey, that the operative at work on this link found a rather loquacious Jacob Cox who was persuaded to brag that his "brother Josh of Jenkintown, Pa." was married to a woman whose sister was the wife of an exceedingly prosperous man down South, an Adams Express agent.

When Belle Maroney and her daughter left New York, they led their faithful follower, Green, straight to Camden, across into Philadelphia, and thence to the suburban home of the sister and brother-in-law. Mr. Pinkerton, surveying the work of the now numerous operatives spread out in an absorbing hunt for evidence strong enough to bend even the sectional prejudices of Alabama jurymen, decided that two more persons could be accommodated on the barbed-wire fence he was erecting around the accused. Mrs. Maroney needed some one - other than her own sister - whom she could persuade herself to trust. A woman, presumably! - so a telegram went to Chicago, mentioning Mrs. Kate Warne. Again, the suspect's wife ever since coming up into the invigorating climate of the North had shown a marked coquettish tendency. She seemed disposed to resume that gay, promiscuous life from which Maroney, in Mobile, had theoretically rescued her. And if the woman must have her beaux, Mr. Pinkerton felt that the forces surrounding her were entitled to donate at least one of them.

Mrs. Warne had entered the employ of the detective agency only two years before; and its founder already looked back on the day of her extraordinary application as one of the most

fortunate of his incessantly eventful life. She had not known how to describe herself in regard to the experiment she had in mind, and in obtaining her first interview had merely led him to expect "a widow." However, he had seen in her the pioneer she wished to be and had engaged her — the first woman in America to be distinguished as a professional detective. She was not remarkable for beauty, but persuasive, graceful, and self-assured. To Mr. Pinkerton she seemed possessed of intelligence well above the average; and justifying him, Kate Warne had quickly risen about as high as she could go in the career selected, becoming superintendent of that branch of the concern Allan described in all respect as his "female department."

The versatile corps of Pinkerton operatives could not so readily produce a cavalier for Mrs. Maroney. The lady at this time was much seen in the company of a gay blade named Hastenbrook, and between them they kept Green and his substitutes in a pretty breathless state. Only a young and singularly fascinating man could hope to interrupt this romantic affair, whose principals drove out behind a spirited team of bays and paused repeatedly at such dissolute sounding sites as Manayunk and Conshohocken.

Approaching E. S. Sanford of the express company, Mr. Pinkerton explained their need of a tractable Adonis on the Jenkintown front. And the merits of the Adams organization were never more exquisitely demonstrated. Sanford straightway dispatched a clerk named Arthur De Forest—telling him nothing of the detective activities, but inviting him to get acquainted with Mrs. Maroney at the company's expense. De Forest, a tall, dark, insinuating entrant, with ravishing mustaches and beard, found the assignment flattering and much to his taste, with a generous allowance and a fine span of horses to drive as Hastenbrook's competitor.

Mrs. Warne arrived in Jenkintown to spend the summer as

"Madame Imbert" — wife of Jules Imbert, the notorious billsof-exchange forger then serving a prison sentence for his
crime. A Pinkerton agent named Rivers now covered Jenkintown, with Green moved back to Philadelphia to pick up any
trails leading that way. De Forest was gallantly at work, but
to a degree exceeded his instructions by falling in love with
Maroney's wife. Presently he did more, summoned the Jenkintown constable and complained of Rivers. "That slinking fellow over there — I want him arrested. I come out here to call
on a lady, and wherever we go together, he turns up, skulking
and spying."

"Disorderly conduct!" said the constable. And only after Pinkerton and Sanford had personally communicated with the county authorities was Rivers allowed to go free.

Down in Alabama, Porter - with the phlegmatic Roch smoking in the remote background — was keeping watch upon Maroney. On the first day of May he accompanied the suspected thief to the hotel garret, where Maroney opened his superannuated trunk. He removed cigars and extra wearing apparel -locked it and tightly strapped it again, and took this occasion to tell his friend he was going North. Next day, with Roch surging along behind, he started for Philadelphia. His operative's telegram en route moved Mr. Pinkerton to recommend that Maroney be arrested anew in a Northern city upon complaint of the Adams officials. This measure the company's counsel in Philadelphia opposed, arguing that the Alabaman could not be prosecuted, or even detained long enough to have any effect on the outcome of the case. But one who practiced law in New York, Clarence A. Seward, said he believed in that city a lengthy incarceration of the suspect might be procurable.

On Saturday, May 7th, Maroney and his wife in Philadelphia experienced what several overseeing Pinkertons were reluctant to call a happy reunion. They did have a conference lasting

more than an hour, and only sallied forth from the hotel to visit an alderman. After which adventure they were driven to the Camden ferry, crossed over into Jersey and boarded a train for New York. And what of their transaction with Alderman G. W. Williams? Allan Pinkerton thought he knew, but he must be certain. He managed to encounter the city official casually and asked him to supper. Oysters and champagne seemed to invite confidences; and Williams talked freely. But his aim was poor until Pinkerton at last helped him out with — "I guess you fellows don't compete much with the parsons nowadays when it comes to tying a knot?"

"Who says we don't? Why, only this morning I married a man from Alabama. He was getting himself a mighty fine wife too. Mrs. Belle — Belle Irvin, that was it. A stunning creature — she also comes from some place down South —"

"Very aristocratic, I dare say," said Pinkerton drily.

Now Porter from Montgomery had written of Maroney's recent and apparently sincere attentions to a young woman living not far from that city. But once the Irvin woman had him again as target for her undoubted fascinations, Mr. Pinkerton reasoned, she had been able to extort this sudden and belated marriage ceremony. Knowledge of the two express thefts would put driving power behind her cajolery and threats! As his wife she could not be compelled — and would not be allowed — to testify against him. On this purely technical ground, he had either to wed his mistress or kill her, to silence her; which sustained the detective's earlier conclusion that she was by far the more reckless and masterful of the two.

A hasty telegraphic warning had brought the lawyer, Seward, with United States Marshal Keefe, to the train shed at Jersey City as the Maroneys' train puffed in. Neither of them ever had seen the man from Montgomery before; but George H. Bangs, Pinkerton's chief assistant in New York, had been able to supply Seward with an Agency copy of the

### A WEB OF DETECTION

photograph obtained by Roch in New Orleans. The two men rode across to the Liberty Street ferry slip with the couple and the daughter, Flora; and as soon as the boat touched the Manhattan side, Keefe and his Federal warrant swung into action. At an immediate hearing Maroney repeated his stout denials of guilt — he was neither thief nor fugitive from Alabama. But, to his vast consternation, bail was fixed at one hundred thousand dollars; and, unable to raise that staggering sum or secure a bondsman, he suffered commitment to the Eldridge Street jail — then by no means the worst hotel in town.

Allan Pinkerton learned of this stroke with grim satisfaction and continued mailing newspapers into the South. He had arranged with the Philadelphia *Press* to publish a notice of the Nathan Maroneys' delayed nuptials—"Montgomery, Alabama, papers please copy." And even then, leaving nothing to chance or journalistic torpor in a warm climate, he sent copies of the *Press* to all acquaintances of Maroney and his wife whose names and addresses Porter or Roch submitted.

This perverse, ugly artifice may not seem worth the trouble it cost, or, in fact, all the bank notes Maroney held concealed. Mr. Pinkerton, no doubt, was thinking of felony and of factional excitements already rending the Union. Prepossessions and prejudices of almost virulent force would have to be met by his organization in a Southern court; and such antagonism, such public bias favoring a criminal he stood ready to undermine with callous and malign enthusiasm.

That a kind of ethical atrophy thus accompanies pronounced success in crime detection most professional practitioners take for granted, and nearly all chroniclers of detective triumphs seem agreed to ignore. Gentlemen of benign ambition in America have undertaken to do many mundane things — to edit a newspaper "for twenty-four hours", to collect funds, promote sales of real estate, and even conduct stock-exchange speculations — according to the precepts of

the saintly life. But none ever tried to apprehend criminals while manacled himself to rules of exemplary conduct or even good sportsmanship; and if the attempt were made it would fail. Allan Pinkerton was too instinctively expert a detective not to realize this; and hereafter, in relating whatever methods conformed to the need of his subordinates or himself, no question of principle or propriety will again be raised.

#### V: THE WEB AND THE NET

#### Perfecting a Snare for the Guilty Maroneys

THE Adams Express case gives us to-day a perfectly candid and practically complete example of the earliest Pinkerton teamwork, and of Allan Pinkerton's infinite capacity for pains-taking attention to detail. In its own time the celebrated combat of the Maroneys versus The Eye took on geographical and even historical significance. It grew up suddenly to the startling proportions of a skirmish between North and South a year and ten months before the bombardment and surrender of Sumter. Many devout Southerners thought of it as their chivalrous defense of an unjustly charged and but slightly wayward son. Befriending Maroney, whom a wicked Northern corporation sought to persecute, became the fashionable thing in Alabama for a season.

The Pinkertons, if they persecuted either of the Maroneys, did it painlessly, by deceit, impersonation and circuitous persuasions. Maroney was for some weeks at their mercy and had never so much as a threatening glance cast in his direction. Long ago it was written: "The precautions with which society has armed itself against crime are not a whit behind the expedients of crime itself in their violence and ferocity." And however far removed they may feel from the era of the French Revolution, in a surprisingly large number of America's civilized communities, ferocity and violence have been and are still a commonplace of police technique in handling suspected persons, or sometimes mere obstinate witnesses. Maroney was never abused or menaced. He was neither intimidated by hints

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Nodier, "Souvenirs de la Révolution."

as to his helplessness, nor subjected to any sort of torment, or mentally or physically exhausting ordeal, any "third degree"—which demonstration of personal immunity, if at the hands of the municipal police in that or a later day, would have only implied favoritism very generously prepaid.

Belle Irvin, on May 6th, the day before she became Mrs. Maroney in fact, had posted a letter from Jenkintown. This the Pinkertons had traced. It was addressed to W. M. Carter in New York City, who turned out to be a capable, mild-mannered locksmith of William Street. Explaining that he represented the Adams Express Company, George Bangs had begun giving this craftsman a variety of rush jobs making keys. Nathan Maroney had already spent two days behind Federal bars when Bangs brought Carter a key to the special lock of the messenger pouch used by the Adams company.

"I'd like two duplicates of this made as soon as possible," he said.

Carter, an honest man and at once sorely troubled, went to the back of his little shop. "Wait one moment, please," he called. He came forward with a drawing of a key. "This was sent over to me from Philadelphia by — by an acquaintance. I'm ordered to make another like it. And you see, sir, it's the very same as you're wanting two of!"

"Mine's a company key."

"I know that now. So I'm not going to make this other one," Carter declared. "How can I tell what it's intended for? A man in my business can't be too careful."

Bangs complimented the nice old chap upon his concern for the temptations of even distant customers. And when he left the shop, the detective carried away a tracing of the pouch key's drawn design, which he forwarded at once to Allan Pinkerton.

"Another small link in the chain," said that gratified gentleman, exhibiting the drawing to Sanford.

#### THE WEB AND THE NET

"But what good can it be to them now? Neither Maroney nor any one connected with him has access to our messenger pouches—"

"What about an extra key offered in court by way of showing that other than your agents can obtain perfect fitting duplicates to unlock an Adams pouch? Maroney, I take it," Pinkerton concluded, "is preparing a new kind of defense. Something much more resourceful and sly than whatever he and his friends thought necessary a month ago!"

It was upon this supposition that the last of the Pinkerton snares was set. Over in New York, Mr. Bangs attended to the jailing of one John R. White, alleged pork dealer of St. Louis — charged with misappropriation of funds, and locked up at Eldridge Street, pending extradition to Missouri — but expected in the main to polish off the work of all the other operatives who had charted the winding avenues of the Adams Express case.

White strolled in behind the bars with magnificent aplomb, immediately tipped his jailer, and announced his preference for the first of the three "classes" to which Federal prisoners were admitted. Guests of the government going "first class" — Nathan Maroney among them — were the fortunate ones having money enough to send out for their meals. And the newcomer soon sported another privilege: the daily visits of a supposed nephew named Shanks.

Every day, during the detention of his "uncle," this juvenile Pinkerton agent visited the jail, and not content with obliging White, offered to run all sorts of errands for the other prisoners, attend to matters of private business, see lawyers or bondsmen, and post and even write letters. Any concern of the caged he would make his own—until many besides White were making use of him, Maroney not being backward with small requests and commissions.

Belle Maroney was seeking a bondsman for her husband with futile but unflagging zeal. Green wearily shadowed her all over New York; until at last she started back to Philadelphia, where Roch took up the trail, giving way to Rivers, who made the familiar journey out to Jenkintown. The lady's sparkling manner was now a bit subdued, though the further infatuation of both Hastenbrook and De Forest was not discouraged. She did have one melancholy talk with Mrs. Warne, admitting that her husband was experiencing some trouble. As supposed wife of the convict, Jules Imbert, the woman detective could offer both sympathy and advice. Only a day later Mrs. Maroney told her friend she must leave immediately for the South.

Making some excuse, Kate Warne hurried away to impart this information to Rivers. In Philadelphia Allan Pinkerton must be informed at once. Seeking furiously for a horse he might hire, Rivers found at the moment there was none to be had in Jenkintown. And no telegraph line! What could he do?

He hurried to consult Mrs. Warne; and the superintendent of the female department showed her mettle by answering: "Run!"

"All the way in to Philadelphia?"

"Until you meet somebody who'll give you a ride!"

And so Rivers did run, covering more than two thirds of the journey before he found a vehicle to carry him. Whereupon Roch was quickly encrusted as the "Dutchman" again, and made ready to travel back to Alabama.

Porter in Montgomery had been writing to his friend Maroney and getting replies from the New York jail — which Shanks thoughtfully posted after reading them himself, and even copying them, lest they go astray in the Southern mails. When Maroney commended his wife to Porter's care, the Pinkerton agent met her train and was kindness itself. Even so, he did not succeed in being present when she visited and

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opened that old trunk in the storage garret of the Exchange Hotel. And though Porter had refrained, a woman acquaintance was quick to tell her how news of her belated wedding had reached Montgomery, to scandalize many influential persons who had taken Maroney's part.

The tide had definitely turned against the former Adams Express agent. Information obtained and secretly imparted by Porter had enabled attorneys for the express company to prove Maroney the sole owner of the horse, Yankee Mary, and others of less value — all subject to a writ of attachment. This, after half a year, was the Pinkertons' first tentative recovery of a portion of the plunder.

Undaunted, the wife of the imprisoned man spent herself upon unavailing schemes by which she hoped to bring him South for an early test in court. She besieged his attorneys, and then the local detective, McGibony, who could, she insisted, go to New York and take charge of an indicted man bonded to stand trial in Alabama. The governor of the State, finally importuned, consented to receive her, but his promises regarding extradition were vague.

Then she resumed her travels, and so came again to Jenkintown. Roch on this return journey had noticed her always modish gowns now sorely afflicted with a much too cumbersome bustle. Directly after her arrival she consulted Mme. Imbert. "You have had so much experience, my dear — what do you think is the best way to hide valuables? Things, I mean, so bulky it's impossible to carry them about?"

"Why, I suppose I should bury them down cellar," was Kate Warne's sage advice, "or — late of a dark enough night — dig a hole out in the garden."

Rivers now posted himself to keep watch on the Cox garden but saw nothing and heard nothing. Yet the very next day Belle Maroney sallied forth with all her former grace and style. The bustle she wore was considerably smaller.

Several evenings later, while walking in a neighboring park with Kate Warne, Mrs. Maroney all but stumbled over Rivers and mistook him for De Forest, the visibility of an Adonis merging with other natural beauties at dusk. When De Forest next called upon her she flew into a rage and used language that Mrs. Warne — who heard her distinctly from a good way off — considered "characteristic of a 'shady' past." Poor De Forest was unmanned by the incident. Some while before he had served notice on Sanford that he would not spy upon her. His assignment, whatever it was — he wasn't quite sure, he said — had come to revolt him. And now her ladyship accused him of spying! He had admitted to her that the express company "formerly" employed him. Very soon it was employing him again; and his clerkship swallowed him up.

Rivers — apparently bent on making a record for close calls — two nights after his shadowing mishap in the park, undertook to invade the cellar of Josh Cox's modest home. He intended looking for traces of buried treasure; and, luckily for him, Mrs. Warne agreed to coöperate. She was a visitor on the floor above when the operative crept in, and was chatting with Belle, her sister and Josh as Rivers groped his way along. He found a place where the cellar floor seemed roughened, uneven — but suddenly he leaned against an ill-balanced stack of boxes and sent them crashing.

"My God! What was that?" Belle Maroney and the others sprang up. Intrepid, eager, Kate Warne led the search in exactly the wrong direction. "Out this way, I think —"

Rivers was madly scrambling through a small coal-chute window hardly cut to his measure; he made good his escape by vaulting a fence. And when no signs of any intruder turned up out-of-doors, Mrs. Warne dared to propose searching the cellar. She noted Belle's scarcely controlled agitation, the evident anxiety of her sister and Josh. They let her go down alone.

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"Nothing down here!" she called back to them. Rivers had left a window unfastened; but how swiftly she contrived, unnoticed, to cover that. "Some boxes have toppled over —"

"I guess that's all we heard. It's so dusty down there," Belle protested. "My dear, you'll ruin your dress."

"I'll 'tend to them boxes by daylight. Guess I didn't pile 'em any too careful," said Josh.

All this while Maroney waited at Eldridge Street, yet in jail enjoyed both the leisure to formulate plots and the society of John R. White, who seemed happy to discuss them with him. His first suggestion required Shanks to smuggle in keys which would liberate them. "Too risky," said White. Maroney then reached the conclusion that, even though falsely accused, his innocence would stand up better at his trial if he cast more suspicion upon the express messenger, Chase. Nowadays, in addition to the faithful Shanks, White enjoyed frequent visits from George Bangs, who, he told Maroney, was his lawyer—"and a damned slick one too." Bangs would very soon have him set free. He never expected to be sentenced for the crime he did not bother to deny having committed. But with no such immediate prospects, Maroney asked White to take hold of some scheme for him certain to incriminate Chase.

White pondered the opportunity for adroit collusion—with profit. "It might be done. Bills like those that are missing, Nate—they'd have to be planted on him."

"One of the girls that comes to Patterson's joint could be paid to see to that!" Maroney exclaimed. He grew terribly urgent. White, a godsend, must be enlisted while he was in the mood.

Next day Bangs called, saying his client would be artfully liberated "before the end of this week." And Maroney never doubted it, for White and Bangs between them looked a smart pair. Hadn't White admitted he meant to take from the

thirty-seven thousand dollars "borrowed" in Missouri an amount large enough to enable Bangs to bail him out? After which he never would go near St. Louis, and, with Bangs paid off, might still have twenty thousand of his dubious borrowings left to spend on himself.

More and more Maroney had grown to rely on White. He realized how much he was going to miss the genial rogue when he slipped free. But before that could happen the Southerner felt he ought to do some genuine and private explaining. If White knew the actual circumstances of those Alabama thefts — and was promised a generous share — his ripe experience and thoroughly lawless nature might prove an invaluable guide. However, Maroney knew he had a partner in his crime, his wife, who must be consulted before admitting White to their counsels; so he sat down and wrote her a long letter, which Shanks put into the mail with the least possible delay. Then Shanks telegraphed Allan Pinkerton.

Mrs. Maroney had the letter, and now the protracted intrigue of detection was drawing to a close. As the suspect depended on White, so did his wife find Mme. Imbert a rock to lean upon; and thus it came about that the worried custodian of the stolen money asked Kate Warne of the Pinkerton Agency to go with her to Eldridge Street, her object being to judge at first hand the desirability of accepting White, another of the Pinkertons, as an accessory. The two women visited the jail in New York. Nathan Maroney liked Mme. Imbert at once and said so; while White, at his best, managed to pass muster with the far from gullible Belle.

"A scoundrel if ever I saw one, but clever," she whispered to Mrs. Warne, who, with apparent reluctance, had to agree.

Then, early the following morning, Bangs came in triumph to White's neat cell. "I'm taking you out of here, John, by four o'clock to-day. I've said it before, I know — but this time it's final!"

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Prisoners in the detention pen moved freely along the corridor from cell to cell. Maroney now commenced to help White pack his belongings, and in this process all his natural caution and secretiveness ebbed away. To White — whose pose was one of comradely admiration — he confessed.

Both robberies! The first ten thousand dollars had come too easily, because a parcel missent. He had spent the money just as easily, bought Yankee Mary for four thousand, squandered the rest in a guilcless speculation in cotton. Then the forty thousand dollars — stolen as a stroke of revenge, following upon his virtually enforced resignation.

Chase — selected as the most trusting and indolent of the express company messengers stopping at Montgomery — had really overacted his rôle of dupe.

"I, as agent," Maroney explained, "was supposed to call off the separate parcels, which the messenger checked on his way-bill and then dropped into the pouch. When the last parcel was in I would have to lock it for him with my key. But that day with Chase I kept him busy handling the waybill, and I handled the parcels, filling up his pouch. Each of the four I'd picked to keep back I dropped past the mouth of the pouch, down behind my counter. Chase signed receipt and waybill like a little man — then walked out with a pouch four parcels short!"

The pouch being returned to him from Atlanta, said the thief, he had concealed a small knife up his sleeve and managed to gash it crudely, hoping further to implicate Chase. The money of the second theft he had distributed quickly in several cigar boxes underneath a layer or two of perfectos. These boxes went into an old trunk, which was shipped straight off to Galveston. Subsequently he'd had Jones' Express reship it to him at Natchez.

"Pretty smooth, Nate," White applauded.

"It was only the beginning. I had to go to Natchez to pick

it up—and I knew the Adams people were having me watched. Friends of mine were on the lookout when I took a train to Atlanta. All clear! But afterward a shadow somehow caught up with me again, and so I had to dodge all over Tennessee before I felt safe in taking a boat down river at Memphis." Here White, thinking of Roch, grinned approval.

"Only bad mistake I made, John," Maroney went on, eager now to uncover everything, "was in telling my wife. She grilled me, of course, right after I was first arrested. And finally she got the truth out of me. God, what a club she's been making of that ever since!"

"You don't suppose she's told somebody else?"

Maroney said only the hapless Jules Imbert's wife had been thought safe enough to confide in; Belle's sister and her husband were unacquainted with the facts. Josh Cox, true, had helped Belle bury a lot of the stolen money, but he supposed it was jewelry and some securities she owned — all of which might have to be sacrificed to cover the costs of Maroney's legal defense. Belle had said she would never entrust them to a bank, yet feared not to hide them from burglars.

"There's only this puzzles me, Nate," said White. "You told me the Marshal had a picture of you when you were nabbed that day at the ferry. How did he get hold of it?"

"In New Orleans I had it taken, like a fool. You see — there was a girl I'd met in Montgomery. I wanted a picture to give her. The Adams Express people must have traced it somehow, and got the police to send 'em on a copy."

White ceased questioning his victim, for he had heard enough. His remaining hours at the jail he spent in discussing the rigmarole of deceit to be practiced upon Chase. Two days later the Pinkerton operative was in Jenkintown with a letter from Maroney which Shanks had missed handling. And Belle received him very cordially, introducing him to her relatives as a "book peddler" and an old friend of Nathan's.

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White had pledged himself to get a duplicate express pouch key and have it planted upon the unsuspecting Chase, together with four thousand dollars which he was to deduct from the actual plunder. Chase would then be denounced to the Montgomery authorities just as soon as he recovered from the blandishments of whatever siren the dive keeper, Patterson, supplied. The key and the bank notes, identifiable as having been among those stolen, would be found on him. His downfall must follow!

Maroney had promised White fifteen thousand if his acquittal was thus contrived, and while waiting for their day in court, the new partner was to take care of the stolen currency and handily conceal it. But right here Belle wavered. She could be reckless enough when some adventure thrust itself upon her; but handing over all that money to a man she scarcely knew, who had just squirmed out of imprisonment despite a large defalcation, that would be too reckless.

White blandly insisted that he had no desire to intrude; everything could be called off, and his discreet silence depended upon. Mrs. Warne's supreme importance as Mme. Imbert was now unveiled. Because desperate — wanting to use White and still fearful of placing too much reliance on a comparative stranger — Mrs. Maroney turned naturally, inevitably, to the sorrowing wife of Jules Imbert, a woman who had been through it all before and gave the impression of never having lost her head. "Count on him to do as they planned it over in New York," said the lady Pinkerton, hammering home her mighty blow. "It's really a wonderful chance, and your husband's acquittal is assured."

Maroney's wife was incapable of coping with the avalanche of sly compulsions Mr. Pinkerton at last had loosed upon her. The money, she revealed, was buried in the cellar, and even invited them to help her dig for it while her sister and brother-in-law were away from home. White volunteered to

wield the shovel, while Kate Warne held the lamp. Belle stood by like one half entranced, depositing confidence, safety, an illicit fortune into others' eagerly helpful hands.

White had heaped up a little pile of earth, cracked cement and stones. "There it is," said Kate Warne coolly. The parcel, wrapped in a square of oilskin, was a good foot and a half below the surface. White stooped and picked it up.

"Don't open it. It's all there," said Maroney's wife, "and Nate and I trust you to do all you've promised."

Allan Pinkerton trusted White also, but did not believe any young man should be unfairly subjected to extreme temptations. He had come out to Jenkintown for the evening, and was standing no great way off when White emerged from the home of Josh Cox, a parcel wrapped in ordinary newspaper tucked under one arm. Mr. Pinkerton shadowed him protectively.

But White, who could betray the Maroneys with such great glibness, had need of no guardian here. The express package he turned in contained \$39,515 of the second theft of \$40,000, recovered by the Agency in the original wrapper. Next morning Mr. Pinkerton restored it privately to the keeping of E. S. Sanford, whose engrossed receipt given in behalf of the company the detective considered well worth framing.

With John R. White ostensibly carrying on his secret mission down South, Mrs. Warne, the better to keep closely in touch with Belle Maroney until her husband's trial, invited her to visit Chicago. Mr. Pinkerton had a dwelling there maintained exclusively for the staff of women operatives, so that they all might be decently lodged in that strangely squalid and thriving town, and sheltered as well when off duty from any consequences of their professional activities. And since only two of her assistants happened to be in Chicago that summer, Kate Warne disposed them elsewhere, offering Belle

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hospitality in the house she led her to believe Jules Imbert had managed to preserve from the wreck of his schemes.

Letters both the Maroneys received from White were so cautiously worded that they told next to nothing. He had gone to Montgomery; he had called on Patterson; and they were working together on the messenger, Chase. But that fellow's indolence seemed to make him immune to all the arts of enchantment. If incriminating funds were to be planted upon him, it would never be done by any one of the hussies that flaunted in and out of Patterson's notorious bar. However, he and the dive keeper might soon hit upon some rather more novel trick of betrayal.

Maroney, assured of White's crooked persistence, kept up hope and wrote to Belle optimistically. His trial had been postponed at the June sitting of the Circuit Court. By October the machinery of interstate extradition had transported him under guard from Eldridge Street to the Alabama capital. And in the second week of that month his public prosecution began. Messrs. Watts, Judd and Jackson, for the express company, were waiting and ready to strengthen the prosecutor's case if a brief adjournment should be necessary; but Allan Pinkerton had prophesied that no motion to adjourn would be made.

Belle Maroney and the ever faithful Mme. Imbert had arrived in the courtroom. Maroney sat with a distinguished array of counsel, for not all his partisans in Alabama had deserted him. But where — where was the incomparable John R. White? Would he attend the trial as he had vowed to do, and, if need be, perjure himself to help save a man who trusted him?

Yes, there he was — Belle saw him too; she was nudging Mme. Imbert! But White, surveying the scene with that immense assurance of his, had taken a prominent seat on the front bench reserved for the State's witnesses. This man to whom the defendant had already confessed in full! Maroney

sought to catch his eye and finally did, and in the shifty glance of White there was confession also.

Knowing everything about the thefts, he had come there to tell what he knew. Maroney blanched, then turned in his chair abruptly, began whispering to startled attorneys, explaining his plight, arguing. Very slowly and reluctantly his senior counsel rose and addressed the Court: "Your Honor, my client desires to change his plea. If Your Honor please — my client will plead guilty to the indictments and throw himself upon the mercy of the Court."

Every one sat there in hushed surprise. The judge looked shocked; White lowered his head. At the back of the courtroom Allan Pinkerton nodded triumphantly to Sanford. The first audible comment was a stifled sob; and then Mrs. Warne assisted the defendant's wife to leave the crowded enclosure.

The mercy of the Court, expressed after an interval, was ten years at hard labor. While certainly liable as an accessory after the fact, Belle escaped prosecution; all the Pinkertons trooped home to Chicago; Maroney began his sentence. And what a changed world he found if he served it to the bitter end—though, perchance, it was privately commuted and he was allowed to come forth under another name and fight when the South, which had tried so hard to defend him, stood badly in need of every man's strength for its own defense.

#### VI: A MURDERER'S CONSCIENCE

#### And the First Grave Symptom of Conflict to Come

VERY few having believed Maroney or Chase guilty of either crime, a kind of everlasting mystery had been thought to encompass the Adams Express robberies; and now the sudden outcome of the case—unexpected both in the North and South—was considered far more remarkable than an arrest, trial and actual conviction for homicide appears to the American urban public to-day. Besides the long pursuit, the serpentine manner of detecting the thief, there was his easy conviction and the recovery intact of 98.79 per cent. of the second and much larger sum he had stolen. Which feat, in particular, endorsed the excellencies of the Agency, made "We Never Sleep" a boast akin to a national institution, "The Eye" a trademark—one of the earliest to reach the whole nation—and the name Pinkerton a synonym for "smart detective" in the fat commercial pastures of the East.

As this expedited renown, linked with the widespread esteem of Allan Pinkerton's business integrity, may seem exaggerated to readers of the present, it is proper to recall not only the exceeding flexibility of definition that made detective work the often queer and clandestine thing it was in the decades before the secession of the Southern States but also the curious, typical mistrust of police authority in a pioneer epoch. One

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Adams Express Company had offered a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest and conviction of their thieving employee. This reward Mr. Pinkerton declined; and he saw to it that the expense of his investigation, far-reaching and complicated though it was, failed by a substantial margin to equal the amount of the reward.

who in 1835 performed a really noteworthy feat in bringing about the exposure and downfall of the "outlaw emperor", John A. Murrel — he that had organized an uprising of Negro slaves, river ruffians and criminals — was all but ruined by his own public-spirited endeavor. This amateur detective of Tennessee, Virgil Stewart, when publishing the pamphlet that unmasked the plot of Murrel and his evil allies, even felt obliged to include an appendix of sworn statements from his friends and associates of standing, each taking oath he was an honorable and upright citizen. Yet a detective!

Abroad, in France, where the technique of the modern secret police bureau very largely originated, the crude principle of detection summarized in the phrase "it takes a thief to catch a thief" was not fully discredited until 1832 - the year of the enforced resignation of Vidocq, who had brilliantly exploited an amazing troupe of police spies, imperfectly reformed felons and ex-convicts as audacious and disreputable as himself. While in America no less a rascal than William Clarke Quantrell, then using the name "Charley Hart", began his mid-western career of murder and rapine as a "detective" of invincible privacy. The most vicious guerilla in the black annals of American border warfare, Quantrell, with his band in one August day of '63 was to slaughter more than a hundred and fifty defenseless citizens of Lawrence, Kansas, and shoot down seventeen unarmed boy cadets, besides looting and burning the town. But before those spacious years of rebellion he had to do all his killing from ambush, and as Hart the detective operated alone, to the detriment and anguish of both sides of the Slavery question. In his own view it was a career of ideal treachery. He first would help Abolitionists steal slaves as a matter of principle, and then as a matter of personal profit steal them back again, either restoring them for a price to

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Walton, "A History of the Detection, Conviction, Life and Designs of John A. Murrel, the Great Western Land Pirate."

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their original owners, or selling a batch of them farther South — at least once in company with a free Negro he had contrived to delude and kidnap. And there was many another "detective" — as cunning, if not so ruthless, as Quantrell — ready to take a hand in this same tumultuous game of property and principle along the border.

A steadily increasing lack of moral sense is characteristic of all peoples when an issue they identify with right and justice arises to challenge them. Mr. Pinkerton, no matter how proud of his new celebrity, remained adept and overzealous in the anti-Slavery cause. He was a deputy sheriff, an officer of the police, and afterward a private investigator sworn in to help enforce the law of the land, yet secretly he was engaged in shattering one statute in which he happened not to believe — a tendency still very much alive in America. Nor does it appear that he ran great risk of being fined, imprisoned, or discredited.

Even during the summer of '59, while the undeveloped guilt of Nathan Maroney exacted so much attention, he was contributing a full measure of service, support and tactical judgment to the work of the underground railway. Something of this nature drew him South again before Maroney's trial and led to the scene of a noteworthy contest he had with a murderer. Traveling through Tennessee in what he usually chose to call "the exercise of the mysteries" of his vocation, he received in the town of Columbia a visit from the president of the local bank.

Though the subject the banker had come to discuss was homicide, the victim of the criminal he still hoped to punish had been in his grave for nearly a year. The bank having been robbed, its cashier, who, from motives of faithfulness or thrift, slept near the vault almost every night of the year, had been found slain by the robber. "Please give me whatever details you recall," said Allan Pinkerton.

"Well, sir, I simply noticed that morning the bank wasn't open, and Carter always opened it early on account of sleeping on the premises. And then, when I went across, I discovered the lock of a rear door had been forced — and there he lay near his desk with his whole head crushed in."

The banker continued to explain how his suspicion had come quickly to rest on one man in the town, an intimate friend of the deceased, but too highly esteemed and well connected to be accused upon evidence exclusively circumstantial. "Because they were such close friends, when I found Carter dead I went round at once to Slocum's house. But he said he wouldn't even come to look at the body — his nerves couldn't stand it. . . . And a little later I happened to notice some papers had been burned in the fireplace at the bank. Ink still showed through the charred edges, and I could make out Slocum's name. The writing seemed to show a pretty large debt of his — owed to Carter, I decided, though he'd never said anything to me about it."

"And has this man you suspect often come into the bank since that day you told him about the murder?"

"No, Mr. Pinkerton — he never has, not once. . . . I never see him — don't dare trust myself, in fact. But I hear he's turned kind of melancholy, won't visit anywhere. He's become a regular recluse."

"It looks as though we'd have to go and get him."
"But how?"

The detective replied that a night's reflection would, perhaps, suggest a way. His operative, Green, was available, and he ordered him to come to Columbia and keep watch upon Slocum's home. But after a week of this Mr. Pinkerton himself was back in town. He told the banker that he thought he knew now just how to handle the case, and asked him to recommend a man and woman who might be employed in a household and prove thoroughly trustworthy.

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Such a model pair being located, the detective proceeded to engage and instruct them — and then introduced them into the suspect's house, as his servants. Nor did this maneuver necessitate any very adroit or prolonged campaigning; the vagaries of Slocum in recent months had alienated his help as well as most of his neighbors, and his barnlike dwelling stood sadly in need of domestic attention.

"I could have brought detectives to pose as servants," said Pinkerton, "and it would only have added to the cost of the investigation. Slocum's no fool, and he has influential relatives spread all around. I felt certain he would prefer to hire a decent couple with genuine references from a locality familiar to him."

"That's true," the banker agreed. "But all this while alone in his house, he's had plenty of time to destroy everything which even remotely connects him with Jackson Carter. And I don't see how you can expect these Binneys to pick up anything there relating to the murder."

"Any thing, yes. But you forget the whims and nerve attacks Slocum is heir to. What about his recent behavior?" Pinkerton exclaimed. "I am going to strike at that which Slocum cannot possibly have destroyed. His conscience!"

Once on the inside, Will and Martha Binney, the improvised Pinkertons, went to work for two employers, they cleaned, they also rigged up a speaking tube from exterior hiding place to the bedside of the suspect — Allan, kerton's anticipation of the modern dictograph, though in this instance desired by him for a purpose other than eavisdropping. The detective had obtained from the bank president a curious memento of the slain man, a half-filled bottle of a very strong scent to which Carter had been addicted. Drops of this unimistakable fluid his agents were told to scatter over Slocum's bed linen, shirts, handkerchiefs and towels. Still another liquid

which was merely water colored with a crimson dye they had to sprinkle about — even upon white flowers in the weed-choked garden. It was Martha's inspiration to use it to trace "J C" on Slocum's pillow slips and on several other objects he could not help seeing.

The eerie enterprise proceeded slowly since Slocum, after his customary frugal dinner, shut himself off in a room called the library, where he might remain until after midnight. Did he read? There was not the mark of a finger on any of the dusty shelves of books. Did he smoke? There was never any sign of tobacco ash or even a burnt match in the room when he ultimately left it.

What did he do each evening for five and six hours at a stretch? It seemed likely to Mr. Pinkerton, hearing from the Binneys, that Slocum just sat there and tried to gain control over himself, to keep from walking the floor or groaning aloud. Or, perhaps, he hoped to tire himself so thoroughly he would sleep upon getting into bed.

If the detective had counted upon a superstitious response from a man already steeped in melancholia, he was neither delayed nor disappointed. The choking, pervasive, familiar scent — the gruesome deluge of "blood spots" set Slocum to pacing the floor of his bedroom in mental agony.

"But you'll only frighten him into a fit," the banker objected. "Or else he may go clean crazy and try to kill himself. Will Binney is on guard, I know — but suppose you do drive him insane—"

"I'm driving him out of the house. When he moves, then we can get at him. One of my best men will shadow him, arrange to become acquainted. Slocum is sick of the loneliness he's been inflicting on himself; even the Binneys are getting a few more words out of him each day.

"In short, he yearns for companionship. And my operative will seem just the right sort — something pretty bleak in his

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own life he's running away from, and all the rest of it. It's worked time and again for us. Slocum's new friend confesses. He himself is dying to tell all his troubles to some one — and so, finally, he confesses too."

Following this discussion, Mr. Pinkerton decided that the time was ripe to make use of the speaking tube. He already had proved himself a virtuoso of nocturnal groans. And, like the mercurial O'Grady at the Old French Cemetery, Slocum was not a man to argue with the authenticity of his own sensations. He had no hope of easing his conscience, but tried to run and give his nerves a rest.

Just at dawn next morning Allan Pinkerton was roused by a violent rapping on his door. He sprang up and unlocked it, to admit the panting, half-clad Binney.

"You've got to hustle, sir. He's packing — and there's a through train that stops if they flag it at 5:10 — "

"The devil you say!" Pinkerton consulted his watch—it was two minutes past five. "Wake Green!" he ordered. "And then get back to Slocum's as quick as you can. Don't either of you try to follow him to the station, unless he particularly asks you to go along."

Green occupied the next room at the house where Allan Pinkerton lodged. Both men bounded into their clothes and were racing to the local station at nine minutes past. The whistle of a train acknowledging a flag signal warned of how little time they had to spare. Three passengers—despite the early hour—were getting aboard the express as the breathless pair of detectives rushed up. "Climb on anywhere—we'll find Slocum afterward," Pinkerton urged. With pounding hearts and perspiring faces they stood on the back platform as the sleeping town disappeared down the line.

Pausing to consider their course, the head of the Agency and his assistant were reminded suddenly that neither of them

knew Slocum by sight. "Maybe after all he isn't on the train," said Green. "He's stuck so close to home I've never had a good look at him."

Serving many of the railroads now, Mr. Pinkerton had great influence with train crews. The conductor, a new man, did not know Slocum, but could point out the three passengers who had come aboard at Columbia. One of these, stout and florid, sat alone in the smoker. That wouldn't be Slocum. The other two were seated together, chatting rather stiffly; either one answered Slocum's general description; but the pale man next to the window appeared far more nervous and embarrassed. "Wishes he hadn't met anybody he knew," Green reflected.

Allan Pinkerton agreed. From a waistcoat pocket he had taken out a tiny vial containing an amber liquid. "My personal sample of that perfume Carter was so fond of," he explained. There was a vacant seat behind the doubtful pair; he anointed Green's handkerchief with the strong scent, told him to go and sit down in back of them, and flourish the handkerchief about a good deal. "I'll walk forward in the car," he added, "then return slowly — and watch to see which one of them appears the more disturbed."

"And what if he turns and speaks to me?"

"I don't think he will. He'll suppose it's his imagination working again. Probably he'll change his seat, though, and then we will be certain of our man."

Very carefully Green followed out his instructions. He gave the perfume a wide airing as Allan Pinkerton walked back along the aisle. Green heard the man ahead sitting next to the car window exclaim something in a muffled, stricken tone. And so sure was he of his own hallucination, he did not even trouble to glance around. On his feet, baggage forgotten, he fairly ran forward, passing Allan Pinkerton. The detective turned. Other passengers were noticing the fugitive's pe-

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culiar conduct. The train just then was taking a curve at pretty high speed.

Slocum tugged at the door of the lurching coach. Fearful of the effect of his ruse, Pinkerton followed — stepped up beside the other, saying — "I'll try to help you." And though he pretended to put his weight and strength into the effort, he really did not want the door open and the erratic Slocum attempting to cross the rocking, unvestibuled platforms.

"Suppose, sir, we try together," said Slocum, abruptly becoming much calmer. But Pinkerton had inadvertently scented himself with the perfume he had just been handling. Leaning closer to him, the suspect immediately caught the odor of it. "Oh, good God—" he murmured. A dead man's silly fad haunted and hounded him! He felt he was going mad, and a sudden frenzy burst from him in a terrible cry. Single-handed, he gave the door so fearful a jerk that it banged wide open. The speeding train plunged on.

"Take care, man!" Pinkerton tried to soothe him and hold him back; yet that scent labelled Carter! was on the very hand that fought to save him. Slocum's shriek topped the noise of the train; and the grip of the detective as they struggled together was momentarily loosened. Slocum turned frantically and leaped from the platform of the car.

Clutching at a guard rail to save himself, Allan Pinkerton reached with the other hand and pulled hard on the emergency cord. The engine whistle shrilled, and anxious brakemen hurried to respond. Without airbrakes to aid them, a train crew then had labored magnificently if they stopped a fast moving express within half a mile. Hearing the detective's explanation, the conductor at once signalled the engineer to back up.

Down a low embankment, asprawl in a little gully, the trainmen, Pinkerton and Green discovered the dying man. He was fearfully injured, and yet, still conscious. All the frenzy

had gone out of him, his lips barely moved and his voice was so feeble the detectives had to bend very close to hear what he was trying to say. "That — perfume —"

"Do you mean Jackson Carter's?" Pinkerton asked.

"Yes. You - knew - Carter - "

The detective merely nodded. "I liked that scent too," he lied mercifully. "I have some of it with me." A cloud seemed to sweep over Slocum's eyes, and then vanish. He realized with despairing relief that, after all, he was quite, quite sane. "Isn't there something about Carter you'd like to tell me?" Pinkerton was asking.

Slocum closed his eyes, barely breathing; but when he opened them once more, they were bright and clear. "Yes," he said more distinctly. "I know I'm dying. Justice — I guess. I killed Carter — a quarrel — had owed him — made it look like robbery — tried to —"

His voice drooped, his eyes were closing again, though his lips still moved. "Your conscience has troubled you," Pinkerton told him. "Now you'll feel much easier in your mind—" He paused, for Slocum's face was turning the color of clay. He sighed once and lay still; and all of them helplessly standing or crouching around him saw that the slayer of Jackson Carter was dead.

Allan Pinkerton and his operative, Green, returned to Columbia with the body, communicated with Slocum's relatives, and then visited the banker. Supporting those statements which the detectives were ready to submit, the trainmen had agreed to sign affidavits to confirm Slocum's confession. The mystery hanging over the bank had at last been cleared up; the bank president was tremendously grateful. And then he exclaimed: "By the way, a telegram came for you, Mr. Pinkerton. I'm sorry — I nearly forgot it."

The detective tore open the envelope and studied the coded dispatch. It was from a prominent Abolitionist client of his,

## A MURDERER'S CONSCIENCE

and brought him tidings of great moment. Brevet Colonel Robert E. Lee of the United States army was besieging John Brown and his forlorn hope in a fire-engine house at Harper's Ferry.

Neither Abolitionist Pinkerton nor Detective Pinkerton ever forgave Governor Wise of Virginia for the speed he attained in propelling John Brown to the gallows; and both were later on joyfully attached to the Union force that discovered even greater rapidity in Wise when he was experimenting with retreat as a Confederate general in the Kanawha Valley. A little delay, and the detective believed he could have arranged to liberate Brown from the jail at Charlestown. Certainly there were substantial Northern backers to be enlisted for such an undertaking. But the rescue of John Brown, guarded as he was, meant steering dangerously close to another insurgent outbreak. Allan Pinkerton realized this and so reported it to the excited gentlemen who begged him to flood the western Virginia town with his operatives. What, presumably, even he did not foresee, was the political effect of his attempt, had it been made. Any insurrectionary act that invited anew that long and dreadfully imagined uprising of slaves would have doubled in the North the number of Southern sympathizers, would probably have had greater effect upon the cause of the South than the later discovery of three other Northern strategists more inexpert than Halleck, Hooker and Burnside.

Mr. Pinkerton and his co-workers for Abolition had been distantly in touch with John Brown and sympathized with his aspiration to set free every slave. But the detective, for one, as an underground railway agent, had become far too familiar with the average Negro's amiable, submissive spirit to feel any respect for the kind of war Brown might wage with a troop of poorly armed and undisciplined field hands.

He had, nevertheless, hurried to Charlestown, whither Timothy Webster and other Pinkertons were also speeding from distant points. They all drew near, modestly encamped themselves, and studied the jail and the troops thrown around it. Allan Pinkerton—as an interested Southerner—had a pleasant chat with a young Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, who was known to have been with Colonel Lee and the marines when Brown's extemporized fortress had to be taken by assault.

On November 2d the fanatic old man was sentenced to be hanged. And still the Pinkertons had a month in which to thrust themselves between him and his fate; though helping and hiding fugitive darkies in Illinois was nursery tag in comparison with having to release and then spirit away this notorious foe of slavery condemned for treason within the boundaries of a Southern state. Mr. Pinkerton despised the odds against him, yet he was only a resolute partisan, not a siege train. That thick stone enclosure at Charlestown shut out even a penetrating hope. On December 2d, in the presence of an alert and martial assemblage, and an uncounted number of Abolitionist agents, John Brown came forth at last and was executed.

Reputations are seldom built upon great endeavors which happen to be frustrated, something Allan Pinkerton knew very well — for he left no more than passing mention of discarded plans and mental processes that might, at Charlestown, have led him to one of the most remarkable of his underground exploits. John Brown's body was taken into the North and buried on an Adirondack farm. The Pinkerton operatives scattered, most of them turning to assignments connected with express and transportation companies. Nathan Maroney suffered imprisonment, and the credit thereof brought so much new business to the Agency that a considerable expansion was projected.

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Early in 1860 operating officials of the Pennsylvania Rail-road asked Allan Pinkerton to form a secret service on their line; and there were similar applications received from other Eastern roads. As a direct result of this — and once again almost by accident — he came upon that opportunity which, seized with a practiced vigor and pluck and guile, enabled him to bound, however stealthily, into international fame.

#### VII: A HOUSE ENTERED FOUR WAYS

Discovery of a Plot Threatening Abraham Lincoln

EARLY in January of 1861, Allan Pinkerton received a letter from Samuel M. Felton, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, urging him to come East without delay to take personal charge of an investigation of great importance. The detective, arriving in Philadelphia, was at once acquainted with the political magnitude of the railroad president's problem. "We have," said he, "good cause to believe that secessionist plotters in Maryland intend to destroy the property of the road."

"Cutting off the government at Washington from the Northern States?"

"That apparently is their object. The ferryboats on the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, and our bridges below Wilmington seem especially threatened."

Mr. Pinkerton was eager to set to work. He pored over a wealth of minor reports and vaguely submitted rumors in which the loyal employees of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore had expressed their growing uneasiness to the higher officials of the railroad. Then he telegraphed to Chicago for five of his best operatives, and after consulting H. F. Kenney, the superintendent of the road, left early next morning for the scenes of ferment.

He first paused at Wilmington and in the Delaware city discovered much factional tension, but nothing resembling open hostility. Perryville, his next stop, had on display political excitement no more aggressive than Wilmington's; for, though men indulged in debates of volcanic heat and glacial

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progress, both sides of the great question agitating America were forcefully represented.

Havre de Grace did not get off so well. The people seemed bitter and were so reported to Felton. And here a Pinkerton agent was installed to watch and listen unobtrusively when his chief moved on to Perryman. This Maryland community was generating all the symptoms of insurrection; wherefore Timothy Webster, already an acknowledged star of the service, was directed to settle down and observe the deep-dyed brewing of trouble. Webster thus, almost casually, began his career as a secret agent of the North operating against the South, a career he was to sustain with notable aptitude for more than fifteen months and then relinquish tragically enough.

Another Pinkerton was lodged at Magnolia, while Allan himself ventured on into Baltimore and stopped, sniffing. There was bombast in the air, but traces also of fire and brimstone. A day's tour convinced him that Felton's worst fears had been mild by comparison with the danger actually threatening. Sentiment in favor of disunion was rising to engulf the city. The police of Baltimore he found under the control of Marshal George P. Kane, a determined secessionist who had exerted himself to nourish the rank and file of his department upon strongly rebellious notions. A key man on the Southern side, Kane would not lift his hand in the event of insurrection, except willfully to fan the flame.

Barnum's Hotel — while Mr. Pinkerton favored the Howard House — was the congenial resort of the most outspoken adherents of the South. At Guy's, a bar and restaurant noted for its terrapin and Burgundies, there were other gatherings of

<sup>1</sup> Baltimore, subsequently garrisoned by Federal troops under the successive command of Generals Butler, Banks and Dix, saw Police Marshal Kane removed from office and held under arrest at Fort McHenry. In 1863 he managed to escape to the more stirring assignments of a Confederate infantry officer.

partisans that argued the torrid national problems of the day with a vituperative bias which ran a close second to their want of discretion. Realizing the need for a suitable headquarters during the widespread investigation he must undertake, Allan Pinkerton proceeded to rent a house — with appropriate excuses — on South Street, selecting a building possessed of a singular advantage, in that entrance could be gained to it from all four sides through convenient alleyways that led in from neighboring thoroughfares.

The Pinkertons who, one by one, came with reports to this obscure dwelling included the redoubtable George H. Bangs and Mrs. Kate Warne, also Francis Warner, W. H. Scott, Paul Dennia, H. B. Jones, William Norris, John Kinsella, John Seaford, Harry Davies, and, of course, Timothy Webster. Most of the men were stationed along the railroad right of way between Baltimore and the Susquehanna Ferry. Mrs. Warne, whose disarming ease of manner and experiences at the culmination of the Adams Express case in Alabama qualified her to represent herself as a Southerner, wore pinned to her dress the black-and-white cockade recognized as the emblem of secessionist sympathies and was able to make an impression in circles where the fever of rebellion was already at its height. The reports she turned in were darkly informing. Allan Pinkerton, working alone, authenticated much that the Maryland city had to tell. But it was Davies and Webster, operating separately, who attempted to penetrate to the secret meetings of the really desperate conspirators. Between them this pair of unscrupulous and invaluable performers dug out all the grisly bones of the major plot.

Davies at the moment was one of Mr. Pinkerton's proudest possessions, and, under the circumstances, with good reason. After several years' residence in New Orleans and other Southern cities, this young man was thoroughly familiar with the

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customs, prejudices and chief characteristics of their citizens. He was personally acquainted with many of the leading men of the South. Of French descent, polished, good looking, he had been educated for the Jesuit priesthood. But upon finding the discipline of that vocation distasteful to him he had, like more than one celebrated European of similar background, turned to the agreeable pursuits of secret service. He was widely traveled, spoke three foreign languages, and, in Mr. Pinkerton's opinion, was endowed with all the persuasive powers supposed to belong to the Jesuits. It cost him little or no effort to influence any one necessary to the success of his mission.

This perfect pattern of the kind of espionage agent soon to be needed by the North in generous consignments found it second nature to mix with the bloods at Guy's or Barnum's Hotel, who consumed oceans of time and high tides of the best liquor while keeping each other assured that "no damned Yankee upstart ever shall sit in the presidential chair." A leading spirit among them, having the very halo of a hothead, was a man of Italian extraction, called Captain Fernandina. By virtue of his Latin temperament, his wealth and warmth of utterance, and his manifest resolve to yoke himself to the dangers of sedition, he was welcomed in all the more exclusive public places, listened to with respect and treated familiarly even by those several cuts above him in Baltimore's welldefined social scale. Not only was he conceded his military title, though lacking a commission from any regular authority, but also he was the acknowledged commander of one of those companies of volunteers which were sprouting up from day to day with pious rebel enthusiasm. Yet Fernandina, before he became an officer and detonating agitator, had been the barber at Barnum's; and it is evidence of the kind of rashness and ardor Davies, Webster and the others were discovering that citizens whom Fernandina had formerly lathered,

anointed, and embellished with curls now considered him their spokesman and a very gallant fellow indeed.

Because of the demonstrated ingenuities of Timothy Webster, his chief had set him a difficult task at Perryman. Here a smart troop of cavalry had been recruited and was now being armed, its object the defense of the vital communication lines of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore from what was loosely described as "Yankee aggression." Webster contrived to approach this band as a candidate and complete secessionist, trustworthy, resolute, full of fight. He was examined and found acceptable, furnished a mount, and so began to drill. In a few days, by temperate but properly aimed intimations, he got himself noticed by superior officers and chosen for admission to the really intimate conclaves of the organization. And it was from the very first secret meeting he attended that the Pinkertons obtained initial warning of a fearful thing: a well-developed plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln before his inauguration on the fourth of March.

Davies, who called himself Joseph Howard, lounged all day about the more élite saloons of Baltimore, spending freely. standing treat. His popularity and acquaintance grew from hour to hour. In particular he cultivated a young man named Hill, of influential family connections and already an officer of the Palmetto Guards - another such volunteer body as that absorbing Webster. Hill was a pitiable neurotic who mistook his sensitive reactions and jangling nerves for fanatical patriotism and a predestined martyrdom. Everywhere Northern tyranny versus Southern slaveholders' rights was the one topic of debate; and, though Davies endeavored to elevate his guns and keep up to the range of the wildest factional hyperbole, he found Hill beyond imitation. Delicately nurtured, excitable, weak and clinging, Hill suffered, too, an agony of doubt, his conscience in revolt against what he believed to be patriot necessity.

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At three o'clock the next afternoon Davies and Allan Pinkerton met at Guy's by prearrangement. Fernandina was already there, accompanied by several members of the military force he commanded. Davies he greeted cordially; and the young man from New Orleans then presented his chief, calling him "Mr. Allen, just come up from Georgia" — an earnest worker in the cause, whose sympathy and discretion could be relied upon.

Captain Fernandina shook hands with almost melodramatic warmth, suggesting then that they all retire to a private room. The captain seems to have been of that vivid stripe of naive plotter so far convinced of his own sublime fate that he cannot imagine it in collision with duplicity. Any newcomer, suitably introduced, appears to him a desirable recruit, because all he really asks of the stranger is willingness to linger and an unimpaired hearing. Mr. Pinkerton was a captivating listener!

Ballasted with Bourbon and a good cigar, Fernandina saw

to it that the talk immediately turned to high-powered sedition. Half an hour passed eloquently; and Pinkerton had a harvest of specific threats, but as yet no details likely to convince Mr. Lincoln or his closest advisers of the dreadful danger awaiting him. That same night, however, Timothy Webster rode in from Perryman, ostensibly in search of amusement. He visited the house on South Street and told his chief the date set for the attempted assassination of the President-elect.

Allan Pinkerton sent at once to Barnum's Hotel for the popular young Howard. Realizing it must be urgent, Davies hastened to the agency's secret "clearing house", arriving by one entrance a few moments after Webster had made off by another to resume his cavalry exercises. "You will have to get to the inner circle of their league," Mr. Pinkerton told him. "Webster's people are part of the general conspiracy, but not among the actually designated assassins. Get Hill to put you right on the inside. He can do it, with Kane and the Italian also ready to vouch for you. Tell them you want to share in the immortal glory of forcibly helping to free the South from her Yankee tyrant."

"They are all very solemnly sworn, sir. Hill has told me that much."

"Then you will have to take the oath too."

Davies hesitated. "I suppose it's really no worse than calling myself Joseph Howard and a hot rebel straight up from New Orleans," he reflected.

"I am counting on you."

"If it means the President's life - "

"None can judge that better than yourself."

"If they'll swear me in, sir, I'm in," said the spy.

Hill, exalted and morose by turns, continued to stick close to his more optimistic friend, and so remained a pliant tool. "What a pity that this glorious Union must be destroyed," he complained, "and all on account of that monster Lincoln."

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In this he was corroborating a part of Webster's latest report, wherein it was stated that the conspirators proposed to concentrate upon Abraham Lincoln alone, keeping in the background all other issues of the moment. They meant to excite and exasperate public feeling against the President-elect — whose party had failed to poll a majority of the votes cast at the November election — and let that rising animosity cover their tracks when the contemplated blow "for freedom's cause" had been struck.

There would soon be a meeting held somewhere in Baltimore, Webster had said, whereat Fernandina, Kane and their leading disciples would get together, to decide which one among them should have the distinction of destroying the leader of the North. Hill was to attend this meeting; and Davies, with very slight persuasion, convinced him that he also deserved an opportunity to shoot or stab a defenseless man for the sake of everlasting fame.

"All right. If it can be arranged, we'll then go together," Hill exclaimed, continuing excitedly—"Should I draw the ballot, I'll not fear to kill. Howard, I swear it! . . . Caesar was stabbed by Brutus. And Brutus was an honorable man. Lincoln need expect no mercy from me, though I do not hate him as much as some do. It is more love of country with me."

Here was an overwrought patriot on the verge of a mental and physical breakdown. Davies as usual succeeded in calming his transports; and when they met again in the afternoon the lieutenant of Palmetto Guards announced that he had secured permission to conduct his friend to the lodge room of the plotters. He added a further confidence. Baltimore, it was felt, offered the most favorable location for an attack upon Abraham Lincoln, who, with a small party of friends, would be on his way to Washington for the inaugural ceremonies. A swift steamer was to be stationed in Chesapeake Bay, with a boat waiting ashore, ready to take the assassin on board. Without

loss of time he would be carried to some as yet unspecified Southern port, where he would surely be honored for an heroic deed.

"To-night," appended Hill, "the room will be dark. There will be a box already prepared containing ballots, one for every man present. And whoever draws a red ballot will be chosen to perform a sacred duty. . . . Each one will be pledged to secrecy about the color of the ballot he draws."

"In that way nobody, even among ourselves, will know the identity of the — the hero," said Davies.

"Just so. And consider this — only a very few know about it, but the captain and our other leaders don't feel certain of the courage of every one who'll be permitted to draw a ballot to-night, Howard — and they intend not placing one red ballot in the box to be drawn, but eight of them. Eight different men will leave the meeting, each positive that on him and him only rests the safety of the South and the whole course of our freedom. What do you say to that?"

"Splendid, splendid!" The Pinkerton agent managed a final enthusiasm. "It really looks," he observed, feeling curiously helpless, half convinced, "as if our plan to kill Lincoln couldn't go wrong."

Joe Howard of Louisiana was duly escorted by Hill to the rendezvous of the league and introduced to the twenty men already in attendance. The detective found himself acquainted with most of them; and after the preliminaries he was brought forward to the station of the presiding officer, Fernandina, who nodded to him gravely and suggested that he kneel. Davies, on his knees, was then required to take an oath of allegiance binding him to silence and an interesting program of treasonable enterprises.

A kind of awe pervaded the assembly, which had now increased to more than thirty. Though beholding them, mind-

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ful of the secretive obligations he had just assumed, Davies felt tempted to smile. All of them must have taken the same oath! Yet here he was, sitting among many of the least discreet and loudest tinder-tongues of Baltimore. As perfervid oratory is seldom the characteristic of the man of desperate action, the multiplying of the red ballots had not been unwisely introduced.

At last the drawing was ready to begin, and, to conceal the designation of chance, the meeting place had to be darkened to an even more ominous gloom. After which, as his undoubted prerogative and a kind of organ prelude to the handing around of the fateful box, Fernandina offered a few remarks. But he controlled his customary flourishes, simply stating, with no grim detail glossed over, the required and exact procedure of the "fortunate brother" from the hour of their adjournment after the drawing to the moment when, a preeminent fugitive, he should stand on the deck of the waiting steamer that would up anchor and bear him off to expected rebel applause.

Then followed the drawing itself in breath-arresting silence—next a slight turning up of the lights, with much guarded glancing about and scanning of faces.

Fernandina rose to speak again, letting himself go this time, as one who had missed a red ballot and must do his slaying on the spot. Violently he assailed the hateful Black Republican, the unrighteous Yankee, the interfering advocate of Abolition—foes one and all of the slaveholding South. Though he had never owned slaves, but merely ministered to slaveholders, who, perhaps, had been shaved by a black valet the morning before, yet vicariously he felt the sting of the Abolitionist doctrine. It menaced the class he had waited on; and he meant to maintain his customers' property rights if fiery speech could do it.

Davies, the detective, and Hill, on whom he had been forced

to prey, left the memorable meeting together. Neither had been elected to kill: Davies knew he hadn't — he would attach the white ballot to his next report — and his companion's palpable and rather pitifully dissembled relief, now that he had met the test and survived its stain, told that he, too, had drawn a blank. Hill was eager to find a remote café — not Guy's, not Barnum's — and open wine. But the Pinkerton agent had a pressing appointment with his superior in South Street — would have liked to arrive there at a gallop.

Davies knew the plot's compact ramifications, could tell everything that the Pinkerton cohort in Maryland had been waiting anxiously to overhear. The agency work, as far as the gathering of intelligence would count, had been brilliantly accomplished. But what next? For even a few fairly conspicuous partisans of secessionist uprising to disappear suddenly would excite a sure wonder, growing to suspicion, spreading to rapid alarm. And having the poison focus located, Allan Pinkerton dreaded alarm.

The eight zealots who believed they could destroy the government by killing its elected head must not be frightened and scattered. Instead they must be held right where they were; where his operatives and other safeguards might have a chance to blunt even eight strokes if they fell as one. Harry Davies, Timothy Webster, one or two others in plausible guise, should not vary their recent habit of openly agitated disunion. But the house entered four ways must be closed for a time. Its tenant was on his way north within an hour after Davies finished telling his eyewitness story of assassins drawn by lot.

By an indirect route that the exigencies of Republican politics seemed to recommend Abraham Lincoln was traveling toward Washington. There, in less than a month's time, he would be installed as sixteenth president of the, alas, by no

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means *United* States of America. On February 11, 1861, he had set forth from his quiet home in Springfield, accompanied by a loyal group of friends. Besides John G. Nicolay, his private secretary, they were Judge David Davis, afterward an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Colonel Sumner, Major Hunter and Captain Pope, who all three came to be major generals in the ensuing war between North and South, Ward H. Lamon, and Norman B. Judd of Chicago.

Allan Pinkerton felt better acquainted with Judd than any other member of the presidential party. He already had written him two preliminary notes of warning, one delivered in Cincinnati and the second upon Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Buffalo. The detective and Mrs. Warne reached the city of New York on the same day as Mr. Lincoln and his party. Judd had been told in the second message to expect a call from a Pinkerton emissary; Mrs. Warne was the caller. Her employer had not been able to linger in New York, said she, but after giving her necessary instructions had left at once for Philadelphia, where the protective arrangements he had in mind must be initiated.

Mr. Pinkerton was finding the Pennsylvanian metropolis in that fervid Republican mood which the party organization there capitalizes even to this day. Flags and bunting, an air of joyous expectancy all over the city contrasted with the detective's recollections of Baltimore and its neighboring towns. Philadelphia wanted both to see Abraham Lincoln and reassure him; wanted — with but a little Fifth Ward dissent — his national authority to begin. Allan Pinkerton, of course, hurried straight to Mr. Felton's office, and, in summing up the latest results of his Maryland investigation, graphically multiplied the anxieties of management on the P. W. & B.

Next day, February 21st, the Lincoln party arrived according to schedule; and an immense, cheering throng lined the streets through which the procession had to pass on the way

from the train to the Continental Hotel. Despite the pressing thousands, there was no untoward incident, only a sustained thunder of sincerely welcoming applause. But near the corner of Broad and Chestnut streets, a young man suddenly thrust himself through the file of policemen who were endeavoring to hold back the crowd at that point, put a folded slip of paper into the hand of one of the men riding in the carriage with Mr. Lincoln, and vanished again into the dense mass of spectators before anybody could attempt to stop him.

It was Allan Pinkerton's fellow Chicagoan, Norman Judd, who received the paper, and read without surprise the few words pencilled upon it:

### St. Louis Hotel - Ask for J. H. Hutchinson

Mrs. Warne had told Judd in New York that contact would have to be established with him in some such guardedly precipitate manner; and so, leaving Abraham Lincoln at the Continental, the affable hero of an ever-enlarging multitude, Judd hastened to enter another carriage and drive at once to the St. Louis Hotel. There, after mentioning his name to the clerk, he was taken up to the rooms reserved in the name given in the scribbled message.

"Hutchinson" himself opened the door when he knocked, a heavily built, black-bearded man of forty-one, with keen eyes, broad forehead, and resolute mouth — a face not likely to be forgotten.

"Mr. Pinkerton!" Judd held out his hand.

"Come in, sir. You're as prompt as I'd hoped you would be," said the detective. "This is Mr. Felton," he continued, introducing his companion, "president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. . . . And now, gentlemen, suppose we get right down to business. We can't afford to waste a moment."

An hour was consumed, however, in earnest discussion.

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On the table before them were several large Manila envelopes from which both Pinkerton and the railroad head produced confidential reports and other documents they had to offer in evidence. At length they came to a decision, a carriage was ordered, and they drove rapidly to the Continental Hotel. But to penetrate that magnetic abode of greatness they finally had to go around to the employees' entrance at the rear. It was only by the most determined effort that Judd forced a passage for them through the packed corridors. On the stairs ascending to the room assigned to him he encountered Nicolay; and after a few whispered words the secretary, in manifest anxiety, began edging and prodding his way forward until he stood beside Abraham Lincoln.

The President-elect, being told of an emergency requiring his immediate consideration, extricated himself from the enthusiastic crush of friends with great patience and tact. Entering Judd's room, he cordially greeted the detective from his home State, who in turn presented Felton. Judd spoke, explaining that his reason for this awkward interruption was a matter of life and death.

"Mr. President, I confess I've known of this danger to you ever since we passed through Cincinnati, where I received the first warning from our friend, Allan Pinkerton. I said nothing then — as, indeed, he recommended — for I did not care to darken your journey with any premature foreboding. But now I want him to tell you what he and Mr. Felton have been telling me."

"We have come to know, Mr. Lincoln, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there exists a plot to assassinate you," Pinkerton began. "The attempt will be made on your way through Baltimore, day after to-morrow. I am here to help in outwitting the assassins."

Lincoln, already seated, crossed his long legs in characteristic fashion. Displacing the good-humored, kindly expression,

a shade of sadness had fallen upon his face. "I am listening, Mr. Pinkerton," he said.

The statements of the detective were punctuated thereafter by many sharp questions from the President-elect, who cross-examined him as once he would have done a witness antagonistic to his client in a contest at law. Allan Pinkerton went back to that day of the preceding month when, acting for Felton, he had gone down into Maryland to discover what secessionist agitation might be pointing toward malicious damage of the property of the railroad. He told of establishing his headquarters in Baltimore, and of the work of Mrs. Warne, Webster, Davies and the rest. Lastly he described his own investigations, accomplished independently of theirs, his private conversations with Fernandina and most of the extremists who acknowledged him as their inspiration.

Lincoln interrupted the narrative to inquire drily — "Then do I understand, sir, my life is chiefly threatened by this half-crazed foreigner?" <sup>1</sup>

"He only talks like a maniac, Mr. President. His capacity

<sup>1</sup> The author has not accepted biographical license to create dialogue for a dramatic episode in the career of a national hero. Questions and comments attributed to Abraham Lincoln conform to the written recollections of Messrs. Judd, Lamon and Felton, as well as to Allan Pinkerton's several accounts of the exploit. Some time after publication of the proofs had ceased to endanger Timothy Webster and other Pinkerton operatives, a lively dispute persisted as to certain individuals' extraneous share in the preparation, protection and management of the momentous journey to Washington. Then the reputable statements cited above were made public, as well as letters from Governor Andrew Curtin and from Messrs. Kenney, Franciscus, Stearns, Lewis, Thayer, Dunn, Wynne and John Pitcairn, Ir., each an acknowledged participant; and all these statements were in close agreement as to the order of events and the substance of conversations in which President Lincoln, or any one authorized to speak for him, took part.

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to do you harm must not be minimized. This conspiracy is a going concern — the most timely measures alone will serve to frustrate their plotting."

"But why - why do they want to kill me?"

The detective replied that it would be impossible for any one of Mr. Lincoln's mind and disposition, or, in fact, for any conservative Northerner, to comprehend the mad, fanatical feeling then prevailing against him in and around Baltimore. As head of the government after March fourth he was expected to bring the disturbances in the Southern states to an abrupt halt, either by bluntly decisive tactics, as in Andrew Jackson's remembered day, or by adroit methods of conciliation which would influence the more tractable or reluctantly hostile majority and cut the ground from under the incendiary elements.

"With all due allowance for the menacing plans of the fanatics, how do you happen to be so sure of the carrying through of the preparations against me?" Lincoln asked.

"Because, sir, at least one of my men has penetrated to the very core of the plot and learned how thoroughly the whole thing has been prepared."

"And you vouch for the integrity of this detective?"

"I do, Mr. President. He took the required oath very regretfully, perjuring himself only in the performance of a solemn duty obligation to you and to the nation."

Summing up in conclusion, Pinkerton went over the specific, startling details of the assassins' strategy as revealed to Harry Davies at the meeting where the red ballots were drawn:

The hour of Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Baltimore was known; the line of march to be followed by his carriage in crossing the city had been announced. In case there should be any last-minute alterations of program, there were now alert in the various Northern cities through which the presidential party

must pass spies of the conspirators, ready to telegraph them immediate warning. When Abraham Lincoln arrived a great throng would have gathered at the Calvert Street station. Kane, the implacable insurgent, had agreed to send only a small force of police to the station and to furnish no escort whatever through the city. As soon as the President-elect should leave his special train, a gang of toughs were to start a fight some little way off, which would be a pretext for even the few policemen available to absent themselves from the vicinity. And then would the crowd close in around the little group of despised Yankees, a carefully ordered, disorderly rabble in the inner ring closest to Lincoln—pushing, jostling, creating a noisy confusion. The fatal shot or knife thrust must follow directly after. . . .

It was a formidably vengeful portrait; and still Mr. Lincoln seemed to hesitate to give it credence. This frantic manifestation of hostility among his own people — Southern sympathizers of the agitated border country, true — but fellow Americans whose ultimate good would be his to care for in less than a fortnight! Anxious and obstinate, Allan Pinkerton brought up his reserves, a mass of confirmatory data, in particular the reports from Perryman, where Timothy Webster clanked the saber of a rebel dragoon. And then the no less anxious Norman Judd turned to Felton, who was ready with corroborative evidence which had come to him from an altogether different source.

"Not many days ago, Mr. President," said the railroad head, "I was visited by a Miss Dix, a lifelong friend and a lady above reproach, noted in the South for her charities. She came to my office that Saturday afternoon, saying she had a terribly important warning to convey to me. And for more than an hour I listened while she put in tangible shape what I've been hearing in detached fragments since before I ever sent for Allan Pinkerton in January.

## A HOUSE ENTERED FOUR WAYS

"The sum and substance of it is that there exists throughout the South an extensively organized conspiracy to seize upon the city of Washington with its records and archives, and then declare the conspirators de facto the government of the United States. In short, a coup d'etat is planned very much in the European manner. And they propose at the same time to cut off means of communication between the District of Columbia and the North, East, or West, thus preventing any prompt transportation of troops to wrest the capital from their hands.

"Your inauguration, said Miss Dix, would be prevented. Or, sir, your life would fall a sacrifice to the attempt at inauguration. It is well known that troops are drilling on the line of our road, and on the Washington and Annapolis also. Miss Dix has proved her loyalty to the people of the South by innumerable acts of philanthropy. But she cannot condone insurrection and murder. Moreover, the accuracy of her information can hardly be questioned when we remember what unusual opportunities she has for getting at the truth."

Without committing himself either way, Mr. Lincoln asked them — "Granting, gentlemen, that all of this is true, what do you propose to do about it?"

"We propose to take you on to Washington this very night, Mr. President," said Allan Pinkerton, "and steal a march on your enemies."

He then proceeded quickly to explain the plan agreed upon at the St. Louis Hotel in conference with Felton and Norman Judd. It necessitated an abrupt change of program, with Mr. Lincoln compelled to break appointments for the next day in both Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

"Has this your approval?" Lincoln turned to Judd. "It seems to me for the best," replied the devoted friend. "Although I realize, if you follow the course suggested, you'll be inevitably subjected to the scoffs and sneers of your adver-

saries. No doubt it will even provoke the disapproval of many of your supporters, who are temperamentally incapable of believing in the existence of so fiendish a design."

After reflecting another moment, Abraham Lincoln answered—"Gentlemen, I appreciate the suggestions, and while I can stand anything essential in the way of misrepresentation, I do not feel I can go to Washington to-night. To-morrow morning I have promised to raise the flag over Independence Hall, and after that to visit the Legislature at Harrisburg. Whatever the cost, these two promises I must fulfill. Thereafter I shall be ready to consider any plan you may adopt."

He rose as he delivered this decision, gravely shook hands with Felton and Pinkerton and left the room.

#### VIII: A PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY

### The Success of the Pinkerton Counterplot

THE worried triumvirate separated, to meet again at midnight, when they were joined by G. C. Franciscus, general agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and E. S. Sanford — the Sanford of the Adams Express and the Maroney case, but here representing the powerful American Telegraph Company. These five men — Judd, Felton, Pinkerton and the two newcomers — remained in consultation until five o'clock in the morning, until every possible project for maintaining the safety of the President-elect had been discussed and examined for any flaw that would incur a tragedy and national disaster.

Mr. Lincoln—as he afterward related—did not sleep well, and rose very early, prepared to encounter the tribulations in the path just ahead. At six o'clock, as the sun was rising, with his own hands—according to his word—he raised the flag over Independence Hall. A crowd had assembled to witness this ceremony and to hear his address. It was brief, but constituted a striking answer to the challenge of disunion and sedition.

Having in no way failed his host of followers in Philadelphia, Abraham Lincoln proceeded to the special train which was waiting to take him and his party to the State capital. But just as this train was about to leave for Harrisburg, Frederick W. Seward came rushing up with a dispatch for the President-elect of such pressing importance, he had been charged personally to carry it from Washington. Breaking the seals, Mr. Lincoln discovered two letters, from William H. Seward and from Winfield Scott, each urgently warning

of the very same plot against his life that the Pinkertons had already exposed. And it was evident that General Scott and the elder Seward had gained their knowledge of the conspiracy through wholly independent channels.

"After this," said Lincoln to Judd, "it is impossible to doubt the reality of the danger." He turned to Allan Pinkerton, asking if they had agreed upon a plan. "We have, Mr. President," the detective answered, "and I will answer with my life for your safe conduct to Washington."

It developed that Seward and General Scott had received their intimations of an uprising in a rather curious way. Rumors of the movement afoot to prevent the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln had penetrated to the city of New York and Democratic political circles, where sympathy toward the incoming Republican régime was adulterated at best with vigilant contempt. Acting upon his own responsibility, the superintendent of police had ordered detectives to visit Baltimore and learn the true temper of that municipality; and one of these Northern investigators, David S. Bookstaver, working in ignorance of the furiously prying Pinkertons, had not been long in arriving at the conclusions simultaneously verified by them. He posed as a music agent, thus managing to mix with all classes, and moved about the suspected city without arousing the suspicions of its more virulent patriots. Until at last, startled to find himself certain that the Presidentelect could not hope to survive, if he persisted in his plan of passing openly through Baltimore, he disregarded the scattered anxiety of New York, took a shorter cut to Washington, and there unfolded his discoveries to Scott, the commanding general, and one of his most trusted officers, Colonel Charles P. Stone.

Before the President-elect's train started for Harrisburg, Allan Pinkerton took Judd aside and gave him precise instructions. Every detail of Mr. Lincoln's movements, from

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the moment he left Philadelphia until he should arrive there again that same night, was enumerated. The detective himself was to remain in Philadelphia, perfecting the arrangements for the run on to Washington after the return from the State capital. Judd was so to contrive it that the people in Harrisburg would know nothing of the sudden departure of their chief guest till the following morning, when, if all went well, he would be safely lodged in Washington.

"Everything, you may be sure, will be carried out to the letter," Judd promised. Yet all the way to Harrisburg he worried about his supreme responsibility. He alone of the presidential party had knowledge of Allan Pinkerton's counterplot. After a while he decided that, in justice to himself and to the others, he should share with them the grave obligations attendant upon it. Accordingly he sought the approval of the President-elect.

"No doubt they'll laugh at us, Judd, but I believe you had better get them together," Lincoln assented. And so, directly after the public reception in the State House at Harrisburg, Judd confounded the rest of the party with an account of Abraham Lincoln's danger. This meeting took place in a parlor of Jones' Hotel, and besides Mr. Lincoln and Nicolay, Lamon, Hunter, Pope, Sumner and Judge Davis were present.

When Judd told of the plan devised to avert calamity, a warm argument ensued. All who heard the secret confided, but especially the choleric Sumner, offered resentful objections to what some one called "smuggling the President through the lines like a piece of contraband."

But at length Mr. Lincoln suspended the tempest, saying — "I have given the matter considerable thought since last night, when I went all over the ground with Allan Pinkerton. Unless there are some other reasons besides fear of ridicule, I am disposed to carry out Judd's plans."

"Then that settles it for me," said Judge Davis. And even

Colonel Sumner had to capitulate. "It is against my judgment, gentlemen. But I have undertaken to go to Washington with the President-elect, and I shall do it!"

The program for the remainder of the day included an official dinner at the hotel, that Andrew G. Curtin, soon to be celebrated as Pennsylvania's great "War Governor", and a number of other distinguished citizens were attending. A public reception was to follow in the evening, after which Lincoln would be the Governor's guest for the night at the executive mansion. As it was already four o'clock in the afternoon when the presidential party separated, there was little time to spare, according to the Pinkerton program of flight.

Now the most deplorable possibilities sprang from the undoubted presence in Harrisburg of Southern spies watching Mr. Lincoln's every public moment. If it were known that he left the capital a minute before the appointed hour, they would telegraph an alarm to the chief plotters in Baltimore—unless, of course, Allan Pinkerton had determined how to disappoint them.

The dinner began shortly after five o'clock. As guest of honor Abraham Lincoln was seated beside the Governor. It had been arranged that at six sharp he should excuse himself to Curtin as if for a moment and slip away unnoticed. But alas for the alchemy of this ingenuous stratagem! The banqueting Pennsylvanians were not allowing their elective leaders to slip down even an oyster unnoticed. Everywhere the dining rooms and corridors of the hotel were thronged; while a great overflow packed the street outside, demanded a speech from the nearest balcony, stood and stamped and clamored in the light of huge blazing bonfires.

Recognizing the hazard and absurdity of trying alone to clear himself a path from the room, Lincoln whispered to Curtin a hurried account of his situation. Unlike those presi-

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dential intimates whose disapproval had endured the better part of an hour that afternoon, the Governor of Pennsylvania appears to have understood the predicament and grasped the motives in back of it with a promptitude amounting to second sight, and he rose at once to propel his guest toward leavetaking. He let fall some prudent reference to the tendency of the President-elect to suffer from headache, suggesting that they withdraw for a short while to a less crowded scene. Lincoln acquiesced; Curtin offered him his arm; and at an enforced leisurely pace the two notable diners walked out of the room together and along the hall to the main staircase. Lincoln, amiably acknowledging wave on wave of applause, did not go up to his room. Instead, with his host, he turned toward the short flight of stairs leading down to the street, and at the hotel entrance was joined by Norman Judd, Lamon, Sumner and other members of his party. They strolled forth, compact and casual, a little group not immediately identified, Curtin carrying an overcoat - Lincoln's coat which some one had handed him - and the Presidentelect bareheaded, but with a hat of soft wool protruding from his pocket.

G. C. Franciscus, who acted for the Pennsylvania Railroad, had a closed carriage waiting; and fortunately the denser masses of spectators were gathered farther on, beneath the banquet-room balcony. Mr. Lincoln stepped quickly into the carriage, clad just as he had been at table, Franciscus supplementing the overcoat with a thick traveling shawl. And thus provided, without any ridiculous plaid costume — such as cartoonists who catered to his foes afterward depicted him as wearing, disguised for flight — Abraham Lincoln began his famous secret journey from Harrisburg to Washington.

The Governor of Pennsylvania, in hope of disarming suspicion among those who saw the President-elect get into the

carriage, entered it after him. "Drive to the Executive Mansion," he ordered the coachman in a tone that carried well beyond that impressive colored man. But the carriage paused only a moment in the driveway of Andrew Curtin's official residence; and neither he nor Mr. Lincoln got out. From there they were driven rapidly to a railroad crossing at the lower end of the city, where the Pennsylvania Road held in readiness the fast locomotive and one passenger coach that Allan Pinkerton had requested. As an extraordinary precaution against accident, the Pennsylvania's officials had even arranged to keep the express track cleared from half-past five o'clock until after the passing of the Lincoln special.

Of the original party leaving Springfield, only Ward Lamon now remained with his chief in the last sweeping finish of the journey. It had been decided that the others should stay in Harrisburg overnight, keeping themselves as much in evidence as possible, to conform to the general belief that Abraham Lincoln remained likewise enthralled by his cordial reception at the State capital. That stanch veteran, Colonel Sumner, who had entangled his soldier oath and gentlemanly honor with the proposition of escorting to Washington a man who was to save the Republic, gave the patient Norman Judd the largest amount of trouble. He was actually about to invade the carriage with Lincoln, Curtin and Lamon already inside when Judd, placing a hand upon his shoulder, attracted his attention as if for some reason of weight. But Judd's reason had more depth than displacement; and when next the Colonel swung around, the carriage was in motion.

It came to a stop beside the special train after dusk had fallen. The engine had steam up, but no lamps were lighted in the passenger coach. Mr. Lincoln boarded the train first, followed by Lamon, Franciscus and Enoch Lewis, general superintendent of the railroad. Immediately the signal was given the engineer, and the run to Philadelphia — on the

## A PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY

memorable evening of February 22, 1861 — had begun. Besides the engine crew and Mr. Lincoln's three companions, only two other persons were aboard the special: T. E. Garnett, general baggage agent, and John Pitcairn, Jr., in charge of a telegraph instrument brought along in case of some unforeseen delay or accident.

With all this precaution it was hoped that any one in league with the secessionist conspirators who had been sent to keep watch upon the President-elect in Harrisburg would be left unaware of the secret departure until the next morning. Yet if, by a lucky chance, the dash to the train had been noted by a Southern agent and word of this could be telegraphed ahead, the assassins might still accomplish their purpose.

Allan Pinkerton did not propose to contend with a single element of uncertainty. Before the presidential special had pulled out of Philadelphia that morning of Washington's birthday, he had arranged with the officers of the American Telegraph Company to have all messages from Harrisburg over their wires stopped in the Philadelphia office, exception being made only for such as might come addressed to "J. H. Hutchinson" — Pinkerton himself. In order that there might be no possibility of an operator's carelessness allowing even one dispatch to get through to its destination, the manager of the main office of the company, H. E. Thayer, agreed to stay on duty all during the night of the twenty-second and twenty-third, so that he might cover the Harrisburg wire in person.

But in the telegraph line of the Northern Central Railroad Mr. Pinkerton realized there existed another means of quick communication between the Pennsylvania State capital and Baltimore. He had no readily available influence to control this wire and could not demand coöperation similar to that being given him by the officials of the American Telegraph Company. Nevertheless, the detective resolved that, with

every hour precious, regardless of consequences, communications between Harrisburg and Baltimore over the Northern Central should be intercepted!

Thayer, on request, supplied a trustworthy lineman, Andrew Wynne; and, even as Abraham Lincoln's one-car special was pulling out of Harrisburg, a train similar to it arrived there with young Wynne aboard and such tools as he needed for a temporary, unlawful interruption of the Northern Central telegraph. To support Wynne, W. P. Westervelt, superintendent of the American Telegraph Company, rode with him; and reaching Harrisburg these two were joined by George Burns, a confidential employee of the American Telegraph, who happened to be the same young man that had pushed through the police lines in Philadelphia the day before and handed Norman Judd the detective's curious note. Wynne, with the eye of an expert and the adventurous delight of youth, had no trouble in tracing the Northern Central's Baltimore wires through the streets of Harrisburg. To avoid observation the three men followed the line of poles to the railroad tracks and out beyond the city limits for about two miles. Here, in an unfrequented spot, Wynne put on his climbing irons, went up a tall pole, cut the Baltimore wires and attached fine copper ground wires to the severed ends, rendering impossible all communication between a spy in Pennsylvania's capital and the simmering insurrectos on the Chesapeake.

Back in Harrisburg he boldly invaded the office of the Northern Central Railroad and asked the operator to send a message for him to an address in Baltimore.

But no message could be sent. "Seems to be something wrong on the line."

"Too bad," said Wynne. "Guess I'll have to wait, then, till morning."

But in the morning he was on board a train, returning to

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his job in Philadelphia, and relieved of any personal responsibility by elated superiors.

Meanwhile, Abraham Lincoln and his small party were racing through the early evening in a darkened car, no stop being made as they sped eastward till they reached Downingtown, where the engine had to take on water. Here all save Mr. Lincoln alighted to get something to eat, the President-elect staying alone in the shadows until the others returned, bringing him the best supper they could surreptitiously manage—a cup of tea and a roll. Once again the train was in motion; and it continued on without incident to the station at West Philadelphia.

Allan Pinkerton was waiting here with H. F. Kenney of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad. To John Litzenburg, conductor of the 10:50 P. M. train for Washington, Kenney had given unusual orders. No matter how long delayed, the 10:50 was not to start until he, the conductor in charge, received a package which the superintendent himself would deliver into his hands. It would be addressed to E. J. Allen, Esq., Willard's Hotel, Washington—"Allen", as well as "Hutchinson", being a favorite pseudonym of Mr. Pinkerton's for use in his private activities—and sent by the president of the road. Mr. Felton had said it was important.

Immediately upon leaving the special from Harrisburg, Mr. Lincoln and Ward Lamon were taken to a closed carriage the detective had ready. With all three seated inside, and Kenney up with the driver, they proceeded down Market Street as far as Nineteenth, then up that street to Vine, and thence to Seventeenth Street, the vehicle moving rather slowly. It was hard to imagine any one following them at this point of the journey; yet Mr. Pinkerton, with characteristic perfection of detail, left as little to chance as was humanly

possible. These roundabout maneuvers had also the advantage of consuming an unexpected interval of time. The Harrisburg special had arrived some minutes sooner than the detective's most optimistic calculation.

When the carriage at length drew near to the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore station on Carpenter Street, Kenney directed the driver to approach so that the party would be in the shadow of a high fence when they alighted. And the moment the carriage came to a stop, Pinkerton sprang out, the others following, to be guided by him through the railroad yards to the Washington train which was being held for orders. As a reservation for the President-elect. Kate Warne had secured the last three sections of the sleeping car at the rear of the train. She also had arranged to have the rear door of the car left open for the special convenience of the chief traveler, her "invalid brother", who thus would be enabled to reach his berth quietly and inconspicuously. Knox, the colored porter in charge of the sleeper who made this uncommon concession, was afterward publicly commended by officials of the road and Mr. Pinkerton.

As Abraham Lincoln approached the sleeping car, Mrs. Warne stepped forward and greeted him familiarly as her brother. Allan Pinkerton presented Lincoln's ticket to the conductor, explaining that his invalid friend must not be disturbed. Supposed by the train crew to be members of an ordinary family party, but instead placed by Pinkerton to guard the President-elect on either side, both George Bangs and Kate Warne were armed and would have opened fire rather than permit any stranger to touch a curtain of Mr. Lincoln's berth.

By odd coincidence there was one other armed passenger in that last car of the 10:50 — John A. Kennedy, the able superintendent of the New York police department. Having failed to note anything reassuring, either in reports from Book-

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staver — who, as we know, had resorted to a direct appeal to the military authorities in Washington — or from two other men he had ordered sent after the alleged music agent, Kennedy was hastening to the capital to take what steps he could toward the safeguarding of Abraham Lincoln in his trip across Maryland. Like the detectives put on the case by him, he was unaware of the protection afforded by the railroad operating staff and the Pinkertons.

The New York police superintendent, incidentally, was to prove on another occasion that he possessed the sort of courage in the face of overwhelming odds which Allan Pinkerton, Bangs and Mrs. Warne would have needed to call upon, had any considerable band of secessionist radicals come prowling about the sleeping car. In July, 1863, during the draft riots that beset the city of New York, Kennedy alone, on a tour of inspection, walked into a mob of infuriated Irish at Forty-Sixth Street and Lexington Avenue, was recognized, and attempted to stand against a hundred assailants, armed only with a bamboo cane. He was viciously mauled. Knocked down again and again, he repeatedly got up and fought back, in spite of the blows pelting upon him; until at last he was swept off his feet and beaten insensible and would have been dispatched on the spot had not a venturesome bystander, John Eagan, who knew him, stood over his body and convinced the nearest ruffians that the superintendent was, in fact, already dead. Pursuing this stratagem when the rioters had turned aside to another job of looting, Eagan loaded the supposed corpse into a wagon, covered it with sacks and drove to Police Headquarters, where a surgeon's examination found Kennedy suffering from twenty-one cuts and seventy-two bruises.

At 10:55 the train started. Five minutes had been lost owing to Kenney's formal delivery of the "important package"

to Conductor Litzenburg. Had the conductor's curiosity overpowered his respect for the errand of a railroad president, he might have peeped into the parcel entrusted to him and found a mystifying contents of old Philadelphia and New York newspapers. This Allen at Willard's Hotel was going to catch up with the news of 1859! However, Litzenburg cherished the nondescript bundle as his excuse for late departure.

Within the sleeping car, Bangs and Mrs. Warne had settled themselves for a night-long vigil. Mr. Pinkerton confidently left them alert and took up his own post upon the rear platform of the car. There he could stay unobserved. The last platform was the only one a brakeman did not have to visit in that pre-air-brake day of violent exertion for the whole crew in bringing a train to a scheduled stop. And from there, too, the detective could maintain a sharp lookout, studying the countryside through which they were running and receiving signals from each of his agents placed in a danger zone along the route.

Allan Pinkerton was worried. A final report sent through from Perryman had described three companies of railroad men drilling with the reputed motive of protecting the property of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore. But it was Timothy Webster's acute opinion that they really intended burning the bridges, ferries and rolling stock as soon as some agreed-upon moment arrived. And how likely, then, that this militant faction among Felton's employees — given the faintest whisper of warning — would attempt this very night to obstruct the line and wreck the train.

Many precautions had been taken to make use of Webster's surmise and prevent such an attack. At Pinkerton's suggestion, the president of the railroad had placed gangs of trusted men at various bridges. They seemed to be painting and whitewashing, and were, indeed, applying a white coating of a preparation that would do a great deal to make the woodwork

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fireproof. Moreover, they remained conveniently ready to be called on in case of any outbreak of violence. Not even satisfied with such reserves, the detective had armed reliable men of his own force and stationed a secret guard at every bridge and crossroad in the threatened area. The 10:55 rolled on through the frigid night; and each of the Pinkerton sentinels, following instructions, made use of the dark lantern hanging at his belt to report to the tireless chief on the car platform.

The first critical point of the journey was reached at Perryville, where the train must wait to be slowly ferried across the Susquehanna. The detective here was Webster, moved up from his cavalry station.

Allan Pinkerton peered ahead with a quickening heartbeat, straining to see the gleam of his agent's light. . . . At last he saw it — the two winking flashes in quick succession, twict repeated.

"All's well!" If Webster would report danger's subsidence, it must be so!

Without accident the train plunged on, running swiftly now through the stronghold of Lincoln's malignant border opponents. Yet from every bridge and vantage point the darting flashes of Pinkertons' lamps kept proclaiming: "All's well! . . . All's well!"

The locomotive whistle shrilled; and then they began slowing down for the next station. Baltimore, boiling with its insurgent plans of murder and disunion! Allan Pinkerton braced himself for the last stages of the ordeal—for what might not happen here? Could word possibly have slipped through, been spread abroad that the despised Abolitionist would arrive in fancied quiet and secrecy? And an attack being made, would he, Lamon, Bangs and the resourceful Kate Warne constitute an adequate defense?

It was half-past three by the detective's heavy watch when the train came to a jolting stop. Baltimore — 3:30 a.m. Ex-

actly on time! The station looked deserted, its platform empty, the whole city wondrously silent. Surely the violent ones had learned nothing, suspected nothing.

In the manner of the disjointed railroad facilities of that period, sleeping cars bound for the capital had to be drawn by horses through the streets of Baltimore to the station of the Washington line. And after getting there uneventfully the presidential party was compelled to wait two uncertain, perilous hours because a connecting train from the West had not pulled in according to schedule. There was more life in this quarter of the town; local trains were arriving and departing. Allan Pinkerton found Mr. Lincoln awake in his berth and sat chatting with him while the minutes of their potential exposure to hostility lumbered along and the train crew's dispute was muffled but profane.

Waiting passengers in the station sang occasionally — songs that were rebel songs to Mr. Pinkerton — "My Maryland!" — "Dixie!" A drunken partisan wavering close beside the car carolled his way through the latter refrain over and over again with expanding volume and discord. Abraham Lincoln remarked it, sadly. After the war Mr. Pinkerton seemed to remember that the President had said — "No doubt there will be a great time in Dixie by and by"; which then struck the detective as prophetic of four years' struggle against armed invasion.

At length the delayed Western train rolled in and the one bearing Mr. Lincoln was permitted to leave. The run to Washington followed without event, and though still at his post on the wind-swept back platform, Allan Pinkerton allowed himself to relax. He has admitted that the discomforts of his position were relieved by a warming pride. It is not unlikely that he reflected on a certain kinship of his to the man he had sworn to protect with his life — whom he had pro-

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tected all the way of that venturesome journey. Lincoln, the poor boy, risen to great authority. Pinkerton, the ragged errand boy, the Chartist fugitive, the poor immigrant, risen to deserve the friendly confidence of the leaders of his adopted country.

In Washington, a few minutes after six o'clock in the morning, February 23d, Abraham Lincoln wrapped his heavy traveling shawl about his shoulders and in company with Ward Lamon and Pinkerton walked from the car. Two of the detective's men were awaiting his arrival and closed in behind the group with George Bangs and Kate Warne. Even at so early an hour there were a great many people moving about the Washington station, and yet Mr. Lincoln's lanky form passed by unnoticed, until he was recognized by an Illinois Congressman, who hurried over to shake hands with the President-elect. This politician's pronounced surprise was growing voluble and attracting some attention when Allan Pinkerton swooped upon him to whisper loudly—"No talking here!"

Congressional immunity from silence was affronted. The Illinois man had swung around to remind this stranger that he was in Washington and, furthermore — who was he, anyhow? — when Mr. Lincoln explained the interference soothingly. "This is Mr. Pinkerton, and everything is all right."

And so it was. General Scott, aged, tired, already leaning a little heavily on the fame of Vera Cruz, and William H. Seward, who meant to guide the new administration, were waiting inconspicuously in a closed carriage. Abraham Lincoln approached it, and Seward leaped out and seized the tall man's bony hand with a grip much the stronger for the anxieties it banished. He spoke for Scott and himself: "I was never so glad to see any one in my life as I am to see you this morning."

They drove the President-to-be down Pennsylvania Ave-

nue to Willard's Hotel, all the Pinkertons and Mr. Pinkerton following closely in a second vehicle. But Abraham Lincoln was now delivered into hands whose care and integrity could not be doubted. The detective and his little force withdrew to quarters engaged in another hotel. Mr. Lincoln himself was not disposed, as were some, to make light of the danger that had threatened, simply because the safeguards thrown around him came of superior planning and organization. Mr. Pinkerton was presently summoned, and in a baroque parlor at Willard's felt again the firm handclasp of Lincoln, while modestly hearkening to words of warm appreciation. After which ceremony, this first experiment in official secret service discharged with great credit, the detective turned back to the city of Baltimore to relish its lamentations.

Harry Davies visited South Street that night, for here a trace of a grin or even a derisive chuckle would not provoke indignation. News of the Republican President's arrival in Washington, he said, had aroused secessionist quarters of the city as early as nine in the morning. And there had boomed forth a roar of anguish over "Yankee slickness", tempered by much plain bewilderment and running about, and even a good deal of running away. Fernandina and the other principal plotters, in whose company Davies and young Hill had right to include themselves, though they did not, were already gone from their customary haunts. Guy's and Barnum's held not an echo of them.

Baltimore assumed that, if Abraham Lincoln's advisers knew how to take him past the plot, they must have been warned by agents of the government. A sinister web of military spies, an underground swarm of Yankee police were imagined to infest the rebellious town; when all there was or ever had been was wholly extemporized and ninety-five per cent. Pinkerton. No arrests, of course, were contemplated. But assassination, when not the act of madmen, is too often

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the project of cowards who hope to exhibit a moment's audacity; and neither Davies nor his chief was surprised that many sworn to plunge a knife into the heart of the Abolitionist preferred instead to thrust themselves into oblivion.

### IX: THE MILITARY DETECTIVES

Timothy Webster Enlists with "Major E. J. Allen"

THE city of Harrisburg had experienced an isolation which disquieted a few but contributed materially to the outcome of the Pinkerton subterfuge. When two correspondents of New York newspapers, who had traveled with the presidential party from the outset, expressed dissatisfaction with a banquet from which the guest of honor and his gubernatorial host had absented themselves more than an hour, they were called aside into a private room and there advised that Abraham Lincoln was well away from one capital, speeding toward another. Both young men started to bolt for a telegraph wire; but after a dash of about two yards they halted together, their eves wide with astonishment. What had come over their kind informant? He was pointing a pistol. He explained, not ungraciously, that he would have to prevent them from leaving the room until Mr. Lincoln's security justified it.

"What's the use of getting news if we can't use it?" one protested.

"I'll tell you how it is, my friend," said the armed retainer. "Harrisburg is cut off from the rest of the world and will continue to be for yet some hours. As the telegraph lines are closed, I am really sparing you both a fruitless race through chilly streets. Just sit down calmly — and you shall hear all about our outflanking of the ferocious rebels of Baltimore."

As soon as word came through of Lincoln's safe arrival in Washington, the two reporters were excused from their mild

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captivity. Refreshments had been served them, together with revelations of the event enabling them to write accurate accounts when all others sprayed from presses on the twentythird were largely political fiction. Mr. Pinkerton, something of a pioneer in the newer practices of publicity, delighted in the Herald's authentic report and enjoyed telling the story of an unloaded pistol that very slightly retarded its publication. Just which member of the group left behind had taken upon himself this high-handed censorship he never would reveal. It was probably Norman Judd, or perhaps one of the military men, though hardly Colonel Sumner, much as the rôle might have accommodated his mood. Only weeks later could the President himself persuade the colonel to pardon Judd's ruse at the carriage door; his disenchantment with the whole affair lasted practically to the day he was made a general.

There were many others, of course, who chose to resent the predominance of the Pinkertons in what came to be regarded as an historic stratagem; and not a little competitive glory was claimed for the department of police in New York. Superintendent Kennedy's foresight, his independent endeavors far outside his own jurisdiction, received — as they deserved — unqualified praise. After a while credit was adjusted to the satisfaction of all who had contributed to the warning; and to-day such rivalry seems at best a product of the tension of the times.

That the safeguarding of the journey itself was other than an exclusive result of Allan Pinkerton's thorough preparation and the public-spirited anxiety of Samuel M. Felton and other railroad men no affidavits or other statements obtained from actual participants ever seriously contended. The slightly pretentious clamor blowing down the wind from Manhattan took on a hollow, moaning note when it came to be found out that — in addition to maintaining the security of Abraham Lincoln — the Pinkertons even had been able to protect the

lives of a pair of Kennedy's own men. The New York superintendent had first sent Bookstaver down to Baltimore and had then explained his apprehensions to a subordinate, Captain George Washington Walling, causing that noted threat to toughs and gangsters to dispatch two more detectives into the danger zone. It was these men who collided with Timothy Webster, to their own great good.

After coming to Maryland the New Yorkers, Sampson and De Voe, had ventured overboldly to enlist in a company of secessionist volunteers. Almost at once they had been suspected — they were from the North and must be treated accordingly. But if not clever enough to impose on the rebels, they were able at least to discern their own danger; and so off rushed both of them to find a new base in the city of Washington. Possibly it is unfair to assume that, having been clumsy in and around Baltimore, they were showing such little improvement in the national capital that their detached, unregulated detecting inspired the very deliverance now thrust upon them. They were too liable to alarm all secessionist plotters and ruin weeks of trying work for the Pinkertons. Whatever the provocation, Webster had begun shadowing them, draped in an odd, swaddling overcoat, with a cloth cap pulled down until it nearly closed his eyes.

Sampson, temporarily apart from De Voe, discovered this apparition at his heels with considerable shock. And presently the bewildering long coat sidled up to him and from underneath the cap a voice spoke: "Where is Wash Walling?" Sampson was stupefied. He believed his superior officer bad started for Washington; and here a stranger must already know all about it. "And where," asked the devastating inquirer again, "is the fur hat you were wearing?"

By way of disguise the New York man had changed to a black felt before coming on to Washington. Surely a rebel agent, this fellow in the dejected-looking cap had even iden-

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tified him in Baltimore. "Who are you — and what do you want?" Sampson attempted to parry.

The other whispered his name — Webster — and went on to admit his connection with a group of detectives sent from Philadelphia. And being also enlisted, as he explained, among the more mischievous Southern conspirators of the region, he was one of many told off to hunt for a pair of police detectives known to have come from the city of New York and violently remove them. Sampson, though grateful for this warning, yet would not take Webster's advice and clear out of town at once, without waiting to rejoin De Voe. Whereupon the Pinkerton operative turned in to aid him in finding his partner, and, after hiding them in a barn overnight, helped both to retreat in good order next day.

In the volume of reminiscences he published in 1888 <sup>1</sup> Walling, who advanced to highest rank in the New York police force, has Sampson say of Webster: "We should have been murdered in Washington but for the good head and great heart of Timothy Webster, the bravest, coolest man, I think, that ever lived." Sampson had already demonstrated this high regard by attending the burial of Webster's body when it was brought back to the North at the close of the Civil War. Perhaps Webster did not need to exaggerate the detectives' peril to get rid of them; certainly his assistance was welcome. But his deceptive range in making all sorts and conditions of men believe what he needed to have them believe had become rather well established, and remained almost continually in operation for fourteen hazardous months to follow.

It was on Monday, April 15th, after the amateur gunners of Charleston had finished shelling a Federal fort, that President Lincoln issued his first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. On the nineteenth, the Sixth Massachusetts In-

¹ Walling, "Recollections of a New York Chief of Police."

fantry detrained in Baltimore to march across the city to the Washington station and proceed to the capital. Instead they remained to fight for their lives against a great mob stirred to terrible ferocity. The agitations of Fernandina and his followers, the undisguised hostility of officials like Police Marshal Kane, had something at last to focus upon, something within reach; and though it was a military regiment that resorted to the bayonet and ball cartridges, the worst predictions made by Mr. Pinkerton and his detectives in February were mild beside the actuality eight weeks later.

Following upon this sanguinary episode came another demonstration that two months ago had been anticipated by the visitors to South Street. Before daylight on the morning of the twentieth the bridges at Melvale, Relay House and Cockeysville, on the Harrisburg road, and over the Bush and Gunpowder rivers and Harris Creek were destroyed by fire, effectually severing railroad communications between Washington and the North. Telegraph wires were also cut. In the District of Columbia the government was shut up with a few battalions of soldiers and at least twice as many active partisans of disunion.

Armed rebellion was now spreading through nine Southern States; and the Federal authorities had only a scattered and distressed regular army. There were spies and secessionist agitators swarming in Northern centers; and, since President Buchanan had been intent on bequeathing to the Republicans all the difficulties of his four years' neglect, there was not a trace of a governmental secret service to cope with them. Allan Pinkerton seemed badly needed at Washington. But he had returned to his Chicago office, unwilling to urge himself as a necessity on the strength of the Agency's reputation and his recent semi-official accomplishment.

There were, however, influential residents of Chicago who wished urgently to communicate with the President or mem-

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bers of his Cabinet. They besought the detective to find them a courier, one ready to penetrate the secessionist stronghold that the environs of the national capital and almost the city itself had become. Timothy Webster, said Pinkerton, was the man they must have. Allowed a short vacation after the exploits that took him from the Susquehanna ferry to the streets of Washington, he was due to report back on the morrow. That he would cheerfully volunteer for such a mission, his chief did not hesitate to promise them.

Webster's whole career in the private detective service had been equipping him for the larger hazards and responsibilities of a government secret agent. He had all the necessary personal qualifications, and, like the operative, Davies - who, however, was now thirsting for martial adventure and enrolled in a Union cavalry troop - he was pretty nearly perfect, with a war rolling in from Charleston Harbor. The affectionate admiration of his chief - founded on respect for and long dependence upon a brave and clever man - informs every line of a book he wrote about him; 1 and Allan Pinkerton's unsparing praise was really justified by many of his protégé's successes. Webster "played" spy like a boy, with a kind of inner gaiety - shuttling back and forth in time through Confederate cordons and outposts much as though his enemies had to play the game too, and count to one hundred with the eyes honestly covered.

Upon setting forth as the courier expected to get through the partisan lines to President Lincoln, he carried a dozen closely written dispatches which Kate Warne had stitched into the linings of his coat collar and waistcoat. Friends in the operating staff of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad sped him on from Philadelphia as far as Perryville. From which point forward Webster traveled upon his wits, and in company with a nervous man who professed to be tak-

<sup>&</sup>quot;"The Spy of the Rebellion."

ing important messages to the "British Consul" at Washington. At Perryman he looked up his former secessionist comrades, who feigned satirical astonishment that he returned to them, now that there was really going to be a war. And there, in response to a flask of good brandy, he had bestowed on him a wonder-working pass that took him—and his uneasy fellow traveler—past a score of pickets and close to the outskirts of the capital city. So far so good—he caused the arrest of his companion as a rebel suspect, and managed it without compromising himself. Then he hurried to the office of Secretary Nicolay and delivered his own dispatches.

The detection of the Confederate courier was in itself a most gratifying stroke. Documents taken from him were not British but revealed a mass of Southern intrigue then being generated almost within sight of the capitol. President Lincoln sent for Webster, to congratulate him and ask that he set forth on his return journey immediately. As soon as he reached a point where telegraphic communication became possible, he was to send on the messages which the President would entrust to him - an important one to General McClellan at Columbus, Ohio, and another to Allan Pinkerton, requesting his presence in Washington. Webster obtained a hollow cane that hid the papers given him, and resumed his secret travels, crossed back over the Susquehanna a few miles below Perryville and had a private interview with the Union district commandant, who took care of the presidential messages.

Allan Pinkerton, in answering his summons, left word at the Chicago office for Webster to await him in Pittsburgh in case they did not meet on the way—then went by train to Perryville—and from there sailed down the Chesapeake to Annapolis, from which point railroad travel to the capital was uninterrupted.

He was invited by the President to confer with him and

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members of his Cabinet, and learned that these authorities had for some while contemplated the idea of organizing a secret service department of the government, in hopes of "ascertaining the social, political and patriotic relations of the numerous suspected persons" in and about the city of Washington. It was, in the light of the emergency, a very restricted view, and as worded it was typical. Being asked for an opinion, Mr. Pinkerton stated it as frankly and completely as time permitted. Mr. Lincoln seemed to approve and said he should hear promptly from the proper authorities — doubtless believing, with but fifty days' experience as head of the government, that somebody would be prompt.

Mr. Pinkerton in that no man's land of hope and hard benches which fronts the glacis of official Washington declined to tarry interminably. The nation and his own complex business mayhap were fated to fall into ruin together; yet there were matters he could attend to independently which might somewhat defer both disasters. Some one admitted to him—it was probably Nicolay—that all the confusion and excitement incident to a "novel and perplexing state of affairs" made any systematized organization of espionage or counterespionage "impossible."

Mr. Pinkerton regretfully agreed. At no other period of the rebellion was secret service activity more imperative. Many Southern spies who dug themselves in during that confused and favoring interval had still to be uprooted at the close of the war. However, the detective — who, for a railroad client, would have thrown a swarm of his people into Washington and sought to sterilize the town from the Alexandria Bridge to the Maryland line — had his dejected impressions confirmed by repeated vain "attempts to obtain satisfying particulars" from the heads of departments. His next attempt came off as curtly as the decorous conduct of that day per-

mitted. He left his address with the secretary to the President and went back to Philadelphia.

There letters had accumulated; and one from a former Philadelphian was phrased very much to his taste, its vague but provocative invitation concluding darkly: "— whenever you telegraph me, better use only your first name.¹ Let no one know that you are coming to see me, and keep as quiet as possible." It was signed "George B. McClellan, Major General Commanding Ohio Volunteers."

A West Point graduate, a captain after Chapultepec and Monterey, and an American observer of the combat in the Crimea, this soldier had retired from the army in '57 to become a successful railroad president; and already he had a large and ardent following who believed that when better generals than Scott or McDowell were found, McClellan would be all of them. Allan Pinkerton, whose admiration for presidents of railroads had a reasonable basis, stood well in front with the earliest interpreters of McClellan's military genius. And now, with a letter three days old in his pocket, he took the next train out - he was one of the first of Americans entitled to complain that they live on trains - on the Pennsylvania Road going in the direction of Ohio. On his way to confer with the first of his two war heroes he stopped at Pittsburgh long enough to help, without premeditation, the other, Timothy Webster.

<sup>1</sup> Many military authorities and writers of magazine articles have referred to Allan Pinkerton's connection with Union espionage in the Civil War, most of them in a caustic or patronizing tone. However much they may have known of the detective's career or of the scientific development of method and comparative national records in espionage, counter-espionage or military intelligence, they have uniformly explained that the detective used the name of Major Allan. Major E. J. Allen was Allan Pinkerton's own manner of spelling his chosen nom de guerre, which will be repeated here, the point seeming hardly important enough for extended research.

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That momentarily idle secret agent, waiting for his chief, as instructed, and passing the time albeit soberly in the bar of his Pittsburgh hotel, had chanced to attract the notice of one of those bellicose, empty hotheads who argue far behind the fighting. The President and Winfield Scott were being denounced for failing to reduce the city of Baltimore to ashes. Webster made no comment until his opinion was directly demanded, and then answered that he was content to believe the President and the ranking general of the army had spared Baltimore because they did not care to bring ruin upon many

"Why, you're crazy! There ain't a loyal man in the whole damned town," shouted the perfect noncombatant; provoking Webster to a mild retort that he might conceivably be mistaken.

innocent and patriotic persons.

"Are you from the South?" he next was asked; and when he declined that honor as a native of Princeton, New Jersey, a series of impudent questions were fired at him.

"What about that telegram I saw you reading? All along I've suspected you were a damned spy," the Northern fanatic at length burst out. Somebody yelled "Lynch him! Hang the spy!" And Webster, who could penetrate at will into areas where the life of the suspected "Yankee spy" was a poor insurance risk, now on his own side of the line found himself in a pretty tight fix.

The crowd confronting him grew bolder and bolder as its size increased. Webster backed away, drawing a revolver, but saying very temperately, "This is all nonsense — I'm not a spy. Maybe there are enough of you here to attack me, gentlemen (sic) — but God help you, whoever begins it is going to get shot!"

"Come on — he's only bluffing," yelled a ringleader. "We're thirty to one. Take him dead or alive!" The crowd took a few steps . . . and Webster stood ready to fight for his life.

When all of a sudden a considerable reinforcement appeared, ranging himself on Webster's side. It was Mr. Pinkerton and, while also addressing them formally as "gentlemen", he denounced the cowardly rabble and commended his operative as "no traitor, but loyal to the core!"

Well, it seems Mr. Pinkerton also had a pistol which he leveled with great care, so that the crowd felt outnumbered. Having caught a non-alcoholic note in the tumult of his barroom, the hotel proprietor now rushed forward with ideas of rescue, it being his notion that the fate both of the suspected spy and his unknown champion ought properly to be referred to the mayor of the city. A strange procession thereupon stalked through the gloom of Pittsburgh at high noon, increasing as it went, and still incited by cries of "Lynch the traitor!" bayed at Webster from the rear of his potential cortège.

The noise of their approach brought the chief of police into the street to confront the crowd. In the van stood Allan Pinkerton and Webster, their best credentials still gripped firmly in their right hands. The chief recognized Pinkerton at once and expressed his surprise. The detective then introduced Webster and vouched for him. Because he had leaned against a bar, not inattentively yet disparaging nobody, an innocent and useful citizen had been gravely menaced. Crestfallen lynchers began to disperse when the chief of police assured them he would stand sponsor for both the strangers. Having first invited them into police headquarters, he afterward escorted them all the way back to their hotel; where, later, the ringleaders waited upon Mr. Pinkerton and his assistant - whom they still did not know - apologizing to both, and even parading with them to their train to send them away with hearty cheers.

It was an impulsive, emotional public, subjected overlong to an unbearable intensity of factional feeling, that repro-

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duced these scenes all over the country. Many with obstinately independent views were mobbed, arrested, imprisoned, and some few executed informally. Timothy Webster believed he would feel safer spying again in the South.

On May 3, 1861, a Department of the Ohio was created, composing the united forces of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; and General Scott notified McClellan he had been appointed to the departmental command. Mr. Pinkerton had already had his confidential chat with the popular leader of Ohio's volunteers. And shortly thereafter the private detective of Chicago vanished — in his stead appearing Major E. J. Allen, attached to the staff of the general commanding.

This officer, who was Allan Pinkerton, occasionally permitting himself to wear a uniform, had been placed in charge of the organization and conduct of a secret service for the Ohio department. General Scott's endorsement of such a formation had been asked and received, and coöperation was being sought from Governor Dennison at Columbus, as well as the governors of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Michigan. On May 13th Timothy Webster, who required no organizing and only the barest outline of instructions, shook hands with his favorite major and started on the first of his bland and extended tours as a Union inspector of Confederate armies.

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### Major Allen's Secret Service Is Promoted

BEFORE Timothy Webster could reappear in Cincinnati with a comprehensive report, General McClellan had sent for his chief of secret service so that they might put their heads together upon the problem of "ascertaining as definitely as possible" the general feeling of the people south of the Ohio, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Choosing to ignore the fact that ten agents were now afield — and Webster, one of the best, due to return to headquarters within the week — Mr. Pinkerton's commander recommended that "measures at once be taken" and so the major said he would attend to it himself.

He might have mentioned with a slight impropriety that the general's chance of bringing his troops into contact with the feeling in either Mississippi or Louisiana depended for the time being on the willingness of regiments raised in those States to march up and fight him in northern Kentucky. Allan Pinkerton, however, accustomed to ten years of command and with not a subservient bone in his rugged Scotch body, appears to have found in McClellan the one leader he delighted to obey. The general's strategy was too often to be vitiated by his respect for the obstacles arrayed against him, some jaundiced observers even coming to see that he magnified Confederate brigades and divisions to three and four times life size. McClellan, in truth, had a voracious appetite for intelligence reports; and the private detective in Mr. Pinkerton made him an indulgent caterer. But also he made himself a perfect staff subordinate, his preference and approval never

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wavering; and, when the regiments of the general's public admirers had been worn down to platoons by excessive months of preparation for overwhelming attacks that turned out to be drawn battles, Major E. J. Allen still defended the faith.

He now put the effective George Bangs in charge of all his investigations, and changing to civilian dress started out over almost the identical route Webster had been following. But after Louisville and Bowling Green he visited Nashville, finding there a hopeful undercurrent of Union sentiment, though the rebellious element, somewhat as in Baltimore, was too outspoken and belligerent to allow contrary opinions to gain much circulation. He met and talked with great numbers of men already enlisted in the Confederate armies, found them resolute but "misguided" and only one among them, an army doctor, who made an unfavorable impression. This fantastic insurgent believed in overthrowing a large body of Yankee soldiers through an alimentary attack to be inflicted by a wagonload of poisoned whisky. The vehicle, according to his design, would be left broken and abandoned on some main road of invasion; the enemy would seize upon it with commandeering cries, and the rest would be history. Mr. Pinkerton was glad to note how very few listened to the physician's scheme with any show of approval.

Desirous of becoming independent of railroad schedules already much disrupted, before leaving Kentucky the Northern man had provided himself with a horse and so pursued his course as a tour of mounted reconnaisance. His bold ride into the enemy country as chief of intelligence for the Ohio department shows the prevailing haphazard manner of drifting toward open hostilities. Both sides seemed to wait for decisive action; and Mr. Pinkerton's was so uncommonly decisive it served as a disguise. He cantered into Memphis, to find the famous river port being furiously fortified under the direction of General Pillow. And the Union major was to bring

back with him the remembered substance of a chat he had with that officer, who sipped brandy and water and was cordial.

Until, all of a sudden, the salubrity of Memphis changed. A colored lad crept into Allan Pinkerton's hotel room to whisper, "Massa Allen, 'fore Gawd, ef yuh sleep in dis hyar house to-night, suh, yuh'll sho' be a daid man t'mo' mawnin'."

It seemed that a Confederate spy just back from a trip up the river had recognized Pinkerton as one he had seen in Cincinnati a fortnight ago and was now hurrying to a higher authority to cause his arrest. The plucky young Negro who brought this warning at the risk of his life, also went after the detective's horse, stabled near by, and then supplied an agile relative to act as guide to one of the less frequented roads leading out from the city. Instead of going north or east as his pursuers would expect, Allan Pinkerton turned south, riding into Mississippi, spending a night at Granada, and continuing on to the State capital. Here in Jackson there was nothing audible save one-sided arguments favoring secession; and the Northern investigator heard that Louisiana's vote would be as nearly unanimous on the same issue. Farther south, to see himself if this were true, he did not get, for while waiting his turn in a barber shop in Jackson, he was cheerfully recognized by a German formerly employed in Chicago as the "Mr. Pingerdon" he had often shaved in the Sherman House of that city.

The detective slid out of this scrape by putting on the haughty Confederate of Augusta, Georgia — a town he happened to know well enough to defy any local interrogator. Being mistaken for a Yankee was infuriating! And the browbeaten little barber, though willing to apologize, was plainly too aggrieved to forget such a slur upon his good memory for customers' beards and faces. Those citizens of Jackson who had witnessed this encounter, Mr. Pinkerton diverted by mag-

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nifying the affront, and then invited one and all to accompany him and his fiery Georgian pride to an adjoining bar. From which unbeatable refuge and distraction he made his way in a little while to the place where the bay horse was kept, and so rode north again by cautious stages, to rejoin his commander-in-chief.

The weight of Union sentiment in that western part of Virginia which produced an effect called "seceding from secession" was the next point of interest at McClellan's headquarters. Two Pinkerton agents, Bridgeman and Price Lewis, were accordingly sent into the region the general hoped might be added to his department. Mr. Wise, who as governor of Virginia had been so expeditious about hanging John Brown and who, in '56, had threatened if Frémont were elected to march with "twenty thousand men" and seize the capital at Washington, was now the Southern divisional commander in the valley of the Kanawha. General Garnett - a former major of the regular army - supported him and contributed military knowledge. Mingling with the rank and file, Bridgeman easily accumulated intelligence of the strength and disposition of the Confederate forces. While Lewis - an Englishman and able to pose as a lord well disposed toward the South - stalked the bigger game in epaulets.

From reports received by him from these advance agents Allan Pinkerton drew so enticing a picture that even General McClellan's dislike of any abbreviated preparation could be overcome. Coöperating with General W. S. Rosecrans, he at once moved an army into that territory which, in 1863, was admitted to the Union as the separate state of West Virginia, and began the brief, smartly executed campaign that was to make him the most talked about commander in the North. He succeeded in dividing his opponents and was soon driving them before him with masterly skill. A Confederate

wagon train, being overtaken, compelled Garnett to turn and fight; but his troops were not of the stuff that Pickett's charge would be made of, and when they faltered, Garnett had to resume his retreat. In a subsequent skirmish, with only sharpshooters engaged, the Confederate leader was shot and killed. In point of casualties and number of men on either side, the actions fought were trivial. But the results obtained had farreaching consequences: a new State to be organized in Federal allegiance; a new flank imposed upon the Southern armies defending the approaches to Richmond; and, discovered and summoned to Washington by President Lincoln — then only at the dawn of his painful gropings for a winning general — a very popular new commander-in-chief for all the Union forces, Mr. Pinkerton's own household god, McClellan.

More influential, to be sure, than anything occurring west of the Alleghenies had been the disruptive major action at Manassas on July 21st. The Union general, McDowell, with many of those volunteer regiments that were to run away from their first battle not once but several times, had swept up to Beauregard and been indiscriminately swept back again — propelled into the very laps of Congressional onlookers that, with the grim exception of Ben Wade, who had brought along his old squirrel rifle, did less than nothing to check the rout. The extent of this disaster seemed to clear a path for McClellan's promotion; but also there were circumstances connecting with it that issued a sudden call for his chief of secret service, the little known and mysteriously influential Major Allen.

Because of the promptitude and accuracy of advance information forwarded to Beauregard by some among the host of Southern spies in Washington, he had been enabled perfectly to time the attack coming against him and telegraph a warning to Jefferson Davis. The President of the Confederacy, as sorely in doubt about his generals as Abraham

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Lincoln was soon going to be, thereupon hastened to the front himself, while ordering Joseph E. Johnston, who had eleven thousand well-trained troops, and General Holmes with three thousand more, to march toward the threatened position.

The army of Beauregard, twenty thousand strong, was spread out from Manassas Junction to Bull Run, some three miles to the eastward, and in its main array covered a front almost eight miles long. McDowell's advance lacked a perceptibly disciplined order even while the action favored the Union side. Beauregard's flank, unsupported by Ewell whose orders had miscarried - nearly melted away. But then the weight of Johnston's reinforcement anchored the retreat. The Federals found Jackson's brigade standing on the Henry House plateau. Jackson, a stone wall that fell forward only, believed in the bayonet. The Federals - immensely superior in numbers, for Jackson had less than three thousand men, while Johnston and Beauregard rallied and led a thin line of reserves - began to give ground, and wavered, broke ranks and fled. The arrival of Johnston, in the fairly expert view of the defeated, had turned the day against them. And it was reasoned further that Johnston and all those bayonets might never have come, if all the spies in Washington had been somewhere else. Richmond, preferably, since most of them were Southern gentlewomen, and putting them away in a jail would loose from all directions an avalanche of invective!

General McClellan arrived at the capital on July 27th, having left Rosecrans to succeed to his command in the West. He was coming from a force that had enjoyed an unbroken series of minor but reassuring successes, and taking over a demoralized body of troops that was only an army still because the swift survivors of Bull Run had all turned back in the same direction. Allan Pinkerton, delighted with the eleva-

tion of his chief, found himself moved up to a like place of imposing eminence. The organization, negotiated in vain at a time of infinitely less disorder in April, and which then he had been told could not overcome the excitement and confusion incident to a "novel and perplexing state of affairs", now had to surmount all that condition and a great deal more, in haste because of extreme necessity.

Martial law had been belatedly proclaimed in the District of Columbia, and Colonel Andrew Porter of the 16th U. S. Infantry was appointed provost marshal. After the humiliation of McDowell's army there had been scandalous disorder in Washington, not alone from stragglers and remnants of the scattered battalions, but also from Southern sympathizers who took occasion to celebrate with numerous acts of defiance. The regular police of the capital Mr. Pinkerton considered disloyal almost to a man. Colonel Porter agreed. And in addition to their other undertakings, each had to join with the municipal authorities in rehabilitating and disciplining the police department of the city.

The new secret service was to have its headquarters in Washington—a house being occupied on I Street—but even so General McClellan desired Major Allen to accompany him as a staff officer in the field. Military intelligence and counterespionage were inextricably mingled in the duties of the new service. All suspected spies, refugees, deserters and prisoners of war were to be held subject to Allan Pinkerton's examination; and he was also to question "contrabands"—that ingenious designation originated by General Ben Butler for all slaves of rebels in arms who might come within the Union lines, enabling them to be legally freed and put to work for the Northern armies. McClellan demanded a clear stream of information for his own prospecting, but also urged that the torrent flooding south be diminished. And if even the best Pinkerton operatives could not cleanse Washington of rebel

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spying — and the whole Army of the Potomac could hardly have done that — it was expected the new force would at least make the communication of intelligence difficult and dangerous. Much more difficult and perhaps a little more dangerous than certain residents of the city, entrenched as they were in society and every branch of the government, had ever believed would be possible!

Timothy Webster had been operating in Tennessee. He represented himself as a resident of Baltimore and his pass into any Confederate camp and into the high regard of the newly enlisted and uniformed campers was a graphic and entirely authentic account of the disturbed scenes recently witnessed by him in his native State. Instinctively quiet, reserved, impressing many of his collaborators as cold, the Pinkerton agent in an atmosphere of Southern hospitality and rebel fervor had quickly learned how to play the convivial acquaintance, genial friend, witty prince of good fellows with such disarming zest that everybody liked him. He sampled rations, and admired and congratulated raw recruits, joked with noncommissioned officers, and was politic in adjusting his familiarity with all ranks from lieutenant to colonel. Three different generals had him to dine for the sake of his engrossing store of information and profound concern for the Cause.

Now all this effortless enthusiasm of his greatly facilitated his spying, but that which he inspired in others could be dangerous. Very often detachments of soldiers marched informally to the station to see him off, and it was one such ceremony near Clarksville that put a Confederate counterspy on his trail. Webster soon realized he was receiving an extraordinary amount of attention from a long-haired individual in seedy civilian clothes who peered about acutely from under a broad-brimmed hat. He was on his way back

to Memphis and found this shadow had not forsaken him when he arrived in that place. In the lobby of his hotel he happened to pass close to a bystander who was identifying him of the unpleasantly piercing glance and shaggy hair: "Member of the Safety Committee — I saw him make an arrest here just last week," was what Webster overheard. "Ah saw it mahself," drawled another onlooker. "An' if Ah haid mah way, suh, eve'y man fo'm the No'th who kayn't give a propah account o' himself would be hanged bah his naick as a spy."

A different bloodhound seemed to have been set to follow him, so the Pinkerton agent decided several hours later, and he stepped into a saloon to give this other agent or member of the Safety Committee a chance to pass by and definitely declare himself. However, the dodge had greater consequences, for he now encountered a group of Confederate officers and upon them cast his customary spell.

These new acquaintances belonged to an Arkansas rifle regiment attached to the force of General Pillow, one of the first Southern commanders that U. S. Grant was to start pommelling. They insisted that he spend a day with them at Camp Rector and were not only cordial there but boastful, telling about munitions, reserves and immediate plans, proudly displaying those batteries of General Braxton Bragg's artillery which they had in camp, and even relating the full scope of Confederate espionage at Cairo, Illinois.

When the tireless Safety Committeeman in the broadbrimmed hat began devoting himself exclusively to Webster, he inferred that his exemption from arrest was only a waiting game. The counter-spying secessionist wanted to be certain he had come from the North instead of Baltimore before he took action. If he were noticed to be heading for Kentucky the rebel agent would pounce. Therefore, Webster appeared to start toward Chattanooga, where lived, as he had told

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many, a "brother" of his whom he had not seen for twelve years. But on the way he began changing trains with an erratic abruptness that fractured every rule of the game of hide-and-seek. His pursuer managed to alter his own course three times in rapid succession, but he was not junction-proof and the fourth change, for all his breathless concentration on duty, baffled him. Thus Webster got through to Bowling Green without a serious mishap. And it bespeaks the charm of his personality that five different travelers, two of them women, sought to warn him on this lively jaunt that he was being closely watched as a Northern suspect.

Upon transferring with his chief to the Washington front, Webster returned to the scenes of their initial triumph, and so renewed acquaintance with Perryman, moving thence into Baltimore. A union garrison commanded by General Banks had preceded him. Secessionist talk was hushed but still rabid. Those eager battalions of young volunteers no longer openly drilled and recruited, had either disbanded, or were afield, absorbed into the scattered brigades of the South under arms in northern Virginia. Webster took up residence at McGee's Hotel, acquired a fine team to drive, and was otherwise moderately affluent.

Only one rebel who knew him at this time was inclined to suspect the Pinkerton star and also bold enough to denounce him publicly, in one of the more notably patronized saloons, before a large group of partisans. Webster did not deny his occasional trips to Washington; they embraced confidential errands favorable to the Confederacy. "But," pursued the accusing Bill Ziegler, "how 'bout me seeing you going into the house of the chief of the whole Yankee detective force while you were over there?"

• "You, sir," Webster roared without an instant's hesitation, "are a contemptible hang-dog scoundrel and liar!"

The alleged hauteur and low boiling point of the Southern gentry — as well as their willingness to drink and converse, often indiscreetly, with strangers — was a constant resource and comfort to Pinkerton operatives. The worthy Massa Allen himself had offered Jackson, Mississippi, a fine example of strategy when overawing the German barber and his harmlessly intentioned recognition. And now Timothy Webster outflared and outbrazened the incandescent Ziegler with a very gorgeous display of julep-minted rage.

His accuser persisting, he struck him and knocked him down, then whipped out a pistol and threatened to fire. Many of the witnesses, secessionist friends of his long and carefully cultivated, encouraged bloodshed, as Ziegler, regardless of his genuine abhorrence of Yankees, was a bully withal and not a favorite sight of the really élite of the city. Shouts of mocking laughter greeted his repetitions of the charge as he picked himself up and left the bar. Said a convulsed bystander, slapping the Union agent on the back — "Wha, we'd sooner suspect ol' Jeff Davis himself o' bein' a Yankee spy!"

Webster was more disposed to appear a trusted Southern agent. In going about the State under orders from Washington he gave momentum to the desired impression by consenting to carry letters for less active adherents of the Cause. It was such missionary work as this that soon brought him into close accord with the inside manipulators of a new secret order called the Knights of Liberty. And since these leading members professed to know the hiding place of from five to six thousand stand of arms — and were planning, in consequence, to seize the city and then fall upon Washington as soon as the Confederate legions marched into Maryland — Mr. Pinkerton and his personal representative were glad that he should be invited to join them.

The hidden muskets were of real concern to the Federal authorities. But when they could not be found, it was decided

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next safest to expose the Knights instead. Having Webster influentially among them made it possible to get two more Pinkerton operatives initiated; whereupon there came an evening when this pair arranged to serve as guards at the outer portal. It was an excited meeting, for a Southern army was rumored to be moving toward the Potomac; and a speaker had just finished consigning the foul carcass of Abolition to the smoking ruins of Washington when a squad of Union infantry appeared, tramping in unopposed. Many of the Knights were mobilized on the spot to garrison cells in a near-by prison fortress. While Webster's miraculous escape - attributed locally to his usual luck and resolution - improved, if that were possible, his standing in the community. But not so the two guardians of the door! Accused of having sold themselves to the Yankee provost, they were young men well advised in keeping away from Baltimore for the duration of the war.

The department which Allan Pinkerton directed was no sooner established in Washington than he came upon a delicate job of counter-espionage having to do with one now generally accounted among the five or six most celebrated women secret agents of the great rebellion. It was Thomas A. Scott, then Assistant Secretary of War, who called for a report upon the baneful activities of a Mrs. Rose Greenhow, living at Thirteenth and I streets. A widow, and reputed to be wealthy, she was easily detected as a secessionist adherent, for she refused to distract herself with pretenses of neutrality.

In one of his innumerable reports to McClellan Mr. Pinkerton had spoken of those suspects having "entrée to the gilded salon of the aristocratic traitors." That scornfully depicted privilege came to Mrs. Greenhow by natural right, and was maintained upon the strength of a widely quoted utterance of hers — that instead of "loving and worshipping the old

flag of the Stars and Stripes" she saw in it only the symbol "of Abolition — of murder, plunder, oppression and shame." Yet nothing short of the most positive proof would serve to justify her restraint as a spy of the Confederacy. Her acknowledged charm and social prestige fortified a popular form of guilt and would withstand a considerable siege.

To any one remembering the lean jaws of legislation that shut down on subversive comment in America during the last year of the World War, or "Dora" in Great Britain, the justly respected Defense of the Realm Act, it may, perhaps, seem strange that Pinkerton detectives had to prove the outspoken widow a rebel agent in order to retire her to harmless seclusion. But in civil wars partisans breathe more freely. If condemning talk over teacups had shaken the government, Washington would have been laid waste by that air raid months before the first Federal round trip to Bull Run. Assistant Secretary Scott described Rose Greenhow as a formidable spy who unwisely neglected to edit her conversation. And that same evening Mr. Pinkerton and relays of his men commenced to study her home and take note of her callers, not one of whom was allowed thenceforth to pass through the Union lines without submitting to search.

A night of driving rain, a little more than a week after this close surveillance began, found Pinkerton and two operatives outside the Greenhow residence, waiting. And even in this process there was a good deal of strain, inasmuch as the windows of the first floor were too high up for observation from the ground and it had become the detective's practice to take off his shoes and stand on the shoulders of his men. Thus balanced and supported, he could noiselessly raise a sash and turn the slats of the Venetian blinds — thereby gaining a good view of the interior, luxurious furnishings, paintings, statuary, and thus far, principally, Mrs. Greenhow. But on the rainy night, counting no doubt upon the weather to wash

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away dangers of detection, a young captain of the Washington garrison came to call. In the sight of Allan Pinkerton he was restless, even furtive, yet very obviously infatuated. And then, having watched a prologue of affectionate greeting, the secret service chief grew enraged — admitted a wild longing to vault in and throttle the miscreant, who sat with a map spread open before him, all too evidently dispensing the secrets of the North to an enemy.

Presently the couple left that room and went somewhere in the house beyond the discernment of the most gymnastic pyramid. The detectives held on for an hour; when suddenly the officer did emerge and walked away in such haste that Allan Pinkerton set out to follow and identify him without pausing to recover his shoes.

He must have recalled how, years before, he had afflicted himself with boots to persuade the counterfeiter Craig of his solvency; and here, on his first important case of counterspying, he ran in drenched stockings through the downpour along several of the city's most fashionable streets. Until he and one of his men—the other remaining to watch Mrs. Greenhow's home—were taken up by a military patrol as suspicious prowlers. Mr. Pinkerton had no explanation to offer, save the truth, which he withheld. But then, escorted by the sergeant of the guard to stand before an officer, he was startled to find himself facing the same young captain whose honor and very life lay in the hollow of his hand.

Only their alleged names, Allen and William Ascot, would the two mud-splashed, dripping captives consent to reveal, even though their despised interrogator made some show of forcing a confession at the point of a gun. Failing in this laudable bluff, he ordered them marched off to the detention pen of the provost guard; where Pinkerton found a goodnatured sentry who agreed to deliver a note to the War Department as soon as he went off duty. This message merely

asked Scott to effect their quiet release, and warned him to do nothing that would perturb either Mrs. Greenhow or her enamored victim. Upon being freed, the detective prepared to watch both of them without ceasing until he should learn how the widow, and doubtless other Southerners of her acquaintance, contrived to transmit the information they gathered. But within eight days this sensible delay of his was overruled and the pair arrested, to the profound consternation of capital society.

Mrs. Greenhow was at first confined in her own house—which had been searched, and all her papers taken into custody. Later, since she persisted in sending messages to Southern sympathizers to be forwarded for her, she was ordered removed to the Old Capitol prison. The captain, who might have been shot for his treachery, received the remarkably mild penalty of a little more than a year's confinement in Fort McHenry. When he died shortly after his release, Mr. Pinkerton believed it was his shame that killed him.

Thanks to pressure exerted by her friends, Rose Greenhow did not suffer long internment, but instead was passed through the military zone and permitted to enter Richmond. She continued thereafter to act for the Confederate government, and made one voyage to England as a special emissary and propagandist. Still later, running the Union blockade outside Wilmington, North Carolina, the ship Condor which transported her on a second journey abroad ran aground on the New Inlet bar. Accustomed to successful adventure, she insisted upon being taken ashore at once, and her boat overturned in the surf. All the rest escaped, but she perished — it was said, because of the weight of her heavy silk dress and the many gold sovereigns she had packed in a belt around her waist.

### XI: WAR AND ESPIONAGE

### Spies Occupy Richmond for General McClellan

From beginning to end of the Civil War the ordinary hazards of professional espionage were doubled and trebled by the inexperience or downright incompetence of staff officers assigned to Intelligence. The transmitting of information was primitive and unsystematized; and where cipher messages were resorted to, the ciphers were so transparently contrived they did little more than guarantee the guilt of the bearer. In addition, while men and women fashioned for themselves a hairbreadth existence to penetrate the secrets of the enemy, what they learned and communicated was too seldom interpreted effectively. Often spy reports were ignored until all their military value and timeliness had subsided into history.

Allan Pinkerton, while concentrating practically his entire force upon the intricacies of the Federal secret service, never had at his disposal a large body of disciplined or specially trained operatives. He held the not implausible notion that a good private detective can, automatically, become an expert secret agent in time of war; and nowhere, either in the performance of his duties or in subsequent records dictated by him, is there to be discovered any conception of the essentially military character of the work he sought to direct. Napoleon said in his imperial way—"The spy is a natural traitor." Mr. Pinkerton seemed to believe that the spy is a natural civilian. It may be noted that army men, such as Lafayette Baker, precursors of the more complex modern type of espionage and intelligence officers, were not to any

extent coördinated with his force, except in its loosely defined relations with the provost marshal's office.

The nation - now no less than in the April preceding was lining up for the most destructive conflict of its history and thrilling to the confusion of having everything done in just this random manner. Politicians, especially, drummed up recruits and molded a personal following into volunteer regiments, were themselves inevitable colonels and ornamental brigadier generals; and, North or South, marched south or north to fight at catchweights. And Mr. Pinkerton, whose following was veteran by comparison, who even knew exactly how many men of caliber and initiative he had to command, made the understandable blunder of using much the same small group in both spying and counter-spying. One month they openly searched for Confederates and contraband in Washington; the next they were stealthily sent to the best hotels in Richmond. It was an indication of unfamiliarity with his job - a complaint which in the uniformed service might have entitled him to plan a whole campaign - and it was to cost him at least one life he valued as his own.

The Greenhow case had taught him with what care and crushing precision he had to operate against the suspects of Washington. Each one of them managed to mask his or her secret vocation by acquiring a large, intimate acquaintance among those distinguished alike for influence and no comprehension of the welfare of the State. And it followed that if any of the suspected partisans were to vanish, however briefly, into a guardhouse, the ensuing political indignation must be squelched with proofs. When Mrs. Greenhow's menace and camaraderie had been distributed southward, Number 288 I Street moved to the top of the Pinkerton list, for there dwelt the family of ex-Senator Jackson Morton of Florida, and the ex-senator's wife was known to have become a secessionist correspondent. When the Secretary of War authorized a

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search of the Morton residence, Allan Pinkerton appointed three of his most discreet and courtly young men to go ahead with it, namely, W. H. Scott, John Scully and Price Lewis—the same Lewis who had dazzled western Virginia as an English lord and briefly enthralled generals Wise and Garnett and members of their staff with tales of the Crimea and of his bosom friend, Lord Raglan. They were warned to damage nothing, to seize only palpably treasonable matter, and to leave behind no disarray of any description.

These orders were strictly obeyed. Boxes they found already packed for shipment the Union detectives carefully repacked after a thorough examination. They came across but two letters that interested them, and even these were not deemed incriminating. When they were about to leave, Mrs. Morton, her daughter and two sons expressed themselves agreeably surprised, having expected men from the provost marshal's office to be insolent ruffians who would bequeath them a fearful litter of destruction. The Mortons were planning to go to Baltimore and thence to Fortress Monroe on a flag-of-truce boat; and they assured the Pinkertons that, should any one of them ever be made prisoner-of-war and brought to Richmond, they would do all in their power to secure him kind treatment. As events turned out, they were to have more than ample opportunity to display this solicitude.

The suspecting of high-toned Confederates could not exclusively command the personal supervision of Allan Pinkerton. Nor was he disposed to confide the missions of his key operatives to all men going forth from an ever enlarging department. As a consequence, Webster, who had already been once to Richmond and returned with letters for many Southern sympathizers in Baltimore, now met misfortune there in the person of a tall, confident-appearing stranger named McQuayle, a government agent, who trapped the supposed

rebel very neatly and walked him off to a police station.

"I've no time to talk with your sort," said a curt lieutenant of the Union provost guard, when Webster began making overtures which he hoped would bring Major Allen to his rescue. It took more than a day to get word through to Washington and a telegraphic reply from the chief of secret service — not only authorizing the prisoner's release but proposing also how it could be most impressively accomplished.

In the presence of incensed but disorganized Southerners - for tidings of the favorite's downfall had raced along the Chesapeake — Webster late that afternoon was marched from jail by a file of soldiers and installed in a covered vehicle between a pair of armed guards. "Drive direct to Fort McHenry pier!" snapped a Union sergeant. But on the road, with habitation and witnesses left far behind, the spy detoured from the path that Marshal Kane and many other dissentient Marylanders had been following. He sprang up and leaped from the rear of the slowly moving wagon. His guards obediently took aim at a passing cloud and fired; after which salute there was a short delay until the fugitive had gained such a start it was absurd to attempt to pursue him. Webster returned to his haunts in Baltimore at dead of night, was gleefully received, and there lay in hiding for three days before he slipped away to report again to Mr. Pinkerton.

The Baltimore American of November twenty-third had printed this loyal paragraph:

#### ESCAPE OF A STATE PRISONER.

It was rumored yesterday that the man Webster, who was arrested, stopping at the hotel of Messrs. McGee, upon the charge of being concerned in the regular transportation of letters between Baltimore and the seceded States, had succeeded in making his escape. It is learned upon the best authority that during a late hour of the night he was removed from the western police station and placed in a carriage under

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the charge of a special detective officer. The wagon was driven towards Fort McHenry, he having been previously ordered to that post, but while the vehicle was in motion, he gave a sudden bound from his seat, and before the officer could seize him he was beyond his grasp. It is not known which direction he took, but he will scarcely be able to escape from the city.

But the secessionist camp had already chuckled over the news in the *Gazette* of the twenty-second; which inspired account concluded:

We have learned from an entirely reliable source that Mr. Webster was arrested in endeavoring to procure replies to a number of letters which he had delivered from Marylanders now residing in Virginia to friends at home. A fact which, in view of the hazards of such an attempt, should content the unfortunate exiles from Maryland with the gratification of communication with their friends there and without the reciprocal joy of hearing from the latter in return. We have reason to believe that Webster is beyond the reach of the Yankees.

Any discomfiture of the Federal authorities lodged in Baltimore was a cause of scarcely subdued rejoicing throughout the rebellious quarters of that city; and Webster, to maintain the legend of his escape among his intimates, had thereafter to conduct himself far more furtively when inside the Northern lines than while touring anywhere below the Potomac. He went to Richmond a second time, now bearing such credentials as opened all doors to him. He became the confidant of blockade runners - and reported their intentions to Washington and the Navy Department. He was importuned by enterprising gentlemen who hoped to arrange with a group of Baltimore merchants to ship goods ostensibly to Europe, yet according to a plan whereby the unsuspected vessel, standing in close to the mouth of the York River, would transfer a valuable portion of its cargo to a smaller boat chartered to land the merchandise at Yorktown. The starved markets of

the Confederacy made this and every other ingenious project an alluring speculation, for already there had been a stupendous increase in the prices of innumerable commodities. Webster, without having ever used the word profiteer, discovered himself so attractive to the breed that they crowded forward to consult him; and he and his chief took delight in exploding schemes intended to defy Union gunboats and batten upon the war necessity of the South.

Shortly after his second journey to Richmond, Webster began operating in conjunction with one of Allan Pinkerton's most unusual recruits, John Scobell, and together they turned to counter-spying. Webster, as a tried and invariably lucky Southern courier, had been invited by a Maryland acquaintance to assist a deserter in getting out of that State, past the Union pickets and over into Virginia. The man he was asked to aid was a Doctor Gurley, who had belonged to the Federal military establishment on the Pacific coast, but, as a native of the South, desired to transfer his career to the medical service of the Confederacy. He was reported also to be conveying important dispatches from Northern copperheads to the Secretary of War at Richmond.

Webster was willing enough to help the doctor pass through the Northern lines. The price he intended to collect was the packet of dispatches; or rather, Scobell would do the collecting, while Gurley and his chosen guide played two furtive Southern sympathizers. As neither Webster nor Scobell had a roving commission permitting an immediate dash back to Washington, it was agreed they must enlist some trustworthy messenger who, when Gurley appeared, would be ready to transport the burden of messages to Mr. Pinkerton.

Being vouched for by Scobell, Webster was enabled to attend an assembly of the Loyal League, which proved to be an organization of Negroes who met with extreme caution on the second floor of a boarded-up and deserted-looking, ram-

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shackle building. They were unarmed and without belligerent expectations, being merely one of many such bands spread over the seceded and border States to look out for runaway slaves and render subterranean assistance to the liberators in the North. Scobell gave the password. A trapdoor opened overhead, lantern light shone down and a flimsy rope ladder was lowered. Webster climbed it first, followed by his sponsor; and the two agents discovered themselves in a bare, dim chamber with about forty Negroes of various ages. Their leader, who stood beside an upturned barrel with a tattered American flag draped over it, had suspended proceedings pending recognition and admittance of the Northern emissaries. While Webster obliged with a short, patriotic address, Scobell set about finding the dispatch bearer; and the leader himself - a dependable, intelligent type of freeman - said he would undertake to go to Washington.

It only remained, then, to connect with Gurley and guide him to the tavern at Leonardtown kept by Miller, a torrid advocate of disunion. Here Webster customarily found a small boat to put him safely across the Potomac, in spite of the vigilance of Union patrol boats, or Virginian pickets inclined to practice sharpshooting from the south bank. He left Gurley alone and went off to see about engaging passage for two; and the fugitive doctor's "nerves" and impatience were such he decided he had better take a good, brisk walk. A patch of woodland flanked the road not far from Miller's place. And there Scobell had been waiting. When Gurley passed by, he stole up in back of him and struck him with the butt of a pistol.

Dispatches addressed to Secretary of War Benjamin started instead on their way to Major Allen within the hour; while Gurley staggered, half-dazed, to Timothy Webster and grew frantic about his loss. The pride of Baltimore's secessionist camp was kind to him and distracted too, a veritable well of

brotherly sympathy. But there was really nothing to be done. Gurley's assailant had vanished and left no trace, having gone for the night, as Webster knew, to a refuge that members of the Loyal League provided. By his handy piece of highway robbery he had placed himself, momentarily at least, in graver danger of sudden death than any other of Mr. Pinkerton's operatives whose acts have hitherto been related — for John Scobell of the Federal secret service was a Negro and formerly a slave, and in felling a white man he stood upon Southern soil.

From boyhood Scobell had belonged to a Scotsman residing in Mississippi, but at the outbreak of the war had come north to Richmond with his master, whose name he bore, and there had been granted his freedom. Making straight for the nearest Federal outpost, he surrendered himself very hopefully, and had been forwarded thence, though as a matter of routine, to the officer who found great use for him. Scobell was the first Negro to achieve recognition as a government detective; and in selecting him from among the many refugee groups of "contrabands" passed along for questioning, Allan Pinkerton showed his old-time acumen.

This new master — who offered him wages and a kind of concealed distinction — discovered the young fellow to be exceptionally gifted. It came natural to him to appear a light-hearted, rollicking darky whose only aim was to get enough to eat and a comfortably warm place to sleep. But Scobell could read and write, possessed initiative and a good memory, was loyal, observant, and canny. He was, moreover, both responsive to discipline and able to display — on occasions far more manful and hazardous than the thwarting of Gurley — a singular amount of courage.

It is possible he was now and again handicapped as a spy by that talent for plausible hyperbole so characteristic of people

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of his color. Confederate batteries looked terribly formidable to Scobell, and Confederate regiments spread out before him like the hosts of the ancient kings. Yet this weakness of his was respectful imitation of McClellan, whose theory of effective military intelligence implied walking around an enemy sentinel and counting him from all four sides. Scobell, in addition, carried with him a passport that deserved to balance any tendency to exaggerate. He could travel everywhere and had an excuse for traveling; he could pause anywhere and be sure of a welcome; for he possessed a rich, pleasing baritone voice, sang the plantation songs delightfully, and had been taught the loveliest of Scottish ballads.

Upon separating from Webster, he followed out his chief's instructions and began touring the military sectors of Virginia, ostensibly earning his livelihood as a minstrel. Belonging to the Negro league as he did made many a venturesome black man eager to help him, while the whites in towns and camps and aboard river vessels suffered his presence gladly. He kept to this course until Mr. Pinkerton had need of him in Richmond.

Another oddity of the secret service department who took the field at about this time was "Stuttering Dave" Graham. He had been a private soldier in the 21st New York Infantry when his pronounced success as regimental comedian chanced to be observed by Allan Pinkerton. Graham was a healthy young man without vocal impediment, but would stutter all day if in the mood for spasmodic elocution. With an hilarious sense of humor, he had also the ability to cut his peculiar brand of capers without ever laughing at himself; and, on being interrogated by the secret service chief, he confessed additional attainments. To help out the stuttering, which was his earliest specialty, he had been perfecting for years an epileptic seizure, and now believed a fit he could throw would permit of medical diagnosis.

As the South was still thick with army men who were confident that the war would be over in another three months, it seemed improbable that many of them would care to start in to question "Stuttering Dave." The droll and baffling fellow was quite ready to assume the risks of Union spy; and so Mr. Pinkerton arranged it, having him detached for special duty, and sending him out as a pack peddler. Graham knew his way about Virginia, having spent much time in the State before the secessionists prevailed; and in his pack was such an assortment of knick-knacks and small necessaries as would explain his presence alike to soldiers and civilians.

But also he had with him his own troublesome versatility. At the second Confederate encampment he found in his path there was an insufficiently guarded ammunition train. All afternoon it beckoned the spy, and late that night he tried setting fire to one of the farthest wagons. As a result the whole train was touched off; and Graham's delight in the ensuing fireworks was confused with the effects of having his head and shoulders thrown into violent contact with the trunk of a tree. When he reappeared on the Union side, he lacked eyebrows and looked otherwise slightly singed. And he had brought back so comprehensive a military report upon the localities visited that Allan Pinkerton's praise was a warning as well — his value, henceforth, to the espionage service transcended any brief inconvenience he might inflict on the enemy by destruction of munitions or stores.

The Tredegar Iron Works located at Richmond was disturbing to the Union command because at that plant — the largest of its kind in the Southern States — were being prepared, they conjectured, torpedoes and "sundry other infernal machines" designed to anticipate exactly similar objects getting rushed to completion in the foundries of the North. Yet with Virginian courtesy to rely upon, it seemed no very diffi-

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cult matter to have a Northern agent escorted through the Tredegar works. The type and progress of Confederate enormities could thus be noted and subsequently matched against the secret endeavors of munitions factories in the Union States.

At the request of her employer, Mrs. E. H. Baker of the Pinkerton Agency accepted transfer to the government service. She had resided in Richmond at one time and still had friends living there, and now she prepared to disregard hostilities and pay them an indomitable visit. The Atwater family, who received an announcement of this, dictated in Washington but posted from Chicago, seem to have considered her sudden inclination but the normal whim of a woman of private means. And when, after a circuitous journey outflanking two armies, she arrived in the Confederate capital, both Captain Atwater and his wife welcomed her most hospitably.

The guest from Illinois was cautious enough to refrain from political bias. She talked very generously about both sides and could probably have moved anywhere from Maine to Mississippi on so safely balanced a platform. She was, to be sure, immediately shown over the fortifications. Every agent Allan Pinkerton sent into Virginia began by committing to memory the defenses of Richmond — and, for that matter, the Washington spies of the Confederacy, who even borrowed maps from the War Department, would have done as well, if fortifying of the Northern capital had not been left unfinished until the summer of '64. But when it came to mentioning the special object of her expedition, Mrs. Baker's approach was so indirect it took the solicitous Atwater one whole week to piece the fragments of a hint together.

A visit to the great munitions plant of Richmond! Why, nothing could more readily be arranged. But then, at the appointed hour, her host came home with profound apologies,

saying he could not take her to the Tredegar Iron Works today because he had to go down the river to see some tests of a submarine battery.

And, pray, what was a submarine battery? The captain tried to make it plain: an innovation of attack, a prized though as yet untried device, expected to discover such vulnerability in the blockading fleet at the mouth of the James River that the South would presently blow open that vital outlet to the sea.

Mrs. Baker demurely inquired whether she might not witness the experiment too, without a great deal of trouble or danger. There could be no danger on shore, said Atwater. Other officers invited to behold the marvel would no doubt be accompanied by ladies. He would, indeed, be delighted to drive his wife and their guest to the scene of exhibition some ten miles outside the city.

The craft being tested was but a working model of one considerably larger then nearing completion at the Tredegar works. An old scow had been towed into the middle of the river, and the submarine vessel was to approach it and attach a magazine containing half a bushel of gunpowder. This would be fired by a specially constructed fuse connected with the retreating submarine by a long wire. When the model submerged, only a kind of float remained on the surface of the water. Painted green and likely to deceive the incautious observer, this was designed to supply the men below with air. A crew of three was enough to man the craft on trial. They wore submarine diving armor, Atwater explained, and so could work freely under water, fastening the magazine to the hulk intended to be blown up. They then only had to move quickly away to a safe distance and fire the fuse.

Mrs. Baker, foreseeing Hampton Roads acrawl with men pinning death upon the hulls of Yankee frigates, felt suddenly alone and afraid. It would have been a relief to swoon, though

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that was never encouraged in the pupils of the resolute Kate Warne. Besides, there was the scow — and the green float drawing nearer and nearer — pausing overlong — now precipitately backing away. The scow then quaked from some deafening percussion. The river currents sucked it down. And when the destructive little craft emerged, its trio of operators were jubilantly cheered.

The following afternoon Mrs. Baker was conducted to the Tredegar Works, where she discovered, among many weapons and wonders, the parent machine soon to be launched against the sea power of the North. On land, in such surroundings, it looked monstrous; and even without technical knowledge the spy felt certain she was viewing a formidable engine of destruction. It was Saturday, and she had to wait until Monday to secure a pass to travel northward. Her rather hastily resolved departure left the Atwaters in no doubt about her—they were already inured to the restlessness and nervous uncertainties contingent to the war. And so, bidding them a fond good-by, she traveled to Fredericksburg, and from that point got through to Washington by way of Leonardtown.

The notes she had ventured to take, a sketch she had made after her visit to the Tredegar plant, being unstitched from the crown of a bonnet, were delivered to Allan Pinkerton, who hastened to show them to General McClellan. The commander-in-chief sent immediate warning to the Navy Department, from which it was spread to the endangered squadron. As to the green float, when watchful Yankee sailors were able to espy and snare it, most of its admirers complained that it had been too brightly painted. In any event, there was no effective submarine attack and no disruption of the paralyzing blockade — not even five months later, when the Merrimac exposed her boiler-plated sides to a world of wooden battleships and Mr. Ericsson's eccentric Monitor.

William Allan, his first-born, had been permitted to leave school in Indiana and join Mr. Pinkerton as an apprentice. The future "Big Bill" was almost big enough, a bright, energetic lad, who found the war an exhilarating vacation and was a creditably useful member of the secret service before he was sixteen. The chief of that organization did not arrange this to keep him out of the army. He was too young to do more than beat a drum, and oddly enough they never had to draft drummer boys. Nor did the detective, like so many who outmarch impoverished obscurity, wish to invent a superior person, taught too young to strut the length of his father's long shadow. He simply meant to train another detective, taking advantage of a period offering the most stimulative assortment of opportunities the nation would know in his lifetime. And the records of the Agency's growth and effectiveness after William A. Pinkerton took charge in Chicago show how Allan's method and expectations were justified.

As an operative, of course, the chief's young son was allowed neither authority to play with nor the privilege of taking long chances. There was enough to be done on the Union side of the lines, and any number of adult volunteers both eager and competent to undertake hazardous journeys into the South. Besides Webster and Mrs. Baker, Price Lewis, Scott, Scully and Dave Graham, Mr. Pinkerton had lately enlisted both Hugh Lawton, an enterprising adventurer found in a cavalry regiment, and his wife, the audacious Carrie. While John Scobell — as ballad singer, cook, diligent laborer upon earthworks, or vendor of delicacies through the camps — had been almost continuously in touch with the armed forces of the Confederacy since the event of his introducing Webster to the Loyal League and himself to Doctor Gurley.

General McClellan at last was about to advance in the peninsula. The strategic conception of an offensive ramming in

## WAR AND ESPIONAGE

between the York and the James impressed the Union commander and his chief of secret service as a masterstroke: and for his part in the inevitable conquest, Mr. Pinkerton prepared to nourish his superior's genius with such a bubbling spring of bulletins out of Richmond that the rebel stronghold would seem already as good as occupied. Webster was there, and Scobell and Graham were afield in the vicinity. Mrs. Carrie Lawton had been a resident of the city for several weeks; and now Scobell was ordered to join her as bodyguard and ostensible servant. Intelligence she had been able to obtain was deemed so important that an effort was even made. in cooperation with her husband - who had been stationed near Yorktown - to inaugurate some system by which, at regular intervals, she might transmit her findings to Allan Pinkerton without the commonly experienced interruption and peril incident to traveling through a military zone to report to him in person.

Resident and mobile spies in acutely coördinated operation over a vital area of enemy territory, indispensably located spies sending information from their sector through a collecting agent or "letter-box" - the modern science of military espionage - only evolved after the Civil War, and was as unknown then as aerial reconnoissance or armored tanks. Mr. Pinkerton's secret agents were chosen with care and shrewdly instructed, but once past the Federal pickets, the course they should follow and all arrangements conducive to success and a safe return were generally left as matters of independent resource and initiative. Attempted deviations from this selfreliant procedure added nothing but a dead weight of team work to hazardous adventures. The coordinating experiment first tried in behalf of Carrie Lawton, for example, had no very subtle design, and would doubtless have ended tragically. had not she and Scobell been alike blessed with luck, and both of them cool-headed and acutely sensitive to danger.

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According to the plan, Mrs. Lawton, who had secured a pass to go beyond the city limits, and was an expert horsewoman, would set out early in the morning - with Scobell following as a colored groom — and ride off in a southeasterly direction, keeping to the road that lay along the bank of the James River. About ten miles distant was the drowsy hamlet of Glendale; and here they were to halt and wait for Hugh Lawton, who would have started before dawn in order to meet them much more than halfway. Dave Graham had discovered the neat little inn at Glendale in possession of a woman unsympathetic to the Confederate cause. It was, therefore, considered an ideal resort for wayfaring operatives of the secret service, and espcially the Lawtons during their brief reunion, which would permit Carrie to transfer to her husband the tightly rolled communication she kept hidden in the handle of her riding crop.

But Glendale, as it turned out, was likewise favorably regarded by Southern secret agents who passed to and fro in the course of studying the Yankees' elaborate manifestation of a peninsular campaign. Scobell needed no second glance at the peddler who had been hanging about the inn since noon. And Mrs. Lawton agreed that the man, who was excessively jovial and dispensed a rich brogue, seemed insufficiently attentive to the sale of his merchandise. Hugh Lawton had not put in an appearance; but that became a secondary anxiety, for any one of a dozen minor mishaps might have delayed him. What mattered most were this peddler's suspicions — and only suspicion could explain his visit to the stables and great show of indifference while idling about - which must surely be confirmed, either by Hugh's last-minute arrival in a fury of haste, or by the late departure of the lady and her groom after so remote and pointless an errand.

Toward evening the peddler disappeared from Glendale; but a Negro stable boy warned Scobell that he had remained

# WAR AND ESPIONAGE

in the neighborhood. The road was being watched in either direction. "We've given the horses a good rest. I see nothing to do, John, but ride straight on to Willcox's Wharf," Carrie Lawton decided. "With that man ready to follow us, it would never be safe to try returning to Richmond."

"Missus, we sho' in fo' it, anyhow," said Scobell. "Much bettah to try gettin' through to ah own lines." And he added soberly that he had given his word to Major Allen to save her and the information she conveyed from Confederate pickets.

By clever scouting the young Negro avoided five horsemen who covered the road on the way to the landing. But soon in the bright moonlight the two Union agents were sighted by the party they had circled around, and a mad, galloping chase began. The goal of the fugitives lay twenty miles ahead, with a certainty that Federal outposts were nearer than that, though just how much nearer they could neither of them tell.

The pursuers came pounding along, perceptibly closer, dangerously close after another few miles. Then Scobell's horse stumbled and threw him. Carrie Lawton reined up. "Go on — go on! Ah'm all right, Missus," Scobell shouted. "Ah kin hold 'em!"

He scrambled to his feet and limped to shelter behind a tree — from which simple ambush, with revolver drawn, he set himself to rake the moonlit road. Because they saw nothing ahead to warn them, the oncoming horsemen kept up a furious pace. And the Negro spy stood there quite still and alone until they were twenty paces off, then showed himself and began to shoot.

The targets, though moving, were large; the range pointblank. The first horse, a bullet in his brain, went down with a crash, hurling his rider head over heels. The others, charging upon the stricken animal, reared and plunged, and two rolled over. Into this massed confusion Scobell's pistol spat slugs of

lead. At the sixth shot he paused coolly to reload; but when he stood ready to resume the skirmish, his able-bodied enemies — there were now only two of them — had wheeled and were prudently galloping out of harm's way. If we care to accept Mr. Pinkerton's proud statistics, the rout was complete, with casualties — exclusive of muscular strains affecting Scobell and his horse — of two killed and one wounded.

Hugh Lawton's mount had gone lame and he had wasted hours in securing another. Carrie, but a mile farther on, now met him riding forward with a Union cavalry patrol and turned back swiftly to lead them to the rescue of her plucky companion. They found Scobell solicitously bandaging the wounds of the captive survivor.

#### XII: WEBSTER INCRIMINATED

### The Blunders of '62 Extend to the Secret Service

ALLAN PINKERTON, though regularly in the field with General McClellan, or engaged at his own headquarters in Washington, was also required on occasion to visit the larger cities of the East. During the winter of '62 he was stopping over in New York with the object of consulting Colonel Thomas Key, and there returned for an hour to his rôle of private investigator while indulging his sense of humor at the expense of a rascal who had troubled the serenity of two continents. The head of the secret service, strolling through the public rooms of his hotel, the St. Nicholas on lower Broadway, was accosted by two men he immediately recognized as members of the town's shadier gambling fraternity. He was in uniform, and they named him and effusively promoted him. "Why, how d' you do, Colonel Green!" — the superannuated approach of the "steering" profession.

"You're wrong, gentlemen. I'm Major Smith of the Quartermaster's Department," Pinkerton answered glibly. Which passed for an introduction, and the three were soon chatting like old acquaintances. Smith had come to the city, he said, to purchase cavalry horses.

About how many horses? "One thousand," said the major solemnly.

It meant, beyond doubt, that he carried an interestingly large and negotiable government draft; and now he was asked, nay, coaxed and fairly compelled by his new friends to come with them to a club near by. Just the place for a

The private mansion to which he was led Mr. Pinkerton at once identified as "Dan Noble's place." The interior, designed to meet the average stranger's expectations of a metropolitan club, was even decorated with members; several groups of them sat about, discussing society, finance and the war with a grand air of idle permanence. And at a magnificent sideboard, where liveried Negro attendants presided, there were vintages to command, or any other drink measured to out-of-town taste.

Enthroned in a smaller room adjoining, Dan Noble himself dealt faro—a big, jovial man with a deep scar on his nose where a bottle had struck and broken. An entertaining talker, unabashed by his notoriety, he was known to the Pinkerton Agency not only as proprietor of this and similarly crooked establishments, but as a suspected bond forger and bank burglar also. He had, nevertheless, been clever in dodging thus far the penalties of his more serious crimes; it would be some years yet before an English court convicted him of forgery and condemned him to prison for a term of twenty years.

The major, being presented, declined an invitation to play, but lingered, studying the dealer, and after a little while spoke to him in an undertone. "Dan," he said, with bomblike recognition, "how much 'protection' are you paying to keep open here?" He turned away from the speechless Noble, marched over to Ed Sears and Laslin, two of the more ornate gamblers at the table, and calling each by his right name, added some question of disturbing intimacy. More than half the men present he knew, either from having seen them before, or because good descriptions of them were on file at his Chicago office. And when he had spoken to all, he introduced himself — Allan Pinkerton.

General consternation abated audibly when he explained that he had not come with a warrant or intention of making trouble for any one. He had simply let himself be brought in as a stranger suitable to trim. The gamblers roared, declaring the blunder historic; and for many months the underworld taunted Dan Noble about "steerers running old Pinkerton up to his brace game!" But Dan had survived more than ridicule. At the time he seemed the most relieved man on the premises, and would have opened magnums of champagne as a tribute to Pinkerton, if the major had not insisted on an appointment to be kept with Colonel Key at his field headquarters, then pleasantly situated in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The second year of the war had begun with Timothy Webster now at the very height of his career as a devious but influential Confederate. A young Marylander named Camilear, noted as a secessionist in the vicinity of Leonardtown, upon venturing across the Potomac had been straightway arrested on suspicion of espionage. No protestations of his loyalty to the South, nothing written by his family or friends weighed with the powers in Virginia—until the family begged Webster to see what he could do. And the spy immediately obliged; a few words of his to the officer controlling Camilear's prison brought him forth and restored him to his home. A letter Webster wrote Allan Pinkerton that same week resulted in the jailing of a traitor subversively installed in the Washington headquarters of the provost marshal.

Not long afterward Webster was able to interfere in behalf of the Harcourts, a family endeared to another agent of the secret service, George Curtis. Curtis deserves mention, perhaps, as that operative of Mr. Pinkerton's who as a spy invaded Virginia at the risk of his life and came back engaged to be married. The heroine of this young man's happily im-

promptu exploit was a pretty Virginian, Mary Harcourt; and, it appears, she knew how to abide by the best standards of fictional romance, for she was first revealed to Curtis while in the act of struggling to resist the unwelcome embraces of a rough, hulking fellow who hated her father. There followed a one-sided tussle, wherein the Northern agent established himself as a gentleman and boxer. Then, left alone together by the humbled brute, they talked animatedly for some minutes without knowing each other by name.

Mr. Harcourt, wishing to thank his daughter's champion, qualified with merits of his own, for he was a firm Abolitionist entirely surrounded by slaveholders who would have mistaken any candor on his part for unadulterated treason. Mary's brother was away from home, a soldier in a Union regiment. The local position of the Harcourts, in short, was about as uncertain as the future of their new friend; and both grew more precarious when the Northerner made the mistake of starting to use their home as a base. Harcourt himself was a marked man, and that neighborly enmity worked the undoing of Curtis. He was arrested on two occasions. The first time he had with him a pass obtained through Timothy Webster, which effected his release; but the second would probably have been final if Webster had not turned up opportunely and helped him escape. Soon afterward the Harcourts were also enabled to come away from Virginia by the master secret agent.

The Confederate Secretary of War, Judah P. Benjamin, seems to have comprehended — with only a slight error in his sense of direction — the extreme worth of so active an emissary as Mr. Pinkerton's best. With a safe conduct personally tendered him by Secretary Benjamin, Webster's chef-d'oeuvre was a tour he now made in company with a government contractor who was purchasing leather for the use of the Southern armies. Authorized by his pass to travel

where he pleased, the spy visited Knoxville, Chattanooga and Nashville, and returned to Washington by way of the Shenandoah and Manassas, bringing such careful account of all he had observed that his gratified commander-in-chief spoke to Allan Pinkerton about granting him an immediate furlough of at least a month's duration.

Webster was in anything but robust health; yet he believed that a protracted absence in the North would prove subsequently rather awkward to explain to his rebel associates. He would rest, he vowed, after returning South; and so in forty-eight hours' time he set out again, escorting Mrs. Lawton to Richmond, where her espionage operations were about to be dangerously resumed. On a previous nocturnal crossing of the Potomac Webster had taken upon himself even greater responsibilities, thereby suffering severely from exposure. Aboard the boat with him that night had been the women and children of two secessionist families, bent on escaping to Virginia; and when a storm had overtaken the small river craft and it ran aground a mile away from the usual landing place, Webster had waded waist-deep in the icy current while helping to bring these other passengers safely to shore. An attack of rheumatism rewarded his knight errantry; and, to the outspoken annoyance of Allan Pinkerton, the "arrogant, selfish Southern dames" had omitted to discharge any part of their obligation to a rescuer, leaving him ill and alone, dependent upon the care of strangers at Fredericksburg.

After his recovery rheumatic twinges had continued to handicap him. And then, with the Peninsular Campaign about to begin, and the secret service pouring all its efforts into observations of the garrison and defensive strength of Richmond, the spy turned suddenly silent — no word came through from him, though long overdue — and Mr. Pinkerton expressed a genuine alarm.

Wanting to prosecute inquiries and come to Webster's assistance if it were possible, his chief called for volunteers. Many asked to go; but John Scully and Price Lewis, having offered themselves, were selected for the fateful expedition. In making this choice the anxious Major Allen committed a blunder not totally obscured by the subsequent exercise of heaping reproaches on the military government of Richmond. There were, to be sure, points of impressive validity endorsing the two agents he was sending. Having previously worked with Webster, in secessionist circles of Baltimore they were known to be his friends. They were experienced, reliable beyond question, and had volunteered eagerly for a perilous venture. Being respectively of Irish and English birth, they could with real assurance present themselves in Richmond as neutrals, not long in America, and merely eager to participate in the lucrative contraband trade of the seceded States. Yet outweighing all these qualifications was the one disqualifying fact: they had been employed not alone as spies but as counter-spies. They had helped search many rebel dwellings in Washington and interrogated half a hundred suspects. They were known by sight, then, to at least a score of secessionist sympathizers who - after conflict with the Federal government and its detective force - had agreed to join themselves to their exiled allegiance and remove from

The like unsuitability of Lewis and Scully was so obvious, Mr. Pinkerton professed to have given it an afternoon's methodical attention. Yet upon dipping into the records of the secret service department, he had come up smiling. The records he inspected were a colorful compilation of spy reports and answers given to the routine inquiries pressed upon prisoners of war, deserters, and amiable "contrabands"—and they immensely reassured him about those insurgent families, formerly of Washington, who might recognize his

the capital to Richmond.

two agents in the Confederate capital. The Florida Mortons, who knew Scully well, were said to have left Richmond; Mrs. Phillips from South Carolina, who could point out Price Lewis as a Northern detective, was somewhere in the Carolinas; and so on. If these budding archives were that positive about noncombatants, it is permissible to wonder why they could not have shed a little light on the mystifying whereabouts of so widely esteemed a Confederate traveler as Timothy Webster. But it is now too late to ask Mr. Pinkerton. And it was too late then — an hour after he made up his mind. Messrs. Lewis and Scully had started.

The stratagem expected to excuse whatever search Allan Pinkerton's men might have to make in Richmond before locating Webster was an intelligently simple one. The operative, W. H. Scott, was known from Baltimore to Leonardtown as a partisan of the South and Webster's inveterate ally; and he had written a letter, purporting to whisper to his adventurous comrade that detachments of Union soldiers now held the ground where hitherto he had passed unmolested. On his next circuit into Maryland he must take a new route! The urgent nature of which recommendation seemed to explain Scott's willingness to confide it even to strangers, and should likewise account for their own persistent effort to find the man it was intended to forewarn.

Lewis and Scully arrived in Richmond without much trouble or detention and went to the Exchange Hotel to spend the last perfectly tranquil night either of them would know for months, perhaps years, to come. In the morning, since Webster was said to have frequently carried letters and made purchases in the North for the publishers of the Richmond *Enquirer*, they visited the office of that journal. And there their quest came to a sudden end. The newspaper proprietors knew all about Timothy Webster; he was to be

found at the Monumental Hotel, where he lay helplessly stricken by a recurrence of inflammatory rheumatism.

Mr. Pinkerton's agents went there, were at once shown up to the spy's room, and found him a weakened, pathetic invalid, and the object of much local solicitude. He was being visited at the moment of their arrival by a Mr. Pierce, one of his most devoted Southern friends, and by Mrs. Lawton. Just why Allan Pinkerton had received no word from her all the while she assiduously nursed his leading operative it is impossible to say, but presumably was explained at the time as a result of the intermittent and unreliable communicative system of the secret service.

In the presence of Pierce, the greetings exchanged by the four Federal agents were guardedly formal. Webster, even so, appeared fretful and ill at ease. Though helpless as a man in a pillory, he was still the shrewdest performer in the Union secret corps. He knew Confederates of every rank and mold, of every temper and habit of mind. This hasty and unheralded Northern invasion personified by Lewis and Scully he felt sure would not pass unobserved, the precipitate pair might be suspected, and then so would he. "However, the mistake had been made, if mistake it was" [Mr. Pinkerton afterward reported to the War Department]. Webster hoped his fears were ill-founded.

But they were anything but ill-founded, with the badly rattled Lewis and Scully left to their own devices. Again that afternoon they called at the Monumental Hotel, and encountered another of Webster's Confederate friends, an officer of the garrison who had been particularly kind to him ever since he was confined to his bed. This Captain McCallum happened to be attached to the staff of the provost marshal, but there is nothing in his previous attentions to the sick man that suggests they had been a form of counterespionage. However, to the newcomers he said rather point-

edlv. "I take it you gentlemen have already reported your-

selves to the provost?"

Lewis answered that they had not known it was required of them. But if so, they would be happy to attend to it immediately.

"Your permission-to-travel countersigned by Major Beale does not cover residence in the city. You have to report to General Winder's office - though merely as a matter of form. No need to hurry about it."

Webster, watching his genial military friend as he spoke, thought he detected beneath the faintly bantering tone a definite sort of antagonism. And Lewis and Scully, taking Webster's advice rather than the captain's, did not dally longer in getting to headquarters. There each submitted to an exacting interrogation, after which the provost marshal shook hands and appeared to be satisfied.

Next morning - though still expecting to be taken for casual emissaries of Webster's friend, Scott - the incriminating pair made straight for the bedside of the invalid and were jubilantly describing their effect upon Winder when a detective from the provost's office walked in. Apologizing to Webster for his intrusion, he disclosed that General Winder wished to learn from what parts of Ireland and England, respectively, Mr. Scully and Mr. Lewis had set out to seek their fortunes in America.

Each gave the additional information readily enough; but when the investigator had left them, Webster's excitement burst forth. "Get out of this town as fast as you possibly can," he entreated. "That man never would have come here on such a trivial errand, unless there was something stirring against you."

Carrie Lawton shared this pessimistic view. But Scully argued that a too sudden departure would be much more open to suspicion, and he and Lewis were still lingering when,

about an hour later, there came a peremptory rap on the door. The man who now entered was the reputed star of Winder's counter-spying organization, George Cluckner. While the dapper young Southerner accompanying him was Chase Morton.

Scully did his profession little credit at this juncture, for he sprang to his feet and fairly bolted through the open doorway, leaving Lewis alone to stand the ordeal of introduction. The Confederate detective—as politely apologetic as the other representative of the provost's office had been—seemed anxious to avoid mentioning his real purpose; but when Lewis presently rose and took his leave of the sick man, Cluckner followed him. Scully had so far regained his composure as to wait for his partner at the head of the stairs, and before they could start to descend with any affectation of casualness, Cluckner hailed them, required them to give their names, and then said his orders were to conduct them to General Winder's office.

The General was otherwise engaged, and as they waited Chase Morton vainly endeavored to remind them both that they had belonged to the Federal secret service. Winder at length consented to see them and was heavily sarcastic. "Glad to receive you again, gentlemen — and what instructions do you bring from Secretary Seward?"

Lewis stared at him blankly. He had his practice in posing as an English nobleman to fall back upon and could have played the provost's game for a season. Cluckner had been sent off to the Exchange Hotel; on returning with the luggage of the two suspects, he admitted he could discover nothing which contradicted their avowed speculative purpose in coming to Richmond. Young Morton's very emphatic identification of them both as detectives who had helped search his mother's house in Washington was all the denunciatory proof held against them. But it was sufficient for General Winder,

who appears to have been that useful type of military policeman who would much rather be overbearing than be duped.

When Mrs. Lawton reluctantly told her patient that Lewis and Scully had been put under arrest, Webster groaned in

despair. "I knew they were suspected. You had better leave here immediately," he urged. "Whatever their fate is to be, I know I am certain now to share it—or worse—"

This was a dreadfully accurate prediction.

After three days' confinement together, the accused men were separated — Scully being removed to a military prison, and Lewis remaining in Henrico jail. The Englishman found himself thrown with a group of adventurers, all of them awaiting trial in anxious uncertainty closely akin to his own; and then he learned, with a great lifting of spirits, that they nourished a well-advanced plan of escape. The leader in this enterprise was an imaginative sailor, Charles Stanton, who had also belonged to the Union artillery and suffered a good deal from inspirations looking to his single-handed conquest of the Confederate States. He had, for instance, come to his present predicament by drifting down South upon a kind of nautical raid, his object being to gain command of a rebel gunboat and then run it under the guns of the nearest Federal fort. And while he waited to be told whether this Quixotic attempt called for bullets, bars, or hemp, he had managed to gain possession of a file and put in several hours tuning up the antique locks of his cramped abode.

It was the custom of the elderly man who acted as jailer to allow his prisoners half an hour's walk in the yard during the early evening. After which exercise he shut them up again and went off to his home. Stanton, having brought the most important locks to a condition of semi-paralysis, now cast about him for a hiding place in the jail yard, so that he might on the appointed evening remain outside when

his fellow prisoners were herded back to their cells. An unpleasantly neglected pile of ashes and rubbish choked one corner of the yard; and there it was decided to dig a sort of grave for him, where he might submerge, his body actually buried and only his head protruding, covered over with straw.

The digging went forward briskly, no more than two prisoners ever working together; while a greater number surrounded the old turnkey and blinded him with his own choler, invariably provoked by disparagement of the heroes of Virginia. On the night of the proposed jail delivery, when the old man reached his boiling point, Stanton dipped into the ashes. It came time to march to the cells, all the prisoners crowded forward in a disorderly mass, and no accurate count could be taken. Stanton's cell enclosed a dummy which looked very like him in a failing light. The jailer finished his round of inspection, turned the last key, and was gone.

Stanton might have followed him in less than five minutes, but, a leader of character as well as cunning, he sacrificed an hour opening doors and liberating one by one Price Lewis and seventeen others. McClellan's army was at Yorktown; and a stealthy trek in the general direction of that place was the second half of the fugitives' hazardous program. Walking in couples several hundred feet apart, they made their way through the streets of Richmond. It was already past eight o'clock and, according to the proclamation of martial law, any one found wandering about after nine was liable to arrest if unable to show a pass. Yet, however desirable to get quickly out of town, it was dangerous at any hour to attract attention by displaying unnatural haste.

It was the eighteenth of March; there was a chilling northeast wind to face. They were cold, tired and hungry when, shortly after midnight, they reached the Chickahominy. Stanton and Lewis tried to urge them on; but the exhaustion of a few retarded the rest. An hour before dawn a heavy rain-

storm first halted and then scattered them in several small parties, which were one after another surprised during the day by roving Confederate detachments and forced to surrender—in one instance, within sight of Union pickets.

Lewis in irons returned to his cell at about the same hour John Scully was taken from the military prison to be tried by court-martial. The proceedings in his case, though spared no formality or decorum, were almost indecently brisk. His defense was but a reiterated plea of neutrality; while the prosecution had him identified by every member of the Morton family—they were all in Richmond—and rested its case. Scully was thereupon sentenced to be hanged as a spy and enemy alien. Five days later Lewis stood before the same court and listened to a similar pronouncement of doom.

Webster, as soon as it was possible to move him, had been conveyed from his hotel to the home of a secessionist merchant named Campbell. The spy had done him innumerable favors in the course of his journeyings back and forth between Maryland and Virginia; and the Southerner, though his devotion to the Confederate cause was strong beyond measure, had an equally firm conviction of gratitude, and chose the darkest hour for his finest proofs of friendship. Pierce was one other partisan who continued to treat Webster as a sorely afflicted friend, no matter what impeachment was astir against him. In Richmond these two men and Carrie Lawton were within a fortnight the shattered remnant of his formerly vast and captivated acquaintance.

Captain McCallum had called but once more, and in his official capacity as an assistant to the provost, to requisition the letter from W. H. Scott, delivery of which had been the sole occupation of Scully and Lewis after arriving in the Southern capital. At their trial they had been charged with loitering about and taking plans of the city's defenses. But,

though each was condemned on this count also, it seems to have been fundamentally fictitious. If they were to be punished as enemy spies, even army lawyers preferred to convict them of actual spying. And the court proceeded to do so — with no drawings or writings of any sort offered in evidence, and no witnesses that could affirm having seen either man anywhere near the fortifications.

Scully had requested that Timothy Webster be called as a character witness, and on account of his disability the courtmartial had adjourned to Mr. Campbell's house. As a Confederate of standing, a hero to Maryland's rebel faction, Webster was expected to verify the potential Southern sympathies and innocence of purpose revealed to him by Scully and Lewis when presenting their credential from Scott. And this he had done, reciting in a weak voice but with much of his old plausibility, all that he was supposed to know about the accused. It developed that the president of the court was not easily satisfied by the convalescent's recollections. The Mortons had remembered Scully's going to Baltimore on the train that carried them out of Washington. Webster had been in Baltimore about the same time - and also Scott, whom the Mortons seemed not to know by name as the third member of that courtly trio who had called at Number 288 I Street. It was a dc 'ly tangle; and Webster collapsed from exhaustion when at last excused.

The military court resumed its regular sittings; the verdicts were reached; the newspapers announced that the two Yankee spies would be hanged with appropriate pomp and circumstance—one week from hie day sentence was passed upon Lewis. Webster, whose recovery had been retarded since the exposure of his fellow operatives, learned of their misfortune with great distress. While having done nothing to contribute to their plight, he remembered that they had only run this fearful risk as part of an attempt to aid him. Rumors were

flying about, but the burden of temperate opinion was the same: neither Scully nor Lewis had done anything to warrant such drastic penalties; they were but minor links in a chain which might, temporarily, be sundered by their execution — which ought to be utterly destroyed for the safety of the South. If Webster were another and greater link, he must suffer accordingly. Indeed, his arrest apppeared inevitable.

It occurred late at night, four days before the date set for the hanging of Lewis and Scully. Detectives sent by General Winder searched in vain through the possessions of Mrs. Lawton and Webster, but found nothing incriminating. And then both patient and nurse were taken into custody, being escorted to Castle Godwin.

John Scully had held out three days against his fast ebbing resolution and then had been constrained to tell the whole truth about his mission into Richmond. Allan Pinkerton, whose opinion was based upon statements made to him months later by Lewis, Scully and Mrs. Liter, believed that a Roman Catholic priest to whom he confessed had been instrumental in persuading the condemned man to unburden his soul to the Confederate provost. Perhaps Scully admitted this. But as more than half of Mr. Pinkerton's successes depended — as detective work still depends — on subtly extorted confessions, it is hardly to be supposed that any undue clerical pressure was necessary to stimulate Scully's own terror of his fate.

Price Lewis, though he had suffered the disappointment of an arduous and barely frustrated scape, and likewise waited under sentence of death, was in a state of mind comparing more favorably to normal. Taken from his cell and allowed to visit Scully, he understood at once the nature of his comrade's collapse — and realized its consequences. Informed that Webster and Carrie Lawton already were imprisoned,

he decided he might as well permit himself a confidential interview with General Winder. If the Mortons had only to testify that he and Scully were Federal detectives at Washington to get them convicted of espionage in Richmond, it was certain Scully's disclosure of the truth would be more than enough to condemn Timothy Webster. Lewis, thereupon, corroborated his partner's account of their mission and saved his own life.

Both men had to repeat their assertions in Webster's presence at his subsequent court-martial. A shrewd attorney in a civil court would have made much of this — that the prosecution's only witnesses were a pair who, as they swore Webster's life away, syllable by syllable, unwound the rope from around their own necks. But Webster faced a military court, composed of men ready to believe him the most dangerous secret agent ever come out of the North. Broken in health as he was, his defense appears to have been no less enfeebled. On the 18th of April he was convicted; next morning his death warrant was read to him.

Timothy Webster's execution was set for the twenty-ninth, because, said Mr. Pinkerton, the rebels feared he would die if they were not prompt about hanging him. Counteracting this partisan view, there is evidence of his very considerate treatment by Winder's subordinates during the final ten days of his captivity. Mrs. Lawton, if still regarded as a prisoner, was allowed to resume her avocation of nurse, and even to spend an afternoon away from the prison, trying to secure an interview with Jefferson Davis. Failing this, she appealed to Mrs. Davis, who was sympathetic but declined to interfere in affairs of state.

Word of Webster's trial, and the manner of his conviction had come through to General McClellan's headquarters; and Allan Pinkerton, with the anxious encouragement of the

commander-in-chief, now sought to arrange for some official intervention firm enough to impress Richmond and gain a stay of execution. He hurried to Washington and saw President Lincoln and the Secretary of War. The President agreed to call a meeting of the Cabinet to determine what might be done in behalf of a man to whom the government was heavily indebted. Secretary Stanton said he would use every resource at his disposal to save Webster, but that Scully and Lewis had treacherously betrayed him to gain a reprieve for themselves and deserved no official consideration. Richmond had been a veritable sieve until a crack Union agent was in Winder's net; whereupon, it seemed, the Confederate capital moved quite out of reach.

It was ultimately decided to forward by telegraph and a flag-of-truce boat a communication to the leaders of the Confederacy, representing the lenient course adopted thus far by the Federal government in dealing with Southern spies - reminding how many of them had been released after a brief imprisonment, and that none so charged had been tried for his life, or sentenced to death. Mr. Pinkerton felt more optimistic when, in conclusion, this message intimated that if the rebels killed Webster and the others, the Federal government would retaliate. The Northern forts and places of internment were crammed with candidates. A military dictator would simply have notified Mr. Davis of the specific reprisals intended should Webster, Scully or Lewis hang. But Secretary Stanton's intimation was so diplomatically worded that the Confederate politicians chose to interpret it as permission to go right ahead - conforming to the tactics pursued by their generals, until rough campaigners like Grant, Sherman and Sheridan took the field against them.

McClellan was creeping toward Richmond in the peninsula, was but four miles away when finally compelled to fall back to Harrison's Landing. Napoleon, after Austerlitz, by the

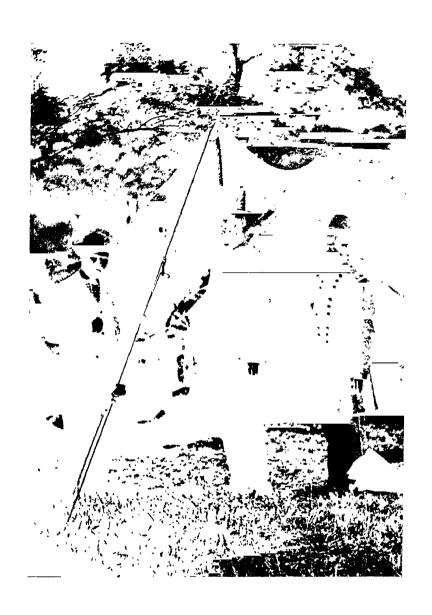
rapidity of his march upon Vienna, had saved the life of that greatest of spies, the Alsatian, Karl Schulmeister. Yet it is merely idle to note one of several occasions when McClellan and his army failed to be Napoleonic.

Webster's own hopes of effectual intercession were nil. No matter what respite compensated Lewis and Scully, he felt sure that clemency would not be extended to him. By his bold impositions and convincing appearance of Southern ardor he had mocked and betrayed any number of leading Confederates; and gentlemen who find themselves high in authority reserve a special animus for any one who has shown them to be as susceptible to blandishment and clever pretenses as the lower orders of citizen. In Webster's case, the verdict of the military court was their best repartee.

His only petition had been addressed to Winder—and promptly refused—namely, that as a Union secret agent he be allowed to face a firing squad and die a soldier's death.

Until almost his last hour he was attended by Carrie Lawton, already suffering arrest because of her splendid devotion. Webster was so weak he had to be lifted into the carriage that would take him from his prison to the parade ground designated as the place of execution; yet at the end he summoned strength to mount the scaffold with no more assistance than a bound prisoner customarily received. There was a proper military demonstration, with considerable curiosity shown, but no public display of vindictiveness such as the death struggle of civil war repeatedly invoked from all sections of the country. The hangman was inexpert and allowed the noose to slip, betraying his nervousness even as the spy died, showing an enviable fortitude.

Allan Pinkerton, who did not make a habit of boasting about his subordinates, often described Timothy Webster as one of the greatest secret agents of modern times. But Web-



AT HEADQUARTERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

OF ANTIETAM — October 3d, 1862

President Lincoln, General McClernand and Allan Pinkerton

ster, his undoubted merits notwithstanding, remained in war a private detective investigating Southerners for a client that happened to be the government. Probably it was not his fault; that he forfeited his life was certainly as much due to physical accident as anybody's tactical blundering.

The conflict between the States, in fact, produced no really great spies, yet was responsible for a number of enormously interesting ones. Two of these were Lafayette Baker, who, from an itinerant photographer allowed to take pictures of Virginian camps, rose to be a Union brigadier general, and George Ellsworth, that clever Confederate who invented his own technique of wire-tapping and sending of false telegraphic messages to the enemy - and who, for a time after the war, was the experimenting partner of an insatiably curious youth named Thomas A. Edison. It is, of course, never permissible to omit the enchanting and slightly exhibitionistic Belle Boyd, who distilled military benefits for the rebel cause from the folly of a regiment of Federal officers. And there was Emma Edmonds, not quite the Belle Boyd of the North, who performed her expeditionary feats in the unusual disguise of a male Negro; John Scobell, who had been born disguised; and the daring Pauline Cushman of the Army of the Cumberland, once sentenced to be shot by order of Braxton Bragg, who evidently disapproved the Union treatment of Miss Boyd or Mrs. Greenhow, but who was hammered too hard by Rosecrans to stay and attend to the shooting. Even Belle Starr, afterward that "petticoated terror of the plains", whose bandit behavior endeared her to Signor Lombroso, as a child of the border country spied with enthusiasm for Quantrell when her brother joined his guerillas.

In this strange company of sectional patriots Timothy Webster takes honorable place. His entrenchment in the South was well-nigh perfect for a spy, and, except for his tragic infirmity he might have lived, like Schulmeister, to con-

All through the summer of '62 Mr. Pinkerton grieved, both for the hero who was lost to him, and for another who was losing. General McClellan's efforts in the peninsula fell just short of success, which is about the worst kind of fall when it comes to maintaining the prestige of a commander in chief. He was the idol of his men, had made no fatal mistakes, and, when it became obvious he could not carry the defenses of Richmond, had executed his masterly retreat to Harrison's Landing. Yet his supreme authority in the field and most of his army were stripped from him. He stood by - and Major Allen right beside him - while General John Pope conferred on the South its second annual victory of Manassas, and then was partly restored to command. At once Major Allen's reports came flooding in; and McClellan's calls for reinforcement to meet the rebel host rang familiarly in the ears of official Washington.

The detective was too accustomed to the workings of the Agency, whose charges had to be predicted in the quantity and variety of reports, to be bored by the endless reiterations of military intelligence. Unlike that ironic battalion commander in France who, pondering a tiresome inquiry of 1917 — What is the attitude of the enemy on your front? — wrote, "Still distinctly hostile!" — Mr. Pinkerton found the Confederate attitude always picturesquely diversified, a thing of brambles, craftily hidden objectives and amazing, weedy growth. As cautious in September, '62, as he had been in May — or the May before that when he headed the secret service on the Ohio — he spent the morning of the sixteenth, before the major action at Antietam Creek, in personal reconnoissance, and was thus able to imagine emphatically that the army of Robert E. Lee was not of inferior size.

To Southern observers McClellan's array outnumbered

their own as three to one. Allan Pinkerton's corrected figures — those of 1878 — were three to two. The battle of Antietam, though McClellan would persuade Northern histories that he won it, was to be the finish of him as a Union army leader. Whilst his diligent scouting before that battle came near to being the end of Major Allen. A Confederate masked battery it would have been a pity not to count suddenly opened fire on a party of horsemen fording the creek; and a shell fragment killed the splendid sorrel the major was riding.

### XIII: A BEGUILING GYPSY QUEEN

The Civil War Ends; Major Allen a Detective Again

WHETHER approaching or pursuing Lee, McClellan always advanced his great force with the impeccable prudence of a general who suspects that the best brains are on the other side. And what he did not suspect, he knew - and left for his successor to prove on the Rappahannock — that the marksmen of the South, given a prepared position to hold, would cheerfully stand all day and mow down attacking infantry. The struggle which the Confederates called Sharpsburg had been a drawn battle at sundown, but was the Northern victory of Antietam by dawn, when it was discovered that the Southern army had marched away, abandoning the invasion of Maryland. An indecisive combat - named, like Manassas, for a place by one side and for a stream by the other - it had the doubly decisive result of removing Lee as an immediate menace to Washington and his opponent from his post of command.

Southern writers pronounced it a triumph whereat Lee had repulsed and avoided a hugely superior force. Critics in the North conceded their leader a success; yet one badly marred by his laxity in allowing the difficult crossing of the Potomac, unopposed by him, to terminate contact with an exhausted enemy. McClellan was certainly not alone in this defect, for many Union strategists were as courteous as ushers in seeing an enemy across a river or waiting until the most favorable line for a defensive action had been occupied by rebel gunners and riflemen. In the account of a member of his staff, the Northern general spent all that night "in anxious

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thought — while his weary soldiers rested upon their arms, on a field strewn with their own and the enemy's dead." But the Confederates, who had also spent a tiring day, had other ideas of comfort, and, with an admirable consciousness of winning, trudged wearily back the way they had come. It was the one more instance a disenchanted administration needed to be convinced McClellan would never get to Richmond.

The next experiments in that direction were committed to the care of another former railroad executive, not long since in the employ of the Illinois Central and a Pinkerton client. Ambrose E. Burnside, a graduate of West Point and experienced soldier, had been, in addition, the inventor and bankrupted manufacturer of a breech-loading rifle. He had only turned to railroading as a means of earning the money to repay his creditors in full; which was as characteristic of him as his magnanimity, after the dismal slaughter at Fredericksburg, in taking the whole blame upon himself. A gallant gentleman and of pleasing address—he was to lend his talents to some of the worst strategy of the war, and his name to a style of tonsorial negligence since happily modified in America and restricted to teachers of the tango.

But Mr. Pinkerton would have none of him. Though they had been well acquainted, and there was no fault to be found with Burnside's record as a corps commander, the detective — exquisitely loyal to McClellan — severed all connections with the Army of the Potomac, and with the military affairs of the government. He was almost insubordinate, although he believed neither President Lincoln nor the Secretary of War yearned for any resignation save McClellan's.<sup>1</sup>

At the first battle of Bull Run a goodly number of three-

<sup>1</sup> Allan Pinkerton's own narrative bluntly explains his disgusted, semi-mutinous attitude at the time. This account happens to be controlled by copyright, of which a member of his family is now proprietor, and permission to reproduce it here has been refused.

months' volunteers had marched off the field as the Confederate guns opened fire. They contended — and had documents to prove it — that their term of enlistment had expired; and very rationally they preferred, if something must expire, it be that, or their less opportunely dated comrades. Mr. Pinkerton's unrelenting resignation was a somewhat similar, though not so injurious, example of the same strong, pioneer impulses and currents of individualism strewing many small rebellions on either side of a great one.

The detective, as it was to turn out, did not really do much more than effect a change of front, for he was active on behalf of the government as long as the States were in conflict. There were innumerable damage claims being pressed in Washington — the deeper into the South the Union armies penetrated, the more they multiplied - and these the Pinkerton agents investigated, with a high average of success in controlling the schemes of impostors and swindlers. For the particular purpose of looking after cotton claims, in the spring of '64, Allan Pinkerton was transferred to the Department of the Mississippi, General Canby commanding. And now his other son Robert was deemed mature enough to join his brother in the secret service. Meanwhile, the military espionage department which Allan had initiated continued to expand, operating under the fairly skillful direction of various officers - in the East the most noteworthy being Colonel, afterward Brigadier General Lafayette C. Baker, an inventive man, one of the few American spy-masters in any war who seems to compare with the brilliant if thoroughly unscrupulous practitioners of Europe. In the West Grenville M. Dodge, who also attained a general's rank, capably controlled

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Prince Bismarck's famous — or notorious — chief of secret service, Stieber, in 1866 was proud to call himself Colonel Baker's peer. Had Baker been aware of some of the Prussian's non-military ventures of intrigue he would doubtless have declined the honor.

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a hundred spies, but he was to become far more celebrated subsequently as the indomitable builder of the Union Pacific Railroad.

As long as he maintained any contact whatever with the Federal service, Allan Pinkerton refrained from accepting employment as a private investigator, even though the disturbed state of a vast area of the South and West, and the marauding diversions of camp followers, deserters and bands of outlaw adventurers brought numberless criminal cases to his attention. He, of course, was regularly kept informed of the work of his Chicago office. And the Agency, conducted either by George Bangs, or his aggressive assistant, Francis Warner, did not cease to serve those clients that had been more or less directly concerned with its formation and early growth. But the greater national development, foretold by expansion into the East through contact with the Adams Express Company, had been definitely arrested until the war of sections should be fought to a finish.

Showing, perhaps, the desperate influence of that conflict upon the thieving refinements once employed by Nathan Maroney, the robbery of an Adams Express messenger which occurred on the night of March 18, 1863, was attempted by a small army of seven, and accomplished with violence, strategy, and even a degree of discipline. Four of the criminals, having boarded a Northern Central train, entered the express car unobserved and beat the messenger insensible. Then, near Parkton, Maryland, they proceeded to throw the safe from the train while traveling at full speed. Accomplices covering that part of the line were waiting to locate the prize and load it into a wagon. The attacking party left the train at the next stop; and when the entire band gathered at an appointed rendezvous, the safe was broken open and close to one hundred thousand dollars in money and bank drafts removed.

The Pinkerton detectives, summoned by the Adams Company, were late in getting upon the criminals' trail, but hounded all seven of them with unfailing perseverance thereafter. Bangs and Warner learned that, having hidden the bulk of their loot, they had scattered. Pursuit was organized with customary thoroughness; and one by one Messrs. Hoffman, Isaacs, Kane, Davis, Dix, Laughlin and Lancaster were rounded up. They seem to have been persuaded as to the advantages which accrue in court when a hiding place of stolen valuables is candidly disclosed. Finally, on a spring day of 1865. Mr. Pinkerton himself went to Baltimore for the ceremony of restoring to Henry Sanford, assistant general superintendent of the Adams Express Company, the sum of \$84,594.50 — or 86.35 per cent. of the total amount stolen more than two years before. He was handed another engrossed receipt, to frame and hang beside that testifying to the outcome of the Maroney case. It was dated April 10th, and the episode was by way of being symbolic. The war had come to an end; the detective was himself again. On April 9th Grant had ridden to Major Wilmer McLean's house in Appomattox and there General Lee waited to surrender.

During the course of hostilities it had been Allan Pinkerton's lot to have his memorable encounter with a lawless band of Gypsies virtually thrust upon him. Sherman, that great captain who knew so much about war he could describe it in one word, was well on his road to Atlanta the day that Mr. Pinkerton, pausing in line of duty at Clarksville, Tennessee, had an attractive young lady call upon him to implore his help. Her name was Elizabeth Redford; her object to circumvent a thieving, fortune-telling Gypsy queen. It was her father — now brought to a state of physical collapse — whose fortune the wicked Gypsy had told and taken. Miss Redford, it so happened, was the betrothed of a Lieutenant

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Hardy of the Union ordnance reserve; and he not only had advised her to confide her problem to Major Allen, but, with loverlike generosity, had also shared with her the army's secret that he wasn't Major Allen, anyway, but the celebrated Detective Pinkerton.

It was not — as Hardy must have known — a military matter. But doubtless he considered Elizabeth's appeal irresistible, and may even have heard it said that Allan Pinkerton, whose work imbedded despair in so many lives, seldom let slip a chance to do any good turn that he could. "Tell me just how this Gypsy woman managed to rob your father," the major had invited.

"She's the queen of a tribe, but married, and calls herself Mrs. Hooker. She had told a girl I know such wonderfully true things, I went out to their camp by the river to let her tell my fortune—so all that has happened since is really my fault," Redford's daughter confessed.

"Of course, she told you wonderfully true things too? They spend half their time, these Gypsies, listening to gossip — picking up every stray fact about people of the locality they happen to be in. But please go on."

"Well, she said, among other things, that my father was inclined to be miserly and had a large sum of money hidden away in our garret. When I came home I told him, and he was terribly upset that she should know about it. Nothing would do but that *he* must go to the Gypsy camp and talk to Mrs. Hooker. He went several times. She's really a fascinating person, and my father was so bewitched, I'm afraid he believed every word she uttered.

"Then, late one afternoon she came to our house. And my father went up to the garret and lugged down the old clock he'd used to conceal two leather bags of gold. Fifteen thousand dollars, he'd saved. . . . Mrs. Hooker had brought along a small bag she said contained her savings — a thou-

sand dollars, also in gold. It clinked ever so little when she put it down beside father's money. The three bags had next to be wrapped up in a strange kind of 'charm' paper Gypsies believe in, and bound around and around with sort of shiny cord. There was something special about the cord too. The heavy package was finally put on a table, near the window—so that currents of air could pass over it, Mrs. Hooker explained — and then she began a weird, doleful chanting."

"The incantations lasting, I suppose until nightfall?"

"It was growing dark, yes. She was turning all that gold, her own and my father's, into twice as much. He was right there in the room with her every minute - and so was I, though it made me awfully fidgety. Until at last she said she'd used enough magic and that it was going to turn out splendidly. She could be sure it would - for, by that time, what we thought was the package she had wrapped up was not it at all. Some one of her band working with her must have reached through the window and substituted a worthless package, wrapped to look exactly like it. The same heaviness too! Mrs. Hooker ordered my father to put it back in the clock, and the clock back up in the garret, and not to go near it for sixteen days - one day for every additional thousand dollars he expected to find. And when the time was up, and he emptied out the three heaping bags, she would come for her two thousand dollars and the rest would be his money, doubled."

"It's a variation of a favorite Gypsy trick," said Mr. Pinkerton. "One of my Agency operatives has led a Bohemian sort of life, and he has told me many things about the Romany people. The swindle they practiced on your father is called *bukni* — meaning 'great lie!'" 1

<sup>1</sup> More recent authorities on Gypsy lore than Mr. Pinkerton's operative say that the Romany name for this favorite swindling dodge is *bokkano baro* or "great trick."

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"It seemed a good deal worse than a lie to my poor father. He wasn't a bit doubtful of his profit and waited patiently for the change to occur—until the fourteenth day. Then we happened to hear that the Gypsies were not there any more. Their camp, Mrs. Hooker, and all the rest of them had vanished. And I'll never forget how frantic he was in opening the package left in the clock, and his expression when he saw its contents. Not a single gold piece—just old pennies, rivets, scraps of metal and lead slugs! He was so stricken he couldn't speak, and I had to send for the doctor."

The overtaking of a Gypsy queen and fifteen thousand dollars in gold which, more than a fortnight before, had disappeared together, suggests the kind of task that would remind Allan Pinkerton what a busy man he was, and make him turn back gladly to the affairs of the government. But, on the contrary, he assured Miss Redford the case was far from hopeless. For one thing, it interested him; which was about half the battle. He telegraphed to Bangs, recommending that Francis Warner supervise the prospective hunt. In a very short time the Agency was demonstrating how perfectly its resources could be adapted to a miniature conflict with Gypsies.

Now the odds and ends of metal left with Redford to simulate the weight and substance of the purloined gold had been saved by his daughter, and from these worthless scraps emerged a valuable clue. When Blake, the first Pinkerton operative on the case, arrived at Clarksville, he was given a variety of sample slugs and rivets to see if their origin might not be traced. His formerly Bohemian tendencies, mentioned to Elizabeth Redford by Mr. Pinkerton, accounted for a wide personal acquaintance among Gypsies; and at the first camp of them he located, a few miles from Russellville, was a Gypsy tinker he knew very well. Brewer, the tinker, when casually

shown a handful of the metal pieces, recognized a rivet with a star-shaped design on its head. He had made such rivets for a copper kettle brought him by a woman, Mrs. Louise White — a Gypsy too, but not his kind — a sly, low-down creature of the sort responsible for all the dislike and distrust generally felt toward the Romany people.

Before ever leaving the vicinity of Clarksville, Blake had combed over the scene of the Gypsy encampment some two miles from town along the river bank, and his search had been rewarded by finding an envelope and part of a letter written to Mrs. Mary Hooker and signed "your cousin, John Stanley." It had been posted from Bloomington, Indiana. And as it contained many Romany words and expressions, it was safe to suppose that Stanley was a Gypsy also—that wherever he might be found there would be part of the tribe or family to which Redford's Gypsy queen belonged.

A Pinkerton agent named Edwards, being sent on to Bloomington, learned from the postmaster that mail addressed either to George Carey or John Stanley was to be forwarded to Mitchell, Indiana. Blake, following a lead innocently supplied by the tinker, Brewer, talked to a doctor in Bowling Green, Kentucky, who had treated the child of a Gypsy woman. Inquiring as a friend, Blake learned that she had said she was going on to Henderson; by now she ought to be somewhere between Morgantown and Hartford. To the physician she was Mrs. King — but whether her name was that, or White or Hooker, the detective was certain of the description given by Redford's daughter. A dazzling person, whose left ear had been cut through by an earring! And so he hurried on to Morgantown.

Meanwhile, Francis Warner had visited a large encampment of Gypsies and picked up encyclopedic knowledge of the family of Stanleys. Their leader, Erastus Stanley, had recently died; either John Stanley or Joshua White — the

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second husband of a Gypsy notorious for her *bukni* practices — would succeed to his eminent position. Ordinarily the band separated into three groups; and its reputation was similarly divisible. Some were honest, more were doubtful, and not a few unconscionably crooked. Mrs. White, *alias* Hooker, *alias* King, *alias* queen, and her more ambitious relatives seemed to abide by unanimous consent in the lowest circle.

Having consulted Allan Pinkerton, Warner determined to put an operative intimately in touch with each of the three Stanley branches. Blake and Edwards, now respectively at Mitchell, Indiana, and Henderson, Kentucky, could drift toward two of the groups. For the third Mr. Pinkerton, who, besides knowing most of the distinguished persons of his time, prized acquaintance with a host of baffling eccentrics, suggested Professor Pott, and it proved to be an admirable choice.

A professor of music in his early days, Pott had also been a name on many theater playbills. But he had gone "from theater to minstrels, from minstrels to varieties, from the varieties to the concert-saloon", and from there down though it sounds like an elevation - to the "travelling starcombination." After which the curtain had descended upon his artistry. Pott, now a vagabond - half Dickens and half insobriety - dreamy-eyed, long-haired, flabby and resigned, considered sitting beside a beer keg his one surviving specialty; yet he went cheerfully to work for the pleasant Mr. Warner after an interview whereat the words detective, theft, or Pinkerton had no part. He was merely to gather facts and opinions for his employer; he was to try to locate a Mrs. White, known sometimes as Hooker or King, and to look around Gypsy camp fires for a copper kettle with a rivet having a star-shaped mark on its head.

Pott very promptly reported observing such a rivet in the

third Stanley band. He had met also a pretty Gypsy girl whose aunt was a Mrs. Joshua White — now visiting near Calhoun, Kentucky — and had seen a letter addressed to "Mistress Mary King" at that place. Warner directed Blake to go to Calhoun, told Pott to keep in close touch with the niece, Mizella, which was certainly no hardship for that romantic wayfarer, and turned to studying the information submitted by the third Pinkerton hunting Redford's gold.

Edwards had contrived to meet John Stanley — whose favorite pseudonym was George Carey — and representing himself as a magazine writer, had obtained the leader's permission to spend a few weeks with his band of Gypsies, recording their language and customs. The stolen money, in the detective's opinion, had been somehow delivered to John Stanley for safe concealment until such time as he, Mrs. White, her husband, and a fourth accessory called Zed, should get together and divide the spoils.

Stanley was overfond of gambling; which gave Edwards the chance, in agreeing to play cards with him, to insist on staking gold pieces. Not to be outdone, the Gypsy chieftain covered his bets in gold, procuring the money from a near-by wagon. This vehicle Edwards had already noted among several as being constantly guarded, most of the time by Zed, who, he assumed, had come from Mrs. White's division of the tribe. Stanley, upon losing his first outlay, went again to the wagon. But Zed stopped his entering; no more gold was brought into the card game; and the detective not only felt certain of the hiding place of Redford's savings, but believed also his presence at the camp was making Zed uneasy and anxious to move on.

Through the fair Mizella, Pott learned that there was to be a gathering of all the Stanleys at New Harmony, Indiana; and so, when Zed, the suspicious, was found next day to have vanished from John Stanley's encampment, Edwards

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set out to follow him discreetly, assured that he would make for the Gypsies' rendezvous. Being first of the clan to arrive in New Harmony, Zed halted at a boarding house — where another new boarder was a watchful Pinkerton agent. Zed waited until after dark before he went out; and then his room was searched. Two bags of gold, one containing \$7,000 and the other \$7,725, were uncovered at the foot of the bed, tucked in between mattress and spring. Wherewith Zed was pounced upon as he returned to his hidden treasure; and, when he showed fight, trying to draw a knife, he was knocked down and handcuffed by the detective.

At Calhoun, Kentucky, that dazzling creature Mistress Mary King, alias White or Hooker, was finding it difficult to break away in order to attend the New Harmony council. It was not that she did not want to participate as an important member of the Stanley tribe; but in Calhoun she had met such a kindly, wealthy and foolish old man, it seemed almost sinful to leave him and his bank balance undisturbed.

Ezra Allen looked robust enough to be a man twenty years younger than the age he confessed. And, indeed, there were times when the beguiling Gypsy queen could shut her eyes and imagine he was seven instead of sixty-seven. His childish innocence and faith in her word were something utterly apart from the wisdom and experience of near three-score and ten.

"I am well off, Ma'am," he had admitted modestly, "but not unwilling to become a bit richer. Surely this 'hukni' magic of yours will work as you say?"

"Can you doubt it, my friend?"

"When I look into your eyes," said gentle Ezra Allen, "I can believe you capable of anything, dear lady."

The impatient Gypsy took it as a compliment. New Harmony called her; but Allen had explained that recently —

very recently — he'd come into possession of a considerable sum in gold.

"Go withdraw it from the bank," she now ventured to urge. "At once — while the spirit moves me. And in sixteen days' time how we shall astonish them!"

"As quick as that?" The gullible old countryman chuckled to think of it, and then he remembered to rub his hands together as he had read a born miser will always do. Four and a half hours later it was growing dusk. The Gypsy queen, a really regal person despite her criminal propensities, sat in a large plush armchair drawn up beside a marble-topped table on which rested the gold of her latest dupe. He was seated near by, beaming and content—just about the easiest old simpleton she ever had undertaken to prey upon. Yet there was that about the man which puzzled her too; a certain forcefulness he must long ago have possessed—else how would he have grown so rich—still lurked in him.

The special Gypsy "charm" cloth and gold-threaded cord enclosed the money of Ezra Allen. The currents of air, pronounced so necessary to the attempt, sailed majestically over and around it; for the table it laid upon had been pushed close to a window in the boarding-house parlor reserved for this occasion — and the window was open wide. The Gypsy chanted in a weird, soothing, sing-song voice. The room grew steadily darker as night descended.

From time to time the enchantress stole a side glance at her placid companion. Not a word did he understand of this queer, uncanny jargon of hers droning in his ears, and it almost appeared Ezra Allen was drowsing. His chin had sunk upon his chest, his eyelids drooped. The tone of the queen's incantations lifted a little; which might mean some extra potent magic, or merely weariness on her part — or a signal.

It was a signal. Deft, slender hands crept over the sill of

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the open parlor window; long arms reached in; the golden bundle seemed whisked away as if by a playful breeze. And yet almost instantaneously its duplicate slid back into place. There had not been a sound; the transfer consumed but a split second of time. Magic, and no mistake!

All the while the woman's melodious gibberish accented the quiet of the evening. But then, somewhere outside the window, there had begun a slight disturbance; and the process of enchantment wavered momentarily. The noise increased; the Gypsy's voice faltered, a strained note creeping into it. Ezra Allen, without lifting his drowsy head, spoke up in a suddenly arresting tone, "Warner?"

"Yes, Major."

"Did you grab him?"

"Yes, sir. And the parcel he was taking away."

Mistress Mary King, or White, or Hooker, stood up with an angry gesture. But her dupe rose also, and fixed his eyes upon her; and at last the woman understood what lurking forcefulness it was that had vaguely disquieted her. More despairing than furious, with a low exclamation she collapsed in the large plush chair.

"Madam," said Allan Pinkerton, "it is practically impossible to steal the same gold twice. That was not mine, you see, but Redford's — you no doubt remember him well? He was willing to lend it to me for a few days when he heard that your henchman, Zed, and two other accomplices had been arrested."

"I've been tricked, then?" said the sorceress, as though it fulfilled a long-forgotten prophecy.

"So it would appear, Madam," the detective replied. "And as one who has been something of an artist in that line yourself, you'll not need to have me explain how this deception was practiced upon you."

Redford and his daughter later appeared in court and

identified the Gypsy. The old man had recovered all he had lost less but \$275 — which was reduced a tenth by subsequent addition of the coins Edwards won from John Stanley. The queen and her three accomplices soon afterward went for a term to the Tennessee penitentiary.

#### XIV: A FAMILY OF OUTLAWS

### The Reckless Reno Gang of Seymour, Indiana

THE Civil War had been a fruitful season for outlawry. A rabble of renegades, flourishing on either side of the imaginary line between North and South, had taken bounties for enlisting in both armies and had used their vague military status to cover the raids they perpetrated, with attendant feats of homicide, robbery and arson. The capitulation of the Southern leaders bore but little significance for these uniformed banditti. Some were guerillas of such sanguinary record they did not believe they would be *permitted* to surrender. Not a few already had a "dead or alive" price upon their heads. Still others were genuine irreconcilables, who had favored the Confederate cause while fighting in the main for their own felicity and profit; who now declined to consider the South subdued while they had rifle ammunition and a horse and saddle.

There was then no "shell shock" known to medical science, or any other fancy way of excusing the restlessness ever adrift in the wake of war. They were all of them young and chiefly unreconciled to the dull prospects of peace and honest employment. And so they stayed in the field when the blue and the gray marched home, and their more audacious exemplars gained widespread and somber renown. The Youngers—the James boys—the Daltons—the Renos!

Cole Younger had occasion to swear vengeance against all Pinkertons. However, his impulsive life was filled with many oaths, and he showed, after all, but a train robber's normal aversion to railroad detectives. The Renos might have vowed

to kill Allan, his sons, and half his force; but instead that notorious troupe, with quiet supervision from the Agency, neither paused nor pondered until they had destroyed themselves. They were, of course, a family before they became a gang — a Pennsylvania Dutch mother and Swiss father, and six handsome children, five of them sons. The one daughter, Laura, was not alone remarkable for beauty; she was a superbrider and deadly shot, and so violent and devoted a sister, contemporaries called her "the toast and terror of the Middle West." The brothers were John, Frank, William, Sim and Clint, the last known to all his near relatives as "Honest" Reno — which may have been their scorn or merely a standard of comparison.

At the time the activities of the four reckless brothers were brought to the notice of Mr. Pinkerton, they had ceased to menace their neighbors and were branching out to distant places. On their farms centrally located near Seymour, Indiana, they had assembled a desperate, skillful cohort of safe burglars, counterfeiters, and highwaymen, and were terrorizing three States and laughing heartily at the puny retorts of county authorities. The proceeds of their train and express robberies reached a shocking total. Their lawless expeditions were matters of everyday knowledge. Yet fear of revenge kept the well informed from testifying against them; until, it is said, their influence finally arranged the election of officials so corrupt or helpless it was impossible to secure the conviction of any criminal the brothers had cared to sponsor.

At length the Renos pushed their raids beyond Illinois into Missouri, galloping across country and leaving a track of burst safes and murdered men behind them. When they robbed the office of the county treasurer at Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri, Allan Pinkerton was engaged to answer the challenge. The detective felt certain the safe cracking was a Reno job; and he knew of their headquarters and all

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about them — which included knowing just how difficult it would be to take any leader of the gang from the midst of his armed and formidable followers.

But presently an amiable man drifted into Seymour and opened a saloon. Another stranger came there and found work as switchman and freight handler at the railroad station. A third, calling himself Phil Oates, settled down at the local hotel, a traveling gambler and inveterate poker player, whose reliance on luck was sufficiently marked whenever he handled a deck of cards to commend him to the entire community. Oates' popularity grew like the proverbial weed. He was soon on good terms with all the Renos, but especially with John, the eldest. "John Reno led the boys to Gallatin" was a rumor Oates heard repeated by the gang's many loosetongued and boastful admirers. One very agreeable evening the gambler seemed to encounter John Reno by chance. They stopped and talked, and then Oates suggested in an offhand way: "Suppose we amble on down to the depot and see old Number 29 pull in?"

"Sure, I'm with you," said the outlaw chief. A nationally known bad man but a small-town youth at heart, John considered the west-bound train's passing a daily event only equalled by that of the earlier local, east-bound. And so off he went to witness the arrival of Number 29 with the genial Phil Oates — who also had a number, kept in the secret register at the Chicago headquarters of the Pinkerton Agency.

Now there were other strangers lurking in Seymour that evening whom even Reno watchfulness had failed to account for. All unsuspecting, John Reno leaned against the freight house and swapped yarns with his companion. Suddenly he noticed one of these strangers coming toward them, and then another. He turned, and he saw three more—

"What in —" he exploded. But there was a crowd of them closing in on him now; he counted eight. They presented a

solid front—the trap had been sprung. John crouched a little as one ready either to fight or run. "Better not try to

resist," a commanding voice advised him.

"I don't think he brought along a gun, sir," Oates put in casually.

Six powerful young men who were deputies from Missouri, led by the sheriff of Daviess County and Allan Pinkerton, made sure John had not thought to arm himself merely to watch a train roll in. When he had been fettered securely, a warrant, and even requisition papers procured to oblige the law, were read to the still nonplussed prisoner. How could such a thing as this happen to a Reno — and right here in Seymour, the capital of the outlaws' kingdom? But all the same it had happened. On time and conveniently west-bound, old Number 29 stopped at the Seymour station. Closely surrounded by the eight and Oates — who would hardly be a useful agent there any more — John Reno was helped aboard the train; and it was far along the line puffing him toward Missouri before any of his brothers even caught the first alarm.

Identified, tried and convicted of robbery at Gallatin, Brother John was sentenced to serve twenty-five years in the State penitentiary. What a blow that was to him and to the family pride! Yet there were three sensational Renos left, besides Laura, who was as quick to shoot, as sure and swift on horseback, as complete a desperado as the plans of the gang would permit. Therefore, the Reno raids kept up with remorseless daring.

Early in 1868 the brothers with eight comrades rode forth to cut directly across Indiana and Illinois and show just how heedless of both law and retribution they could be. On the way they paused very frequently, robbed a bank here, plundered a store there, held up a train at the next convenient

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junction, or declared a kind of holiday, and brazenly defied a whole township. Into one small town near the Indiana State line they cantered in broad daylight, while the court was in session and Main Street uncommonly thronged. None seemed to suspect that the eleven horsemen were bandits until, having reined up at the courthouse, they began gesturing pretty emphatically with their revolvers.

"Sim, you're to wait here and keep an eye on the —— lawyers," Frank Reno reminded his brother. And two others were detached to stay with him. Frank and Bill then lead the rest of the band up the street till they came to the local bank. One outlaw, a pistol in either hand, remained on watch beside the horses. The others strode into the bank, Frank Reno ahead and carrying an empty grain sack. "Fill it up," he ordered. The sack soon began swelling with bags of coin and bundles of currency. "Quick work!" the leader praised his victims when the sack bulged solid with loot. "You can have all our trade in future!"

Laughing uproariously, his allies trooped out after him, remounted and rode leisurely away, pausing to pick up the court-attendant trio, and, still unhurried, came to the edge of the town. But here one chanced to look back and see that some of the more daring citizens ventured to follow them. Bolder spirits "spoiling for a scrap" had seized any sort of arms that came readily to hand, and, with this variety of weapons but a single resolve, now were rushing from their homes to begin sniping the reckless raiders.

It was time, one would think, for a small party of horsemen to use spurs; and the Renos after their fashion chose that course. Witness, though, that they wheeled their horses and spurred them into the town again, yelling like the demons they had set out to be and firing their guns at every living thing in sight.

A luckless passenger train was just stopping at the station

as they approached; and the gang surrounded that, some of them boarding it, while two took command of the locomotive, forcing the engineer to pull the coaches half a mile down the track. Here at leisure they looted the mail car, robbed every passenger, and, finishing off expertly, had the engine uncoupled and run forward for some distance, whereupon they so disabled its machinery that the train would be stalled for the afternoon.

Frank Reno had a last word of advice to shout to the conductor. "Don't bother sending a flag back to signal any train coming on behind you. We're going that way, and if there is another train, we'll stop it. Depend upon us!" Then, with nothing unlawful left neglected, all mounted again and galloped off down the line.

It is a point of suspicion that, despite these outrages, the Renos, young, tall and good-looking, bronzed and bold as brass, galloped straight into the hearts of innumerable stayathomes, and are riding there still, in the endless serial adventures of other desperadoes of the plains. Yet such popularity as theirs at the time was rather dangerously overcapitalized.

At Magnolia in Harrison County, Iowa, the safe in the office of the county treasurer was broken open and fifteen thousand dollars carted away—a crime having many resemblances to the robbery at Gallatin, for which John Reno now suffered imprisonment. Pinkerton detectives were already at work on this case when the treasurer of Mills County discovered his safe in the courthouse at Glenwood opened and empty—his loss a bit under eleven thousand dollars. In Council Bluffs the operatives found that the toughest place in town dispensing hard liquor was run by a man formerly resident in Seymour, Indiana. And because of the Renos the very word "Seymour" had come to have a sinister ring to peace officers everywhere in the Middle West.

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By watching this saloon the Pinkertons had Michael Rogers brought to their notice — a wealthy and respected citizen of Council Bluffs, who, however, proved to be in league with the men who had done the safe cracking at Magnolia and Glenwood. In the ensuing round-up Frank Reno himself was the chief prize. But the end of the Reno menace was by no means in sight. There were still Michael Rogers' friends to be reckoned with. Some few had remained loval when all the rest were disgusted by public exposure of his double life - and it was a mere thirty miles from Council Bluffs to Glenwood. Just five days after the robbers were locked up at the county seat, awaiting trial, certain small garden implements were smuggled into them; and that night they dug a hole under the wall of the Glenwood jail. Frank Reno, Rogers and two others had vanished by daybreak and were far on their way before any organized chase could begin.

The habit of levying upon tax funds and small country banks and of interrupting railroad passenger traffic is bound at last to raise up a host of furious adversaries. A train was boarded at Marshfield, Indiana, its express car then being violated to the tune of ninety-seven thousand dollars; and, because the messenger attempted to resist, he was thrown from the moving train and fatally injured. Pinkerton agents still planted in Seymour managed to obtain positive proof that the Reno gang was responsible not only for this Marshfield robbery, but for another on the same road, in which Moore, Gerroll and Sparks, well-known allies of the Renos, took a bit too prominent a part. These men the Pinkertons contrived to surprise and arrest in Seymour, after which bold stroke came a second — as lawless as any venture of the gang. Put aboard a train bound for the jail at Brownstown, Sparks, Gerroll and Moore were removed from it at a wayside stop by a crowd of masked men, who said very little but

carried long ropes. They proceeded grimly to hang the three prisoners to the same tall tree; and the news of it raced over Indiana.

That hanging, which signified the fierce impatience of honest men, had an immediate and cyclonic effect. The power of the Reno brothers collapsed; at the mere dress rehearsal of a Vigilance Committee, the fear they had inspired in their neighbors seemed to disappear in every direction. And the brothers themselves disappeared — the whole nest of hard-riding hornets cleaned out at one stroke!

But Allan Pinkerton was too practiced a hand in dealing with criminals to mistake panic for a token of reform. He set a dozen of his best operatives to tracing the Reno leaders. "And when you have caught one of them," he instructed, "be sure to get him safely to a jail. We can't help what outraged people may want to do to a murderer. But the Agency must not stand accused of turning over its prisoners to mobs."

With almost an excess of gallantry the Pinkertons refrained from hounding the sister, Laura. Her evil influence was acknowledged by all and her lawless behavior a byword; yet even so it did not seem likely that indictments could be secured against the girl. Years later—in 1900—an elderly woman living near Seymour, the wife of a respectable farmer, admitted to a newspaper correspondent that her maiden name had been Laura Reno.

The brothers, William and Sim, were rather easily caught up with as near at hand as Indianapolis, and promptly lodged in cells at New Albany. Other detectives traced Frank Reno northward and over the border into Canada, where the old Reno swagger reasserted itself, for he now believed he was immune to arrest. Having brought him to bay in Toronto, the Pinkertons persuaded Canadian police to take him into custody. Frank had ample funds at his disposal and was not

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ignorant of the law. He felt sure a smart attorney could compel the Dominion authorities to release him.

In agitating for treaty clauses permitting international extradition, Allan Pinkerton and his sons never failed to refer to the battle they had in getting Frank Reno out of Canada. He exhausted his resources and every dodge of the law before he could be made to yield; for Frank knew the appetite of vigilantes. Conducted at last to New Albany, with his brothers and one henchman of theirs he awaited a writ of habeas corpus from Judge Lynch.

He had enjoyed the complexities of the struggle in court at Toronto, and aspired to rebuild his legal defenses in the even more artful atmosphere of an American murder trial. However, it was not to be. When he had been at New Albany a week, the deep undertone of public resentment rose and broke like a wave over that normally peaceful community.

The sheriff, with an additional force of deputies sworn in, telegraphed the governor — knowing well militia could never arrive in time — and then barricaded himself in the jail. The Vigilance Committee made its appearance just at dusk. There were no masks worn this time: even with mobs there is a certain safety in numbers, and more than a thousand men and boys were surging forward, claiming vengeance upon those who had terrorized three States.

The growl of a furious throng is an animal sound that makes even the roaring of lions recede to a harmless whimper. Shut apart in their separate cells the three Renos heard it. Sim, the youngest, began to sob; he had never thought of this when he shouted and spurred his horse and fired point-blank at old men and children in the street that gala day they raided the Indiana town. The brute rumble of the great mob outside penetrated the walls of the stout new jail as though they were plaster.

Frank Reno, his face a hard gray mask, shouted for the

sheriff who was also their jailer; and that tormented official hurried to the door of his cell and spoke to him considerately, as one does with a man who may be dead within the hour.

"Give my brothers a chance, at least, can't you? They're only youngsters. Sim's not twenty," Frank lied, yet very manfully. "Let them try to make a break for it. Probably not two dozen of those yaps howling for us outside know Sim and Bill by sight. I don't care so much about myself," he added, "if you'll only give these boys a running start —"

"Not without you, Frank," Bill Reno called to him hoarsely.

"You all three know," said the sheriff, addressing them together, "that setting you free is the one thing I couldn't do. Not for an instant do I think it would save you. It would, as a matter of hard fact, make matters a hell of a lot easier for me if I turned you loose. But I won't. You're in my keeping — and I'll fight to the last for you."

"We know how you'll fight," Frank managed to jeer, but even his flinty tone broke a little. Sim was sobbing again, and he couldn't bear to hear it.

That sheriff at New Albany did fight and risk his life all through the early evening, trying to protect the Reno brothers — whose own lives he knew to be forfeited on account of a score of homicidal crimes. But the fatal ending to it all, from sheer weight of numbers, could not be indefinitely delayed. When the outer jail door had been battered down, seventeen of the attackers were already wounded. But the sheriff and those deputies still on their feet contested every step of the way.

"Hand us over them cell keys!" roared a hulking farm hand, his clothes in rags, his face streaked with blood, lunging at the sheriff who backed away and could have shot him dead, but did not. The sheriff kept aiming high; and then a great surging mass in the lower corridor bore him down,

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the keys they sought were wrenched from his belt, and the last moments of the Renos had come.

Frank, when they unlocked his cell door, fought like a madman, and so was almost beaten to death before ever coming actually in the hands of the mob. Sim, already more dead than alive, had to be carried from his cell. While Bill kept his head and conceded defeat, walking forth to die at a steady pace, as many condemned men try to do.

"Bring in them ropes!" — "Drag 'em outside!" — "Outside — what for? Look at the rafters there in the lower corridor. Who ever saw a better swinging height?" The younger lynchers debated loudly, while older and more somber men went about their job with an air of unrelenting experience. The rafters of the jail were, indeed, a singularly convenient height. While the excited crowd around the building made any exterior attempt both difficult and dangerous. "Toss the ropes over that furthest rafter! We'll tend to all three here and now — so's the sheriff can see how regular it's done."

And there in the battered New Albany jail the Renos who had outlawed themselves were hung.

#### XV: THE TRAIN ROBBER TWINS

### And the Mysterious Death of the Trafton Heir

THE New York office of the Pinkertons at Number 66 Exchange Place had been opened late in the summer of 1865. and a few months later the third branch of the Agency was established in Philadelphia at Number 45 South Third Street. Eastern clients like E. S. Sanford of the Adams Express Company and Thomas A. Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad had strongly advised this step. For ten years of intelligent and untiring assistance George H. Bangs was suitably rewarded, his appointment as general superintendent responsible for the routine operation of all three offices defining his position as Allan Pinkerton's chief of staff, privately held by him since the days of the Maroney case. Both William and Robert, the founder's sons, were now regularly employed as detectives, but were still subordinate to Bangs, Warner and other superintendents in charge at New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Pinkerton intended that they should inherit his business, but he and his "old reliables" ran it, permitting the younger generation to admire the technical and even pyrotechnical display.

Big Bill had done well as a stripling in the Civil War and preceded his brother as the youngest authentic secret agent of North America. He was not yet twenty-one when at Union City, Tennessee, he encountered a murderer with considerable credit to himself. A pair of ruffians had invaded the town—where the detective was engaged upon a quiet errand relating to insurance fraud—and, after drinking heavily for an hour, had turned to the more perverse exer-

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cise of beating up an aged Negro. When a merchant of the name of Blakemore, hearing the victim's piteous cries, sought to interfere, he had been stabbed in the stomach, from which wound he presently died.

William Pinkerton, his thoughts upon insurance and his destination the railroad depot, came swinging around the corner at about this time and was surprised to have a wild-eyed man lurch toward him, brandishing a long knife. The blade was wet with blood; but to a bright mind that is not instantaneous proof of homicide. Instead of shooting to kill, William drew his pistol, and, having side-stepped a menacing thrust, fired one shot over the knife-wielder's head. He dropped his gruesome weapon at once. William then struck with the gun butt and knocked him down, presented him as a gift to the proper authorities, and caught his train. But not before he had been publicly thanked by a committee of citizens, with the more excited populace — all those in favor of a lynching to-night say Aye! — voting him "a good fellow, a very good young fellow, indeed — for a Yankee."

Two years later, in company with his brother, Big Bill had another investigation to make which began at Union City. A particularly daring train robbery had occurred near that town, and then another very like it at Moscow, Tennessee—both being the work of the not too well-known firm of Barton, Taylor, Clarke and Russell. In each crime only the express car had been plundered; and in the second the express messenger, Morrell, had been shot and very severely wounded. And soon after William and Robert Pinkerton arrived to take charge of the case, they sought permission to interview the robbers' victim. Because of the smoothness of their work, the apparent timeliness and accuracy of their advance information, and the quickness with which they had disappeared, leaving never a trace, it was assumed that the criminals must reside in the vicinity. They might well be local residents of

good repute, whose lawless activities were masked like their faces at the moment of attempting a holdup.

At the hospital where Morrell, the messenger, lay in a desperate condition, the two detectives explained that he alone could give them a clue leading to identification of his assailants. "He's blessed with a mighty fine constitution," said the surgeon in charge. "If he weren't, two bullets through the lungs would have finished him hours ago." And Big Bill Pinkerton asked at once — what caliber bullets? — and was told only one had been probed out, a .32.

The brothers listened politely to a detailed medical account of severe thoracic injuries; but both of them were thinking about the thirty-two slug. "No train robber west of the Delaware has used less than a thirty-eight, since before the days when my father first began chasing them," William at length remarked. "Sounds almost amateurish."

Morrell, it was decreed, must not speak. The critical condition of his lungs made even one whispered word perilous; yet his mind was perfectly clear, and he wanted most eagerly to assist if he could in bringing about the detection of the criminals. "Then we'll try getting at the facts in this way," said William, cheerfully. "When you press my hand that means No. But if you press my brother's hand that is Yes. He and I will take turns suggesting everything that these robbers may have looked like. And so you'll gradually help us arrive at a full description."

By means of this tedious collaboration it was brought out that two of the four encountered in the express car appeared, though masked, enough alike to Morrell to have been—relatives?—a light pressure on Robert Pinkerton's hand: Yes! Father and son? No! Brothers, perhaps?—Yes, and again, Yes!

"Very emphatic about that, aren't you?" said Robert. "There's something unusual about them, even as brothers?

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Twins — could that be it?" Yes, yes! signalled the stricken messenger.

Short — muscular — quick-motioned — neat — cool-headed — nasty manner? To all these Morrell's limp hand answered Yes! "Is there something about either one of them which we haven't covered that you think might help us in tracing the pair?" William finally queried.

"Yes!"

"About both of them?"

"No!"

"One of them squints?" No! — "Limps?" — No! "Stammers, possibly?"No! signalled Morrell, but his eyes showed a new and burning eagerness. His lips had started to move, when William exclaimed — "No talking, remember. The doctor's standing for a good deal from us as it is. And we'll find this peculiarity, don't worry.

"Is it something about his manner of gesturing — speaking — "

"Yes!"

"But he doesn't stammer. Maybe he's hoarse? Or maybe it's his high-pitched voice?"

"Yes!"

"Was that what you've been wanting to tell? Anything more about this fellow? . . . There is, eh? Not what you'd call a husky, manly sort of lad?"

"No," reported the invalid hand emphatically.

"Laugh a lot? Giggle? Lisp?"

"Yes!"

"He lisps!" The young detectives congratulated Morrell upon his fortitude and helpfulness. "Just stay quiet here and get well," William urged. "We'll soon find these pretty train robbers of yours."

"You must be up and about, ready to testify against them when we bring them into court," said Robert.

There were not many adult twins in that part of Tennessee or the adjacent counties of Kentucky; and within three days time an energetic force of Pinkertons had reduced a short suspect list to just two names — Hilary and Levi Farrington. Hilary lisped.

They had used the names "Clarke" and "Russell" whenever dipping into underworld activities, and were the sons of a respectable woman, hitherto thought to be wealthy, who, as it turned out, was the most indulgent mother in the State. She afterward admitted that she had known how the boys got their money and had not felt disposed to object to any pursuit of theirs giving them both so much profit and amusement. And she professed a bewildered regret that her two boys should be charged with the murder of the gallant Morrell when he contracted pneumonia in a hospital ward and died.

She did even more. The Farringtons, presumably assisted by an uneasy Barton and Taylor - who could be exposed at a word from them - were helped to escape from the Obion County jail. Mrs. Farrington knew all about this plot, for when deputy sheriffs galloped to her home, they found it shut up tight. She had been gone for about two days, the neighbors explained. Railroad and express companies, lacking her motherly insight, asked the Pinkertons to keep after the train robber twins, which sealed the doom of Hilary and Levi. Bundles of old letters found in the abandoned Farrington home when a court order allowed them to break in, gave William and Robert a long list of names and addresses of Farrington friends and relatives. "The boys are fond of their ease, good food - attention and comforts. They won't care about a hunted life if it means poor accommodations," Robert suggested to his brother. "They'll eventually make for some shelter on this list. I'll try to trace Levi, and you keep on the lookout for Hilary and his lisp."

#### THE TRAIN ROBBER TWINS

Robert, following a correct surmise, found his man at a cousin's home in Farmington, Illinois; while William took a longer trail that only ended in Missouri. Near the village of Verona in that State he came upon Hilary Farrington and his accomplice, Barton, barricaded in a cabin. This also belonged to one of the Farrington cousins, who had bad luck with their guests that year; for William, reminded of the Indian wars, ordered a fire built around and about, and soon the two criminals were smoked from their hold. Barton thereupon confessed, leading straight to the apprehension of the fourth robber, Taylor.

In a struggle that ensued of brothers against brothers, the Farringtons lost their lives. Levi tried twice more to escape; but Robert Pinkerton managed to carry him back to the Obion County jail. And there—hearing that this time his mother proposed to buy his liberation—a band of vigilantes burst in upon him and shot him to death. Hilary, on board the transfer boat *Illinois*, attempted to discredit Big Bill of Chicago by suddenly grabbing a revolver out of his hand. It was a move even the doting Mrs. Farrington could not have found worthy, for, if he had been able to overpower his captor, there was little or no running away to be done from the middle of the Mississippi River.

William, moreover, was a young man who preferred to strike rather than shoot. He and the robber wrestled and fought for the gun, and between them dropped it. Hilary, smaller, lighter and unskilled in boxing, was yet too murderous of mind to realize he had no chance. He dodged, came at the burly Pinkerton, and a terrific punch caught him just under the chin. His head snapped back, he lost his balance, and, pitching, half turned around, dazed but trying to save himself. Sidewise he toppled and crashed against the low rail; and then, even as William Pinkerton reached out a strong arm to save him, went tumbling overboard with a frantic

shout. Straight down into the foaming wash of the *Illinois* he plunged; and the churning blades of its great paddle wheel were *bis* vigilantes.

In the fall of 1869 the condition of Allan Pinkerton's health necessitated his taking possibly the first real vacation he ever had known. He spent it quite unriotously at Springville, Indiana, described with candor as "a dull place for invalids." But there he met a prepossessing youth named Trafton, who was, unhappily for him, to figure in one of the few really notable homicide cases requiring the detective's participation. Young Stanley Trafton's father was Richard S. Trafton of Cleveland, Ohio, wealthy merchant and shipowner; and the son's presence at the health retreat was a matter of devotion to his mother, long a sufferer from arthritis. Mr. Pinkerton found him good company then, and in turn — if we may judge by his immense reminiscences must have broadened the horizon of the considerate son with a running narrative of crime, detection and government secret service.

In the second week of December, 1871, a Captain E. R. Dalton and Mr. John Updike were shown into Allan Pinkerton's then temporary office—the great fire of October 8th-9th having swallowed up the Agency's original headquarters together with much else that Chicago was already astir to replace. Captain Dalton explained that he commanded a lake vessel owned by Mr. R. S. Trafton, whereas his companion, Mr. Updike, was an intimate friend of the Trafton family. About the middle of November, he went on, Stanley Trafton, the son, had decided to go to Chicago to meet Dalton, with the idea that, should the captain fail to obtain a charter at a paying price, he would buy and ship a cargo of oats on his own account. He had taken with him somewhere around eight hundred dollars in cash, two thousand five hundred

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dollars' worth of government bonds, and a letter authorizing him to draw upon his father for a large amount.

When Stanley Trafton reached Chicago he found everything there in a congested state of post-conflagration. The air was polluted; but the hotels were packed. He took up quarters aboard the schooner, but after a night of this moved to a small lodging house conducted by a Mrs. May Pattmore at Number 92 West Madison Street. Conditions persuaded him to abandon the grain purchase he had contemplated, and he told Dalton he would sail home with him. Yet on the night he was due to come aboard, he had neither appeared nor sent an explanation; and in the morning Dalton had sailed without him.

In five days' time the Trafton skipper had received word from a firm of commission merchants of Chicago that his employer's son had been found dead in his bed. Dalton and Updike, immediately starting from Cleveland, had arrived in the Illinois metropolis on December 8th. The body of the deceased had been taken to the morgue after a coroner's inquest returned the verdict of death resulting from congestion of the lungs. Also held at the morgue were young Trafton's valuables - two five-hundred-dollar bonds, one of them torn in several pieces, a set of diamond studs, a small amount of loose change, and three one-hundred-dollar bills. As Updike and Dalton realized that one thousand five hundred dollars worth of bonds and nearly five hundred dollars in currency were unaccounted for, their suspicions bounded. Stanley Trafton, they were likewise reminded, had been found dead on Friday morning, December 1st, only eighteen hours after appearing to Dalton in robust health.

Dissatisfied with the poor result of interviewing Mrs. Pattmore, who glibly repeated the story she had told the police, and having consulted Trafton senior by wire and received his reply, Messrs. Updike and Dalton had come to

solicit a Pinkerton investigation. Allan Pinkerton and Francis Warner, now superintendent in Chicago, went to the morgue to look at the body, which had been claimed by Updike as representative of Richard Trafton and would be immediately sent to Cleveland for a second autopsy. The torn government bond interested Mr. Pinkerton profoundly. "And I noticed too," Dalton pointed out to him, "that the sole of one of the poor lad's boots is marked with whitewash. Here, sir—see that! As if it had been violently scraped across a wall. When I was out at the Pattmore woman's house, I looked about the bedroom she said he'd occupied for signs of any such heavy scraping. But the walls had been freshly whitewashed. There wasn't a scratch on 'em anywhere."

"If it is a case of murder," said the detective, "Trafton probably was killed while fully clothed—then undressed and put to bed to die a 'natural death.' While we are waiting for a report from the second autopsy, you and Mr. Updike had better remain here. You must have at least one more conversation with this Mrs. Pattmore, and try to remember everything she says. Meanwhile, I'll see what sort of record she has to show."

Four Cleveland surgeons of repute, having examined the body of Stanley Trafton, reported discovering many external bruises, and united in scouting the Cook County verdict of a fatal lung congestion. The blundering haste of the coroner's physician which it indicated was but one thing more to be blamed on the Fire. Again, from a Pinkerton agent in Buffalo came word of the past of May Pattmore, there sued for divorce by her husband, and not known ever to have lawfully remarried, though she now lay claim to a spouse at the West Madison Street establishment. Furthermore, before departing from New York State, she had appeared in police court, charged "drunk and disorderly" — and paid a fine.

#### THE TRAIN ROBBER TWINS

*\$\frac{1}{2}\$\$\fr* 

The results derived of another Dalton-Updike interview with the lady were these: She handed them the credit authorization Richard Trafton had given his son on account of the prospective transaction in grain, saying that she had found it at the foot of the bed since their first visit; she also turned over to them a small gold coin, which she claimed young Trafton had presented to her; and they noticed for themselves that all the furniture was now removed from the room where he had died.

Though Mrs. Pattmore professed to have known him intimately ever since she had resided in Buffalo, neither Updike nor Dalton believed he would under any circumstances have made her a present of the coin, a keepsake prized by him from boyhood. And there were details in her pat and gushing story which they held incredible. The accidental meeting in the street and renewal of old acquaintance was all very well; and so, too, was her offer of lodging with the hotels overcrowded. But then his alleged drunkenness and her deep concern — his refusing to partake of a late supper she had thoughtfully prepared - the knocking on his door next morning, with no response — then the lock conveniently forced in a very few seconds, and the horror of it when she found him stretched out, rigid, lifeless! "She killed him, I'm convinced," said Updike, "or at any rate she planned it. The motive was robbery, but she was afraid to take everything of value he had on him. . . . I hope, Mr. Pinkerton, you can bring her into court and prove her guilty."

The detective, at least, would try, and for this campaign required no new or dazzling stratagems. Warner — as a potential lodger — had a talk with the woman, and reported laconically: "Any man she'll get drunk with will soon know all she knows." It was, then, simply a problem of finding the right operative to occupy a room at Number 92 West Madison Street.

John Ingham, when she got to know him — which was practically at once — seemed to May Pattmore a very congenial fellow indeed, and almost providentially corrupt. He told her he was a bookkeeper with no books to keep, because his last set — parted from in Louisville — had finally exhibited a shortage that could not have been covered up by any one else. But what of that — a petty business, bookkeeping, even before being suspected! He had notions of future activities that would really enrich him. Had she never heard of the panel game? A cloistered fraud whereby a bedchamber, ostentatiously private, may be entered at will, and the wallets and apparel of unsuspecting gentry rifled without recourse! Mrs. Pattmore pronounced the trick a gold mine to a woman of her ripe experience. Why, she knew any number of men

who might be fleeced!

Pending installation of a sliding wall panel admitting to her room, John Ingham decided to go out and practice approaching affluent strangers. After a while he returned to say he had met a young man of means, and would forthwith practice further by steering him in. This newcomer, who answered to the name of Adamson, was Robert Pinkerton. He was carrying five hundred dollars in fifty-dollar bonds, and innocently let them be seen. All three began drinking, the two men managing to spill more than half the liquor their hostess poured out for them; but presently she was so intoxicated as to start hinting Adamson's five hundred should be taken by force. Ingham, to avoid a pointless brawl, signalled his young partner to withdraw, which he did with an affectation of bewildered resentment. Ingham then followed him out, but returned to Mrs. Pattmore in fifteen minutes, saying that he had caught up with their retreating victim and robbed him "over in the burned district" - where there were no gas lamps, or street indicators, or, apparently, policemen.

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The woman demanded her share, and, when refused, promised to report Ingham to a friend in the police department. Allan Pinkerton was meanwhile reporting the wholly imaginary attack upon Adamson to the *Tribune*; and next day May Pattmore had a news account to show Ingham when renewing her demand for fair division of the spoils. "What did you do?" he taunted her. "I'll tell you what I will do," said she. "I'll get Charlie Stokes to arrest you!" And sure enough, she did!

Mr. Pinkerton, being put to the trouble both of bailing out Ingham and replacing him on the Trafton murder case, found two operatives — Morton and Barlow — who would be a trifle less congenially debased. Morton was the lodger, and Barlow began visiting him — posing as a wealthy young Texan, looking for any sort of shrewd investment. Mrs. Pattmore most gullibly inquired if he wouldn't care to buy some bonds? Bonds! The detective professed to think she was merely boasting; and so she compelled his respect by showing that she really had two government bonds. He and Morton each examined them and noted the numbers.

Richard Trafton had kept in Cleveland a memorandum of the numbers on the bonds taken to Chicago by his son. The Pinkerton office had on file a copy of that memorandum; and now Mr. Pinkerton's agents saw that the pair of bonds Mrs. Pattmore offered for sale had been among those in the possession of Stanley Trafton. Here was a proof of theft, at least. But suavely, to suppress any notions of alarm, Barlow told her he must go to his bankers for the amount of cash necessary to his part in their transaction.

When he returned in an hour he seemed to have brought two aggressive-looking young bank men with him, though one she recognized as a caller who had shown interest in the rooms she had to let some days ago. "Mr. Warner," was

Barlow's bleak introduction. The other, unnamed, was William Pinkerton. "Madam," said Warner, "I represent the Pinkerton Agency, and have here a warrant for your arrest."

The first charge against her was larceny. A thorough search of the premises turned up the third of the missing Trafton bonds, together with a roll of bank notes that in all probability had come from the pockets of the dead or dying Stanley Trafton. And what was much more important to their case, the detectives found a hypodermic syringe and a supply of morphine.

As ultimately reconstructed from Mrs. Pattmore's incoherent series of admissions, her crime had begun with an attempt to drug and rob young Trafton. She had given him morphine in a glass of beer; but he had started to revive from that dose while she was removing the bonds from his coat pocket and had torn one of them in attempting to wrench it from her hand. Then she had struck and choked him until she believed him unconscious. Actually he was dead. Pretending he had died in his sleep immediately occurred to her as the one way she might avoid being implicated; and in a frenzy of haste, she had dragged Trafton's body into the bedroom, onto the bed, and partially removed his clothing to "create appearance of a natural death." The numerous official anxieties in Chicago following the fire had helped her past the police and coroner's inquisition. As soon as she could, she had whitewashed the bedroom walls to obliterate telltale marks - just as the observant Dalton had inferred.

May Pattmore, being convicted of manslaughter, went to prison for a minimum five years. But Allan Pinkerton believed that injections of morphine after young Trafton lay stupefied really had accounted for his death—that the bruises found were extravasated blood resulting from the narcotic injections—and that the woman deserved to have

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been punished for first-degree homicide. A medical examiner of Cleveland had pronounced a blow on the right side the specific cause of death; yet no evidence could be produced which indicated premeditated murder, and the verdict of manslaughter was all that the State could obtain.

#### XVI: NOTORIOUS ADVERSARIES

The "Invincible" Piper, Jack Canter and Max Shinburn

In the records of the Agency which were destroyed by the Chicago fire there must have been some account of every notorious criminal at liberty in the turbulent years between 1850 and 1871, for, sooner or later, they all became Pinkerton cases - investigated, warned, detected, pursued, and in more than one instance financially helped toward a process of reform. It would be like embarking upon a history of crime in the nineteenth century to cover this questionable legion and their exploits in detail. Only a few of the most original, the genuinely master criminals who were pitted against the great detective organization, need be mentioned. They were beyond doubt formidably gifted individuals the aces of the underworld at the present time seem a machine-made product by comparison - and in the lawless epoch they adorned, their frustration, detention and punishment were problems of the first order.

Of the "invincible" Piper, so called by admiring confederates because of the absolute perfection of the documents he forged, it was said that there was not in any country a bank note, draft, bill of exchange, certificate of deposit, letter of credit, or other monetary paper or legal instrument that he could not alter and defy its detection. If any greater artist in forgery than Piper has ever lived, he was so superb a craftsman he never was exposed, and is still not even known by name. But apart from his masterstrokes with pen and engraver's tools, Piper may be remembered as a misshapen genius whom Allan Pinkerton appreciated and tried sincerely to assist, and also as the man who came within three short

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days of depriving a distracted emperor of two millions in gold.

Piper was born on a plantation near Paris, Kentucky, in 1828, the son of a wealthy slaveholder. His mother, a cultivated Frenchwoman whom his father had married in Europe, died when he was five; and thereafter a singularly humored but winning lad was educated by private tutors and later sent to public school at Brooklyn, New York, in expectation of a distinguished career which was to begin at Yale University. Given four thousand dollars by his father who wished him to invest it in the newly discovered Pennsylvania coal fields, Piper began to disqualify himself as a business man in Philadelphia, and joyously resumed his spree from point to point until he came to a halt and the four thousandth dollar in New Orleans.

His father, who had remarried, is said to have deplored this fugitive investment. Piper continued his studies for another year; then, without being a runaway or angrily breaking off with an exasperated parent, he pocketed the few hundred dollars he had available and struck out for himself. He went to Buffalo and took a job as steward on a lake steamer, the famous old Superior, owned by Rathburn, Pettis and Company. Rathburn interested himself in the young man, especially remarking his gifts of penmanship. Piper, promoted to clerk, was soon almost like one of the family — and the Rathburns seem to have been an inordinately extravagant family that could do with spendthrift additions. When, however, Rathburn was on the brink of financial disaster, he sought Piper's help.

The young clerk took a sheet of paper, dipped his fine steel pen in the ink and made a number of cunning practice flourishes. He worked for an hour under Rathburn's anxious supervision, and turned out thirty thousand dollars' worth of grain receipts. The career of a fatally talented forger had

begun! By realizing on the fraudulent receipts the merchant was able to fend off his ruin for a time; and so grateful were he and his family, they rewarded Piper with a fine carriage and pair worth around two thousand dollars. But as more and more forged grain receipts had to be thrown upon the market, Rathburn's culpability was exposed. His wife acted for him, handed Piper a thousand dollars, promising future remittances, and begged the clerk to flee the country. At Rathburn's eventual trial, though impressively defended by ex-President Millard Fillmore, and with Piper out of the way as a most damaging witness, he was convicted and sentenced to Auburn prison for ten years. A rather expensive pardon managed later to abbreviate that penalty.

Piper in Europe had decided to become a German scholar. But before paying his way to Heidelberg he stopped at Liverpool, bought four bills of exchange on a Paris house and raised them from thirty-two pounds - eight pounds then being the smallest bill purchasable in England - to twentyfive hundred pounds, at a very handsome profit. He found himself growing restless in Germany, returned to London and retained a competent solicitor who settled the Paris difficulty for him, buying up the fraudulent paper with an outlay of less than four hundred pounds. In another two months he was returning to America, where he went to Philadelphia and bought five certificates of deposit, one for five thousand dollars and four others for fifty dollars each. He set sail from Baltimore and landed at Charleston, South Carolina, representing himself as a wealthy young Englishman. The good certificate he, of course, cashed first, giving the Southern bankers ample time to determine its validity. Then, in rapid succession, he cashed the four fifties, which had been raised to five-thousand-dollar certificates also, and, the richer by fourteen thousand eight hundred dollars, proceeded to Cuba.

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At Havana and again at New Orleans his prosperity was not accelerated. In the latter place he even paid blackmail, a brightly poised adventuress, who had penetrated a new scheme of his to obtain fifty thousand dollars cheaply, offering herself as a priceless investment in silence. Piper, though singed, hurried away to continue scorching other capitalists. He raised a little Spanish paper acquired in Cuba, gained sixty thousand dollars, bought a cargo of cotton, drew against it for fifty thousand, and retired content from the cotton trade

For nearly ten years thereafter Piper seems to have made money with such speculative ease that his studies in chemistry and his craftsmanship as a cultivator of bigger and better numerals were honestly put aside. He came to settle in the State of Iowa, occupied a luxurious home, and was reputed in 1856 to be worth a million. His signature on a note made it as good as gold to any banker of the Middle West. With Anton Marat he built the City Hotel at St. Louis, and was welcomed as a partner in a variety of legitimate and constructive enterprises. But his habit of indorsing for nearly any one who applied to him cost him half his fortune. The financial panic of '57 swept off with the remainder.

Piper had settled his old Charleston fraud for about four thousand dollars, and now in returning to criminal practices he adhered to his earliest rule: buy up the evidence and forestall indictments. About 1862 we find him in league with the chiefs of police in a dozen large cities. They guaranteed him protection against the laws they sometimes felt inspired to enforce, and were to receive in return a stipulated percentage of his gains. They also agreed to watch over any money or bonds he might prefer to hide for a time, and to act as his unofficial ambassadors in effecting settlements with persons he had swindled; and they arranged, furthermore, that whenever too closely pressed he should be arrested upon

some trivial charge and put in jail, whence his quiet departure from the scene of annoyance might be much more conveniently routed.

For several years this armor of corrupt practices made Piper, indeed, invincible. According to Pinkerton figures, between 1857 and 1869 he garnered not less than a million dollars by raising checks and bank drafts, and secured fees totalling another half million by altering court records, forging deeds and wills, or changing the numbers of stolen bonds so that they might be put upon the market. He allowed himself a modest territory including the States - and hospitable police officials - of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Rhode Island. He grew international in taste and gathered a small harvest in Nova Scotia and other parts of Canada. And then, as a kind of perverse tribute to his French mother, he began to prepare the project by which the Emperor Napoleon's Mexican protégé would be defrauded of nearly four hundred thousand pounds in gold stored in the treasury vaults at Mexico City.

He went first to England and provided himself with a number of bills of exchange on French banks. He moved on to Paris, took obscure lodgings, and fashioned his masterpiece—the bills inflated to represent fabulous sums, and then letters accrediting him to Maximilian and Carlotta as a secret agent of the French Government. In writing too familiar to be questioned he advised the imperial pair to trust this emissary implicitly, and even place themselves in his hands should Mexican political conditions upon his arrival recommend flight.

It was simply his plan to induce the afflicted Austrian to make a move from which he dare not turn back. He arrived in Brownsville, Texas, with three collaborators who would help transport and guard the gold. But there they

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balked, refusing to venture their lives below the Rio Grande with "rebels" like Juarez and Porfirio Diaz now on the march. Piper, at a point from which he would not turn back, proceeded to the capital alone, presented his credentials and was admitted to the presence of the emperor. Maximilian, even though acknowledging the genuineness of Piper's authorization and admitting the victorious onslaught of Juarez, required five days to come to any decision. Meanwhile, he showed good faith by ordering a count of the coin and bullion in the vaults.

Piper stood literally within hours of the grandest coup in the annals of crime. At the same time he was a thousand miles away from its accomplishment. The little Indian general was sweeping on; and Piper would have needed half his army to move that golden treasure to the sea. He had several other confidential interviews with Maximilian. But likewise he paused a moment to consult himself. Those beautifully executed credentials from Paris would be a veritable death warrant when the climax of Central American revolution overtook the Austrian; and so reflecting, he made his escape, not three days too soon, and was passing through Santa Fé when the emperor fulfilled his tragic destiny at Queretaro.

In February of 1869, Piper was operating in Vermont, and there at last the Pinkertons trapped him. What was infinitely more difficult—they secured his conviction. He was sent to the penitentiary at Rutland for ten years, was a model prisoner, and because of that gained some commutation. Upon being released in February, 1876, the forger had a cordial and promissory interview with Allan Pinkerton, confiding to him his first and only account of a truly remarkable career of mingled skill and immunity. He assured the detective he had reformed for good and was, despite enormous

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Criminal Reminiscences."

profits in the past, now wholly without resources. Having aided him financially, Mr. Pinkerton learned with regret but a few months later that Piper was again in the underworld, the admired performer of documentary miracles. However, his health had failed rapidly after being discharged from confinement; and he died on September 4, 1877, at the Robertson House in Joliet, Illinois — having curiously enough sought asylum there, almost within sight of the somber new prison he had cheated of his convict presence at least a score of times.

The notorious Jack Canter, nearly as talented in forgery as the incomparable Piper, was an expert counterfeiter to boot, but he had none of Piper's artistry in coming to terms with police officials, and is mainly remembered as a criminal who enriched himself by the frauds he committed during periods of imprisonment. He spent more than half the first forty-five years of his life in Sing Sing prison, and there prospered amazingly. It would appear that he tipped every one, from the warden to the lowliest convict, received unlimited favors, and was treated as a rather distinguished guest. Through the use of his pen and by means of his knowledge of the use of chemicals Canter earned for himself an existence of mildly restricted ease.

He was an educated man, whose contests with the law never completely absorbed him. American born, a remarkable linguist, chemist, photographer, penman and engraver, he was also reputed to have taken a medical degree with high honors. He wrote verse — his "Tale of a Cell" ran to more than fifty stanzas, many of which show real poetic feeling — and he regularly contributed lucid and well-informed scientific articles to the newspapers. But for all his attainments, he preferred sharp practices and unstable income to the more gradually harvested laurels and rewards of a reputable career. At Sing Sing he was made bookkeeper of the prison, which

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may sound like a fairly routine job; but to Canter it was a Yukon or Witwatersrand. He made a point of discovering who among his fellow convicts had wealthy friends — which was not difficult, seeing that he had access to the prison records, including particulars of all other inmates, their antecedents, crimes, and terms of punishment. On the outside he had means of ascertaining how much cash these friends would advance for a reduction of sentence, ranging from one to five years. And as he was virtually the keeper of the discharge book, it was nothing to one of his skill and scientific knowledge to alter the record, shortening the favored prisoners' terms according to what fees were paid in to him.

Canter, no matter how smart, could never have battened upon such gross irregularities without the connivance of one or more of the prison authorities. Which was greatly suspected at the time, since the forger not only profited as a monopolist with an exclusive clientele, but was also allowed to go and come almost at will and disburse his fraudulent gains. He was often seen in New York and drove the fastest team in the vicinity of the prison; and while keeping up appearances as prisoner, bookkeeper, magnate of illicit commutations, and limited tourist, he also found leisure to be attentive to several young women who had settled near by and lived, it was said, entirely at his expense.

As to these permitted detours from penal servitude, the officers responsible for Canter may have reasoned that, no matter how often he might go beyond the walls, he was bound to return on account of his livelihood. Even when ejected — and he presumably tampered little with his own dates of release — he seemed to turn up again with oppressive uniformity. He was wanted in Pennsylvania, however, when the Pinkertons took him into custody. It was 1873. He had not been in Sing Sing for two whole years and was given no chance to rush there for sanctuary.

At Philadelphia there had been formed the Central Fire Insurance Company, with a representative board of directors; but a State insurance commissioner, made suspicious by some action of the president, W. D. Halfman, had soon ordered an examination of the assets, which were discovered to consist exclusively of forged certificates of railroad stock. Originally issued for one or two shares, they had been revised by a chemical process to represent three to five hundred shares each. It was feared that other such certificates might appear, and the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, in order to protect its stockholders, engaged Allan Pinkerton to detect the forger.

Halfman and a director named Elbert were arrested. The latter confessed, explaining that he had employed a certain Charles Ripley of New York to contrive the alteration of the shares. Louis W. French — afterward convicted of insurance frauds in New Jersey — had introduced him to Ripley, who had received twenty-five thousand dollars for his work, and whose mail was addressed to a Brooklyn saloon at Number 303 Bridge Street. When the Pinkertons called, they were informed Ripley's letters were being delivered to one Charles Ostend, who lived almost directly across the street from the first precinct police station.

Ostend was Jack Canter; and probably that police station amended the environment for him, with its superficial resemblances to his prison Valhalla. Searching his room the detectives found a fine nickel-plated press to use in counterfeiting, a full set of the best quality of engraver's tools, a plate which perfectly reproduced the two-cent stamps required upon bank checks, as well as a sheaf of his recent poems.

Both Halfman and Canter were convicted, the forger being sentenced to nine and a half years of solitary confinement in the grimly renowned Eastern Penitentiary at Cherry Hill. It must have utterly disarranged his conceptions of prison life.

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The bank robber, Max or Mark Shinburn, was phenomenally successful both in breaking into vaults and breaking out of jail. He achieved many distinctions in the underworld and was admitted by Allan Pinkerton to be the only criminal in thirty years who had escaped from operatives of his Agency. Shinburn was another of those restless citizens of the period who, endowed with considerable abilities, yet regarded any normal pursuit or employment as a form of boredom quite beneath contempt. Having graduated from college, speaking five languages fluently, Shinburn endured for a very few months the tyranny of banking apprenticeship. Then, a shortage coming to light — though no charges were preferred against him — he was asked to resign.

In Boston next as "Walker Watterson" he invaded society and just missed impressing one of that city's most prominent financiers, whose daughter admired him. Shinburn had seen enough of the interiors of a bank to know what it was he really wanted to do there: gather up and walk out with all the money he could carry. He began devoting himself to a scientific study of locks and the combination dials of safes. He even bought himself a safe and sat down before it as a votary at his shrine. Publications dealing with mechanical appliances had always fascinated him. He now made it a point to post himself upon the intricacies of every new patent or novelty which pertained to bank protection.

It was an exacting and thorough course that he took. His laboratory exercises with the safe were continued until he had mastered it; and upon graduating he had something much better than a diploma to show for his pains. He was an inventor and had perfected one of the most delicate and efficent pieces of apparatus ever designed for crime—an ingeniously finished little ratchet with which he could determine the combination of any Lillie safe, providing he could gain access to it several nights in succession, never a very

difficult feat to one as adept as he in fashioning false keys. The Lillie locks, which were the best of their time, had dials secured on the outside by screws. Shinburn practiced removing them and affixing his mechanism so that it would remain undiscovered until his next visit. Each night it marked for him a new number of the combination. Patience and persistence in entering were all that was necessary, thereafter, to put him in possession of the secret his criminal project required.

By this device he robbed the New Windsor Bank of Maryland, was denounced by a treacherous acquaintance and arrested by John Young, chief of detectives in New York. But when Shinburn offered to divide his spoils, Young accepted and set him free, being enviously noticed soon after as one now able to afford to retire from the police department. A bank robbery at Norwalk, Connecticut — whereby nearly two hundred thousand dollars disappeared — was the beginning of a ruthless series of similar depredations that only came to an end in Concord, New Hampshire, three years later, when one of a gang Shinburn had assembled and trained in his methods was captured by chance and obliged to confess.

The cultivated Max, who had deeply rooted social ambitions and had been a fashionable figure at Saratoga in the summer of '64, now was traced from his confederate's description, arrested, and convicted. The prison at Concord thought to close upon him for ten dreary years; but twice Shinburn managed to depart from that institution. Once he contrived to take an impression of his cell lock with the potatoes served with his food, and then shaped an iron spoon into a key that would fit it. His second escape came about through the up-to-date process of overpowering a prison keeper. This time he was not recaptured — though later on Mr. Pinkerton's redoubtable private detectives cornered him

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in Pennsylvania and even had him in their keeping at Wilkes-Barre for the better part of a week.

On July 9, 1868, the office of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company at White Haven, Pennsylvania, was robbed of fifty-six thousand dollars. Entrance had been effected with false keys; and as soon as he was consulted in the matter, Allan Pinkerton saw that some such master as Shinburn had conducted the performance. It turned out that the idea of the robbery was strictly a home-grown product, since Sparks, proprietor of a White Haven tavern, first conceived it, and had taken into his confidence two neighbors, Griffin and Sinclair. None of them was an experienced burglar; and so Max Shinburn had been located and invited as an expert to take charge.

Wax impressions of the company agent's keys were all the robber said he would require; and he got them himself by boldly entering the agent's home at night and temporarily removing the keys from his room while he slept. One of the duplicate keys fitted poorly, but when that was fixed, all else was ready for the appointed day—the fifth, when the pay-roll money would be in the office. Following the prompt detection and breaking down of the local instigators, Shinburn himself was traced and made prisoner. But very little of the stolen money could be located—which was always expected of the Pinkertons—and it seemed probable that the notorious robber, commanding the lion's share, alone knew where it lay concealed.

Very reluctantly, in response to the Pennsylvania company's request, Allan Pinkerton consented to order holding the bank robber merely on suspicion, or as a material witness, until he could be persuaded to trade his secret for more lenient treatment in court. He was detained in a suite at a Wilkes-Barre hotel, watched over by several detectives and never for a moment left unfettered. Yet on the fifth night,

having resisted every overture that would relieve him of the bulk of the spoils, Shinburn managed to liberate himself. He had been compelled to sleep shackled to one of his captors, but, using his free left hand, he picked the lock of the hand-cuff with a scarfpin, and so stole noiselessly away from the side of his sleeping guard.

In compliment to the Pinkertons' tenacity of purpose Shinburn fled the country, shipping as a sailor on a tramp steamer and reaching Belgium, where, at the time, he could not be retaken upon an American warrant. And when later he returned to the United States it was not so much homesickness as his social aspirations that brought him, and the bland resolve to gather funds enough to enfold himself in aristocratic affluence for the remainder of his life. Shinburn had found an impecunious baron who had a title to sell. In order to buy it he turned back to the robbing of banks.

The theft of \$786,879 from the Ocean National Bank of the city of New York occurred June 27, 1869, and was so celebrated a crime that every bank robber of repute who happened not to be in prison on that day afterward put forth an underworld claim to a share in its perpetration. But Max Shinburn, whose spirit craved the elegances of life, was the genius who planned and very largely directed it. A portion of the basement under the bank at the corner of Greenwich and Fulton streets had been rented for the ostensible purpose of opening a branch office of the "Chicago Life Insurance Company." It was then explained to the lessee of the entire basement that the branch would not be ready for business for some weeks, as the management had to comply with New York State insurance laws exacting a cash deposit from all "foreign" companies. Thereafter nothing was done but gather information about the bank and the habits of every one of its employees; until the moment to

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strike arrived, at the close of business on a pleasant Saturday of early summer.

Having made most accurate calculations, the criminals broke a good-sized hole through the basement ceiling and the floor of the bank, hung black oiled silk over the windows and doors, and set to work. Shinburn already knew the main combination of the vault, though what stroke of magic, fraud, or bribery this constituted was never to be exposed. Smaller safes and locked compartments inside the vault were opened by means of a massive jackscrew and other more wieldy burglar's appliances. The thieves left behind thirty thousand dollars in gold because with all else it would be too cumbersome to transport in safety. They had likewise to abandon one of the most complete and costly criminal outfits ever gotten together, worth not less than three thousand dollars and comprising a kit of two hundred separate tools, as well as the jackscrew - capable, it was said, of lifting a side of the bank building. And, though they had until early Monday morning, the whole operation from the first knock against the basement ceiling to the last soft footfall at the basement door took less than twenty-four hours.

Shinburn again slipped off to Europe, and presently had purchased the patent of nobility, becoming Baron Shindell, and was never after suspected of complicity in any crime or troubled by the Continental police. That the Pinkertons suffered humiliation at his hands is only notable because unique. Moreover, he inflicted a defeat upon them in a locality where their reputation was singularly secure, and where very soon there was to begin a criminal investigation that, had it been the *one* piece of detective work ever done by a Pinkerton agent, would still assure that name enduring remembrance.

#### XVII: THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

#### Secret Tyrants of the Pennsylvania Coal Counties

THE so-called crime waves of modern America were old in Mr. Pinkerton's day, and attained even then to the alarming sweep of a major inundation. Besides the raids and ruthless banditry of gangs or individual outlaws of the pioneer West, there were innumerable frays and forays in the criminal underworld of the populous centers. More than once lawlessness came close to the spread and impact of a small civil war, with occasional outbreaks of rioting that remain historic. Merely in order to prevent the actor Macready from appearing to supplant, even for one night, the American idol, Forrest, the Astor Place riot exploded upon a larger stage in the city of New York in 1849 — with twenty-three killed, and more than one hundred and sixty injured, including many soldiers and policemen. The draft riots occurring fourteen years later compared both in total casualties and property damage with the most celebrated sieges of modern times.1

Nowadays, when the exploits of criminals grow so brazen they endanger the lives and fortunes of a number of honest men, a great clamor arises and in due course a commission to study cause and effect—and cure—is hopefully appointed. Fifty years ago there was this same kind of outcry

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Average estimates in New York for the one week, July 13–18, 1863, show property destroyed to the value of five million dollars. There were about eight thousand wounded in the rioting; and the killed, numbering at least two thousand, included three policemen and fifty-two soldiers. Twenty-two Negroes were lynched by the mob.

from the law-abiding; and only in the manner of handling the situation — and the results obtained — do we discover variations favorable to the past. A section of the State of Pennsylvania was proclaimed near unto anarchy — and something must be done about it! But the remedial committee thereupon notified to take steps and submit recommendations had Allan Pinkerton for chairman, and was composed entirely of his men.

For six years, from 1867 to 1873, the then newly developed anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania had been terrorized by a secret society bearing the curious title of "Molly Maguires." Its members were known to be Irishmen even as its parent was the Ancient Order of Hibernians or "Ribbon Men" founded in Ireland about 1843 to intimidate landlords, or their agents and henchmen, and interfere with evictions. Like the Ku Klux Klan of the Reconstruction period in the South, or the ruthless French and Italian societies of the Middle Ages - like all kindred groups banded together to redress wrongs, defeat the oppressor and instigate a private code of fair play, the "Ribbon Men" had soon become gravely entangled in the coils of their own irregular authority. Criminals and bullies, invading their organization, diverted its aims to a downright tyranny of very sinister force. And so with the Mollies transferred to North America!

The name had derived in the old country from the group custom of wearing women's garments as a disguise, and of treating victims to a lashing or ducking, or some other such chastisement as infuriated women might be likely to administer. But only the instinct for intimidation and violence had been exported to Pennsylvania; and even there at first the Molly Maguires were virtually a benevolent association, gaining great influence among the miners, who, after the event at Appomattox, began to feel the pinch of unemploy-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Trench, "Realities of Irish Life."

in rare instances, a member of the secret brotherhood did land in court charged with a serious offense, witnesses would perjure themselves rather than sponsor the incriminating truth, jurymen feared for their lives, and a swarm of defiant partisans stood ready to swear to an iron-clad alibi. In cunning anticipation of the consequences, moreover, any lodge having some villainous thing to perpetrate sent for members from a more distant lodge, so that the killers, kidnappers, or incendiaries would be unknown to possible eyewitnesses belonging to the neighborhood wherein the crime was committed.

In Pennsylvania at this period there were men working a twelve-hour day for six dollars a week. The grudging, consistently reactionary attitude of most mine owners and industrialists of the State lends a suspicion of labor conspiracy to the Molly disorders. And such a conspiracy seems to have been broadly envisaged at the time. But the Molly Maguires had no motives of workingmen's aggression or ideal of reform. They were never honestly class conscious. Being but thugs and criminals, self-aggrandizement, cruel authority, a shiftless, brawling, drunken good time were their vaguely blended, uniform objectives.

Years have passed, but time has not exaggerated the menace of these rogues, or their evil energy. Consider a very few of the more flagrant of their acts before the Pinkertons were engaged to destroy them.

On August 25, 1865, David Muhr, a colliery superintendent, was shot dead in broad daylight upon a public highway. Not many weeks afterward a very popular Irish superintendent of a mine, Martin Callaghan, was found dying outside his home. He had been stabbed more than twenty times and never regained consciousness. Callaghan's "fault" had been merely the refusal to pay certain members of the society for time spent away from their work. A kind, just man, he had



helped the family of many a stricken miner; and loyal friends of his swore that they would avenge him. But of these hotheads five were slain within a period of forty-eight hours!

On January 10, 1866, H. H. Dunne, well-known citizen of Pottsville and an official of one of the larger coal-mining corporations, was murdered while walking along the turn-pike within two miles of the city. October 17, 1868, found Alexander Rae, another mining superintendent, shot down on the wagon road near Centralia in Columbia County. On March 15th of the following year William H. Littlehales, manager of the Glen Carbon Coal Company, was killed on the way to his Pottsville home. Subsequently F. W. S. Langdon, George K. Smith and Morgan Powell, all executives of coal-mining companies, were foully done to death.

There were official investigations, of course, after each of these killings; and in one or two cases an attempt was made to prosecute, but without any conviction resulting.

Consider, again, the savage work of some of these gentry in a pitifully one-sided private feud. Schultz, a scoundrel who had killed his employer in Bremen but managed to elude the German police and escape to America, had been admitted to membership in the Molly Maguires. Lacking the primary qualification of Irish birth, his record as a desperado must have made him an uncommonly desirable recruit; and, though he obtained work in the mines, he spent more of his time earning the approval of lawless Molly associates, whose good will came close to resembling admiration and served forthwith to magnify his bumptious opinion of himself.

Margaret Ross, attractive daughter of the Scotch superintendent of a company momentarily employing Schultz, had the misfortune to impress him as the one predestined to become his wife, and this regardless of her existing engagement to a young man named Shepherd, a miner of the better sort, who waited for a job above ground before marrying. Schultz, hav-

ing decided to supplant Shepherd, who was no Molly Maguire and, therefore, presumably a tame youth, ordered him to cease his attentions to his own betrothed. With more resolution than foresight, Shepherd responded by giving the German a painful beating with a concomitant pair of black eyes. Whereupon, like the cur he was, Schultz ran snarling to his bodymaster to press a complaint.

Shepherd was warned twice to avoid Maggie Ross. He ignored both warnings — and so he was killed, his body coming belatedly to the surface of a small lake. Then, while the girl was still prostrate from the shock of her sweetheart's death, Schultz returned to urge his suit; which unspeakable effrontery so inflamed her father, the mine superintendent, that he kicked the vicious buffoon out of the house. Other warnings followed, advising a more hospitable attitude toward Schultz, the friend of the truculent Mollies. When Ross proved as resolute as poor Shepherd had been, he was shot through the heart.

Neither the threatful messages received by Shepherd nor those failing to frighten Ross could be found and placed in the hands of local authorities, which indicates the invariable prudence of Molly strategists. Communications sent to a prospective victim by the brotherhood were always recovered by members told off to attend to just that part of the job. No written evidence ever was left in the possession of any one marked for slaughter.

The widow of Ross and her doubly bereaved daughter now moved about a hundred miles away. Inaccessible to shame, the ardent Schultz moved after them, getting work in the same district. He attempted to resume his preposterous "courtship", but made no progress; Maggie Ross quite understandably could not bear the sight of him. Yet the plight of a broken-hearted girl meant little or nothing to the Molly Maguires, who contrived to inform her that she had better

Both the Ross women displayed remarkable pluck. Short of accepting the odious Schultz, Maggie did everything she could to guard her mother from the dangers lurking around them; and still, despite all precautions, Mrs. Ross was presently shot down, a rifle bullet in the head killing her instantly. Schultz, having rather too openly wooed Maggie with threats, could not now evade accusation and arrest. In court, however, it was established that he had been working in the mine at the time of the shooting; and, since his part in the crime as an accessory before the fact could be guessed but not legally proved, he gained an acquittal.

Maggie Ross, a lonely survivor, fled soon after to New York, and even there two attempts are said to have been made upon her life. Eventually she married a prosperous merchant who took her to live in England, where she might feel more secure. Some five years after the death of her mother it was discovered that the two miners who carried the body of the slain woman home upon a stretcher were the very men that had acted under instructions from the allies of Schultz and committed the murder.

Early in October of 1873 Mr. Pinkerton was in Philadelphia and received a note from Franklin B. Gowen, asking him to call. Mr. Gowen, the able and aggressive president of both the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, had determined to rescue the communities of eastern Pennsylvania from the merciless thrall of the Molly Maguires. With Superintendent Franklin of his Agency's new branch in Philadelphia, Pinkerton went around to the office of the railroad executive and there weighed the numerous difficulties of thug extermination.

"Some refer to them as the Buckshots," said Gowen. "In Ireland the same crew were called Ribbon Men or the White Boys. For twenty years past they have been getting established in America — though their entrenched power upstate is of comparatively recent growth."

"Since it's only in the mining districts they're really dangerous," Pinkerton observed, "we'll have to attack them at their strongest point. . . . I shall have to get a man of mine on the very inside of the brotherhood. That may take longer, but in the end our dividend will be a clean sweep.

"Only a mighty good man will be able to get where I want him to go—the best I can find! He'll have to be Irish born, of course, and a Catholic—brave, cool-headed, just about as smart a lad as ever came over the seas. He'll need to work as a miner and that takes a strong constitution. And he must have his eye peeled every minute to keep from betraying his purpose to the cunning rascals he's sent out to get."

Without affecting to know right where he could lay hands on such a paladin of secret service, Mr. Pinkerton made an emphatic stipulation in behalf of the man he hoped to find who would venture his life in the undertaking.

"When the time comes for public prosecution, my operative must not be expected to give testimony in court—unless present circumstances are greatly altered. . . . And since we've no idea who's who in the Molly society," said he, "I urge you, sir, to guard against spies. So many people are deathly afraid of these ruffians, some one might turn informer to curry favor with them.

"Keep no record of this meeting, or of any future dealings with me or the Agency. Avoid everything that even suggests 'detective' — for at least one man's life, and the whole outcome of our enterprise, will be staked upon absolute secrecy. Whether my organization is kept on the job a week,

a month, or a year or more, this sort of caution must be maintained by us all to the end."

Having reached an understanding with Gowen, the detective wired George H. Bangs, who as general superintendent of the Pinkerton forces, hurried over from New York to confer with his chief and Franklin. But in spite of their combined knowledge of the staff of men at their disposal, they could not agree on a single operative; there seemed none possessing that special assortment of qualifications requisite to the exposure of the Mollies.

"If only Tim Webster had lived to this day, he'd manage it somehow," said Allan, whose affection for the intrepid Union spy had added through the years a superhuman quality to his well-remembered talents.

Days passed, a week, a fortnight, and still the three executives were hunting the man they needed in Pennsylvania. Mr. Pinkerton returned to his headquarters in Chicago, and it was there on a street car, while riding from his home to the office, that inspiration came to him. The conductor of the car he recognized as an operative of his, previously escaping consideration. Engaged upon an investigation in behalf of the street railway company, he had not of late been reporting directly to his chief. But now he must be called in—some other detective could be put on this local assignment—for here beyond doubt, in nationality, appearance and demonstrated abilities, was the one they had been searching for to send against the Molly Maguires.

As soon as he arrived at his office Mr. Pinkerton had a note delivered to the operative's lodging house, telling him to appear that evening when his day's work for the car company was done. That genius for selecting men who could surmount every hazard of an unusual assignment — the timely, invaluable accidents of the Agency's upward course — was about to surpass itself. The young man Allan Pinkerton sent

for was probably the best in America for the task at hand. Genial, ambitious, unafraid, the adventuresome "Jimmy McParlan' alias McKenna" stood equipped and ready to win for himself his unique, distinguished place in the annals of criminal investigation. No detective operating alone ever performed a greater feat.

Tames McParland, born in the parish of Mullabrack, County Armagh, was twenty-nine, and had been taken into the Pinkerton employ at the Chicago headquarters only the year before. He had previously seen service in chemical plants at Gateshead and at Wallsend, England; and, coming to America in '67, had earned his first dollar as a clerk in a grocery store on Ninth Avenue, New York. Later he had tried being a salesman for a country dealer in dry goods, but, finding the salary small and hard to collect, had taken Greeley's advice, moving to Buffalo and on to Chicago and a variety of chance jobs. Coming among the Pinkertons, he had earned in short order a reputation for integrity and tact, exceptional perseverance and detective skill. A novice, yet naturally shrewd, he was a fine specimen of the better class of immigrant: passably well educated, slender, of medium height, and wiry, with ruddy complexion, auburn hair, and beard and mustache of a slightly darker shade. Other employees seemed to take to him; he had the wit and charm that the secret agent requires second only to courage, physical endurance and discretion.

Now in representing to this subordinate the mission he had in mind for him, Mr. Pinkerton candidly depicted excessive and constant dangers attached to it. "You may refuse if you like," he said. "It will be desperate work, and I'll not think the less of you if you admit it's not entirely to your taste."

"I believe I can pull through, sir. At any rate, I'll be wanting to try my hand at it," McParland answered.

Next morning the Irish detective approached the cashier

of the Agency with a memorandum authorizing him to draw a considerable advance against salary and expenses. "Sure, Mr. Pinkerton's after sending me abroad — to England — for the betterment of my health," he related, "and to be looking up the king bee of all the forgers." Which explanation spread through the office and was accepted by McParland's friends and associates as proof of his standing with the head of the organization.

A few hours later he boarded an eastbound express, his destination Philadelphia. There he was discreetly to get in touch with Superintendent Franklin, and to arrange through him to communicate with Allan Pinkerton as regularly as the circumstances of his enterprise would allow.

McParland's first problem lay in habituating himself to the costume and manners of the rôle he expected to assume. Franklin had presented him with a disguise of as dilapidated looking apparel as one would care to don. The dirt-colored slouch hat and mildewy coat of coarsest shoddy were only the beginnings of a vagabond garb. For trousers he had a garment of brown woolen stuff which was intact, but much too large for him, and supported at the waist by a worn strap of yellowish leather. Underneath a once black waistcoat was a heavy gray shirt, elegantly lacking a collar; and in place of that, his cravat was a kind of knitted red comforter drawn closely around the neck and tied with a flourish in a sailor's knot. Within the narrow, faded band of his shapeless hat there was space enough for his cutty pipe. Lastly, his immense pantaloons were tucked into the capacious legs of hobnailed, high-topped boots.

Thus attired, uncombed and unshaven, McParland spent several days near Philadelphia among coal, canal and dock hands, getting himslf accustomed to their speech, their habits and preoccupations. He had with him a pair of tough looking valises as grimy as his clothes; and these contained a very im-

portant supply of envelopes, paper and postage stamps, as well as another outfit in somewhat less moldy condition than that he had on, for occasional Sunday wear. Razor and strop he did not bother with, as he had resolved to continue with a straggling beard until events permitted the resumption of his own character.

Monday, October 27, 1873, was the crisp autumn day on which he set forth to undertake what the police authorities of six counties had failed to accomplish—the smashing of the secret clan of Molly Maguires! At the Callowhill Street station of the Philadelphia & Reading he kicked the city dust from his boots as a sign of the metamorphosis occurring; for James McParland no longer existed. His friends supposed him en route to Europe, when actually he had vanished from the face of the earth. The dingy traveler who bought a ticket to Port Clinton, Pennsylvania, answered only to the name of "James McKenna."

Just two persons — Allan Pinkerton and Franklin — were informed of his movements, and mentally they followed him to a seat in the smoking car at this "zero hour" of the daring one-man raid into the unknown. He rode some seventy-eight miles to Port Clinton, visited a tavern run by a German named Staub, and found it full of other Germans, all openly hostile to Irishmen. Mistaken for a tramp and invited to clear out, he did not contest his right to refreshment but went quietly, spent the night at a railroad lodging house, and on the morrow proceeded to Schuykill Haven. There it was no less predominantly German; and so he moved on and on, in quest of more formidable society.

Journeying from one small town to the next, McParland picked up many acquaintances — vagrants, wanderers, and alleged seekers of work, like himself — but practically no information. Everywhere people who could say nothing good

of the Mollies wisely refrained from denouncing them. And then in a tavern at Tremont he overheard this toast — "Here's to 'the power that makes English landlords trimble!' Here's confusion to all the inimies of ould Oiurrland!" The power that makes English landlords tremble — and the Molly Maguires originally marshalled to prevent allegedly unjust evictions overseas!

He filed the pugnacious phrase away for future use, and next—on Sunday, November 2d—went to Pine Grove, turning back to Tremont the same night, and going on Monday to Middle Creek in company with a man named Delaney. But again he plodded back to Tremont. Communities which proved largely German were soon exhausted of interest, for, with the exception of such isolated instances as Schultz, infatuated bête noire of the Ross family, the Mollies were exclusively Hibernian.

Well supplied with money and spending it plentifully upon any one who might be stimulated to loquaciousness, the Pinkerton agent at other times maintained a semblance of poverty in keeping with his costume and alleged pursuit of work. He was walking along the railroad track, once more returning to his temporary base at Tremont, when he met an elderly switchman, Mike Fitzgibbons, with whom he exchanged friendly greetings and newspapers. For a Philadelphia Inquirer McParland received a Boston Pilot which displayed as a leading article two columns headed "The Mobocrats of Pennsylvania." The New England journalist smote the Irish Catholic Molly Maguires with vituperative generalities, but had nothing whatever to declare that advanced "McKenna" an inch nearer the core of the conspiracy. Fitzgibbons himself revealed bitter animosity towards the secret organization - whose dens, said he, were at Mahanov City, Shenandoah, Shamokin, Pittston and Wilkes-Barre.

"They will kill a boss for firing a Molly. All any member

has to do when he's discharged is to report to his lodge and say something about religious differences, or that he was picked on for being Irish."

"How do you know it's like that?" McParland asked doubtfully, and was answered, "I been figgering it out, son, from my reading in the papers, and also, mind you, from talking with friends and neighbors that used to belong to the Ribbon Men."

An even more tangible progress made by the detective was histrionic, as he schooled himself daily and developed the part of "McKenna" - a typically devil-may-care son of Erin, brawling, tippling, boastful and reckless, yet full of fun and generous to a fault. He was able to dance a lively jig, or sing a popular old ballad - especially well with a glass in his hand. And to these accomplishments he added a storyteller's gifts. He had just come - so he related - from mining camps in Colorado, and could make an Indian curlyheaded with his tales of that unchastened frontier. Or again, he admitted endowing the navy with his Irish wit and joy of battle during the late misunderstanding 'twixt North and South. He talked as freely as he treated, describing these adventures of his with the large relish of one unencumbered by actual experience; and as a spender and entertainer he soon overcame all local suspicions and began manipulating himself toward popular esteem.

It was shortly after his chat with Fitzgibbons that he encountered an itinerant miner, Nicholas Brennan, on the march like "McKenna", seeking but seldom finding an honest day's work. Said Brennan, after the detective had stood him to several drinks—"We must get on to Tamaqua or Mahanoy City. There's more coal being mined in them places right now 'n anywheres else in the whole State." And, after a bit more harangue, he concluded significantly—"There's the ground where the boys are true!"

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"Then," McParland put in quickly, "they are the very places I want to work in."

He had been watching Nick Brennan closely, and was convinced by the other's expression that his reply was not at all what had been expected. However, the fiery flow of hospitality won Brennan without proper response to passwords. He supplied the "grand boy, McKenna" with names and addresses of friends of his in the mines; which were not treasured by the Pinkerton operative half so much as that one portentous declaration — There's the ground where the boys are true!

#### XVIII: "McKENNA'S" TRIUMPH

#### The Rout of the Desperate Molly Maguires

McParland, if less instinctively adept in secret service, might have made haste to follow the trail blazed by the miner in boozy heedlessness. But instead, with admirable dissimulation, he behaved just as though he had forgotten all about his parley with the informative Brennan. There would come a day, he believed, when every move he had made since alighting at Port Clinton would be methodically traced. Success, then, and his very life, might depend on the absolute naturalness of this tour — his haphazard approach to the strongholds of the brotherhood.

In Tower City he struck up acquaintance with a certain Tom Donohue who, when the detective made passable pretense of being in sympathy with the Mollies, admitted he was formerly a member — but had seen fit to resign. And Donohue contributed a letter of introduction to friends of his in Mahanoy City. McParland's next stop was at Pottsville, and there, at the boarding house of Mrs. O'Regan in East Norwegian Street, a young fellow boarder named Jennings, American born but of Irish descent, drew him aside to say that a saloon with "Pat. Dormer" over its door was one well worth avoiding.

"Sure, and what's the matter with the place?"

"Dormer," whispered Jennings, "is captain of the Sleepers." McParland had not previously heard this title of the Molly Maguires, but certainly it was that dread society to which Jennings alluded.

Pat Dormer! The detective obtained a description of the

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saloon keeper, and then, contriving to slip away from his informant, headed straight for the resort habitués euphemistically referred to as Dormer's *hotel* or the "Sheridan House"—though, presumably, not so styled because law and order were twenty miles away. There was, in fact, about the interior very little to suggest abnormal lawlessness. McParland, entering, exerted himself to be agreeable. He treated, he sang and kicked up his heels. And Dormer—readily recognizable from Jennings's account of his enormous bulk—lumbered forward presently to chat with the stranger.

Sticking to his story of the Colorado mining, the Pinkerton agent added a touch or two about journeying into Pennsylvania by way of the city of New York. Dormer seemed interested and invited him into a back room and a game of euchre; where his exposing one of the other players as a card cheat compelled McParland to accept a challenge to fight. This recreation he found to be clothed to an unexpected degree in formality. The rules of the prize ring prevailed, though there was no ring; each combatant "in his corner"—and there were corners—had to have a second, to dispute foul tactics, sponge his face, and offer advice and stimulants. Dormer felt constrained to act for the newcomer. And when McParland's mingling of science and agility made short work of his antagonist, the mammoth host of the Sheridan House was as elated as the backer of a professional pugilist.

McParland, discerning a favorable moment to thrust a bit nearer to the "boys" that were "true", stepped over to the bar and grandly poured out a welterweight tumbler of gin. He raised his glass and spoke: "Here's to 'the power that makes English landlords tremble!' Here's confusion to all the enemies of old Ireland!"

The effect was electrical. Dormer called the conqueror aside and questioned him; and "McKenna" boldly asserted that, yes, he had been a member in the old country, and was not at all

averse to rejoining over here in the States. The saloon keeper promised to do all he could to help bring it about.

But on another evening at Dormer's place the persuasive Jimmy had his first taste of the dangers that beset the pretender when Fenton Cooney, a veteran among the Mollies, started asking him pointed questions upon matters of which—if an authentic Hibernian—he ought to have been well informed. In this crisis the secret agent had only the resource of drunkenness, allowing his feigned jag to steal upon him so potently that, at last, he fell over on a bench and lapsed into a semi-stupor, barring further awkward inquiries.

It was from the proprietor of the Sheridan House that Mc-Parland secured a note of introduction to the very influential Mike — or "Muff" — Lawler, living in Shenandoah. There, said Dormer, a good Irishman would surely find something profitable to do. But once again, the detective did not make haste in approaching his goal. He stopped off on his way at Girardville, where there were Molly Maguires led by one Jack Kehoe, whom McParland later on was to find arrayed against him.

After Girardville, he traveled to Tamaqua and finally to Shenandoah — only to learn that "Muff" Lawler was visiting Pottsville. McParland returned there, and on January 21st — after three months of wary endeavor — he had his first considerable stroke of progress to report, being presented by Pat Dormer to the bodymaster of the all powerful Shenandoah lodge.

McParland had bethought himself of a way to excuse the evidences of a cash reserve that trickled steadily from his pockets, even though he continued out of work. He let it leak out that he was peddling counterfeit money, and, while professing to be an anarchist, also bragged of receiving a pension from the government on account of his record in the Union



SALOON PAT DORMER'S WANDERING "McKENNA THE

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navy. Spread by Dormer and his cronies, this gossip soon made even the more skeptical of the Molly Maguires relax toward the comradely wayfarer.

February, 1874, found the detective removed to Shenandoah and actually resident in "Muff" Lawler's own home, where he undertook to be an ideal boarder. There was one oddity he had, though, a weakness for blueing; and his persistent thefts of this laundering substance failed to perplex the Lawler household simply because they were never discovered. Paper and envelopes the secret agent had been storing all the while in his valise, unlocked, so as not to incite curiosity; but ink was an intellectual luxury - almost a symptom of snobbery - in those parts; and Mrs. Lawler's blueing proved a very convenient and legible writing fluid. As to the supply of stamps, McParland had his stock regularly replenished from Philadelphia in order to avoid making conspicuous calls at the local post-office. Whatever surplus he had on hand he wrapped in brown paper and hid away in a narrow slit which he had made between the sheepskin lining and the stout leather of his heavy top-boots. And as he never owned but the one pair he was wearing, his telltale stamp reserve was always well hidden.

Now Lawler had volunteered both to find his boarder a job and to get him reinitiated into the Ancient Order. But he kept the first promise long before he was able to get around to the second. In coarse denim overalls and a loose jacket, and with a safety lamp fastened to his hatband, McParland late in February went to work as a mine laborer, his hours with the "day" shift being a minimum eleven — from six in the morning to five or half past in the afternoon.

Many weeks in the open had been completing the radical alteration of the detective's appearance. His beard was heavier; exposure to all kinds of weather had darkened his complexion, and toughened the skin of his face and hands. Yet he was wholly unprepared for such conditions as were then pre-

vailing underground, and endured by the strongest men only from dire necessity. After loading innumerable small trucks with coal, to be run to and emptied in the breaker, his fingers got so raw and painful he could scarcely hold a knife and fork, let alone a pen.

In the first week of March he came up with a badly crushed hand, and upon recovering was transferred to a shovelling job in the shaft of the West Shenandoah colliery. Lawler was here also; and near by worked Frank McAndrew, a pleasant man of Irish extraction, and, perhaps, the first Molly Maguire encountered by the detective whom he genuinely liked. McAndrew, twenty-nine, married, and the father of two children, was a prominent competitor of Lawler's within the secret organization, the latter desiring reëlection as bodymaster, while McAndrew considered that honor now due unto him.

Conditions grew steadily worse toward the end of the month, as more and more mine workers were laid off, McParland among the first. Upon communicating this news to Philadelphia, he was advised by Allan Pinkerton to proceed to Luzerne County, and spend the spring and summer in or near Wilkes-Barre. But when he told Lawler he intended to move on — as there was no work, and he had a job coming his way in the counterfeiting line — the bodymaster of the Mollies decided he could not spare so useful a henchman.

"Stay here, Jim," he urged. "Do all you can to get me reelected, and I swear I'll fix you up right with the boys at the very next meeting."

The local division of the Molly Maguires now held all their meetings at Lawler's house, and there the popular "McKenna" was presently initiated, being sanctimoniously made to kneel and swear a great oath — and then pay a fee of three dollars.

It is not to be thought that this goodly step forward was accomplished without increasing risks. Each new acquaintance

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represented a further test of McParland's disguise and powers of invention. And all this while of his danger, hard work, and gradual progress toward the goal of membership, Molly terrorism was in no way abating. The Pinkerton agent had, for example, gathered details of a felonious attack made upon a Welsh mine boss in the neighborhood of Shenandoah. The man was repeatedly warned to stop discharging Irishmen to make more places for his compatriots during the labor slump. When he refused to heed either verbal or written threats, the Mollies in a body visited his home at dead of night, broke in and smashed the furniture, brutally abused members of his family, and then dragged the obstinate Welshman out into the yard half clad and clubbed him insensible. He was left for dead; but by a miracle of rugged health he did not die. As usual, there were no arrests.

McParland, to ingratiate himself with Lawler, had become a devotee of that ruffian's specialties, dog and cock-fighting. He proved exceptionally skillful in conditioning gamecocks, acted as trainer and manager of Lawler's sporting birds, and took care of arrangements leading up to a main — one of the more innocent diversions of the brotherhood. When Lawler wounded himself with his own revolver, he attempted to explain that he had been shot by an unknown assailant. But McParland showed that there was no bullet hole in his clothes and joked about his bad aim. Lawler admitted the accident then, begging to have it kept quiet, and so McParland turned doctor and nurse and also barman, as one of Lawler's perquisites was the dispensing of liquor and the detective had to help Mrs. Lawler with that.

Mr. Pinkerton's spy was versatile enough to remain on good terms with all factions within the Shenandoah lodge, and when at the July meeting Frank McAndrew achieved his heart's desire, replacing Lawler as bodymaster, McParland was ap-

pointed his secretary. That same day, it may be added, the Molly Maguires were doomed. Illiterate like many another eminent brother, McAndrew stood badly in need of secretarial aid — just as badly, no doubt, as Messrs. Pinkerton and Gowen needed to know all the facts about a Molly lodge and the conduct of those holding office therein.

Picture at this hour the furtive triumph of James McParland, after nearly nine months of the most artful acting possessed at last of passwords and codes, signs of recognition, toasts and responses. He was custodian of a bodymaster's conscience. He was actually in charge of the records of one of the most important district organizations. Moreover, his gifts as a penman put him in touch with the inner life of the entire community, girls even asking him to write tender messages to a favorite beau. He catered to the sporting set, intent upon gamecocks and "champion" mongrels; he danced and he boxed; he sang and flirted, and exercised an affectation of prodigious thirst.

For the time being this diet of cheap whisky was perhaps his gravest peril. But soon he began to hear it argued that the newly installed McAndrew was too tame, too timid. The rowdy majority believed he would never lead them to the depredations their restless spirits craved. "McKenna for bodymaster" became a private slogan of the rabble. And to be elected on such a ticket would be extraordinarily embarrassing just now, when the annihilation of mob rule appeared well on the way toward accomplishment.

With hundreds of men thrown out of work by the virtual shut-down at the mines, the situation throughout the whole anthracite region was growing ever more acute. The idle mine workers were in an ugly mood; brawls between Welsh or German and Irish were almost an hourly occurrence. Among the sometimes outnumbered Mollies there was so much talk of doing away with objectionable antagonists that McParland

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realized he might at any time be ordered to lead an attack or participate in an assassination.

His only available subterfuge was to pretend to enormous unreliability by excessive indulgence in drink. He always seemed more intoxicated than he was, yet even so, this enforced and incessant imbibing of bad liquor completed the break-up of his once robust constitution. Taken ill, his hair fell out, and he was compelled when convalescent to buy a wig. It was a shade or two redder than his own hair had been, and quickly got to be tangled and villainous looking. As a final tribute to his gifts of imitation, his playing the "heavy" at all hours, so notoriously known a Molly Maguire did the nearly inebriate "McKenna" become that the door of every well-conducted hotel and tavern in the district was shut against him.

The Roman Catholic Church had lately taken note of the secret society's vicious course and was waging a determined war, its priests armed with the considerable threat of wholesale excommunications. But did the worst of the Mollies quake and reform their ways? They did nothing of the kind — and even seemed to operate more boldly. In the month of November another series of particularly outrageous events spread across the calendar of their misdeeds. A strike had been called arbitrarily; though there were any number of miners anxious to stay on the job, mindful of privations suffered during the spring and summer lay-off. These temperate workers were beaten into submission — oftentimes their little homes were burned. On one day alone, the eighteenth of the month, six persons lost their lives — murdered by the Molly Maguires in sections where they had a strangle hold.

McParland did all he could to get warnings through to intended victims. He tortured his wits in trying to think of persuasions to use in convincing the more savage members of the inexpediency of their plans. Yet without perceptible dis-

enchantment, he listened every day to hair-raising proposals of massacre and sabotage — the blowing-up of bridges, burning of homes, stores and collieries, and even the wrecking of trains. Whenever another case of homicide was reported, he managed to hurry to the scene of the crime. He was working faster now — his health seriously impaired, with dangers never lessened for a moment — using his position of trust within the hateful brotherhood to gather that evidence which others would one day be offering in court.

Early in April of '75 the detective slipped away to Philadelphia and in a parlor suite of an obscure hotel held a momentous conference with Allan Pinkerton, Superintendent Franklin, and, subsequently, with F. B. Gowen, the backer of the whole campaign. In the face of continuous atrocities it was decided to expand the Pinkerton operations at once. But the additional detectives were not to be under-cover men like McParland. They were openly to appear as alleged recruits of an increasing force of Coal and Iron Police, which industrial body was even then, as an exponent of hard knocks that are fuel for public resentment, about the most perfectly named organization in America.

On returning to Shenandoah, McParland explained that he had been away to attend a sister's wedding, and regaled his companions with gorgeous accounts of the wholly imaginary nuptials. When May came, McAndrew announced that he had got work in Wilkes-Barre, was going there immediately, and the redoubtable "McKenna" would be left in full charge of the division. This change, though welcomed by the men of action who felt they had been deprived too long of vengeance on a grand scale, multiplied the detective's tribulations overnight.

The leader of the new squad of Pinkertons moving upon the scene was Captain Robert J. Linden, dispatched post-haste from the Chicago headquarters and long a trusted operative

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of Allan Pinkerton's personal staff. A tall, aggressive man, noted for his physical prowess and fearlessness, he was as anxious to meet the Mollies in authority as McParland ever had been. The popular "McKenna" could introduce him to his mortal foes; and so it was arranged. By chance, apparently, Linden walked up to McParland in Cleary's, a favorite dive of the clan in Shenandoah, held out his hand, and greeted the tousled pretender as an old acquaintance from Buffalo.

"I'll take your hand, Bob Linden," McParland exclaimed, "though I'm not agreeing I like the service you're in."

"Maybe not — maybe not, Jim," responded the Pinkerton lieutenant. "But can't we still be friends? I'm certainly not going out of my way to harm you or any of the folks you're thick with. So there's no cause for quarreling. Step up now, boys — have something on me."

Lawler and other Molly Maguires were present. Linden met them all at Cleary's bar. He could, of course be true to his word about not hurting his old friend Jimmy; and the leading Mollies believed this convenient immunity would extend to them. Thereafter it was possible for McParland and the acknowledged police officer to be seen chatting together without stirring up suspicion. And in meeting Linden, on occasion McParland could put a cipher note into his hand or surreptitiously drop it into a side pocket of his coat.

With the shooting soon afterward of two policemen of Tamaqua, the whole countryside seemed at last to rise in fury against the Molly brotherhood. These victims were Benjamin Yost and Barney McCarron, both of them well liked, with no known enemies, and engaged at the time of their slaying in the innocent collateral duty of lighting street lamps. Yost, on his ladder reaching up to ignite a lamp, was killed from ambush while his wife looked on from a window of their home across the way. McParland's immediate investigation of the murders led him straight to James Kerrigan, the

bodymaster at Tamaqua. Which finding, incidentally, rather blighted the detective's lately discovered intentions toward a certain Miss Mary Ann Higgins, met under romantic circumstances at a Polish marriage ceremony. The Higgins girl was Kerrigan's sister-in-law. And now Kerrigan went down on the list of homicidal outlaws he meant to see condemned!

Meanwhile, the bloodthirsty faction in Shenandoah blessed by the absence of the mild McAndrew, nagged his substitute to get on with the extinction of Gomer James, a Welsh miner accused of killing an Irishman. McParland sent repeated warnings through to James, hoping he could be persuaded to decamp. But the doughty Welshman stood his ground. In a current phrase, he was "asking for it!" Vacillation on McParland's part would not in the end spare James, and would assuredly mark the detective as an enemy of the cause he professed to espouse. He saw no way out, save to get terribly drunk once more and stay in that dire condition, postponing merely from hour to hour his appointment of the time, the place and — the killers.

On June 2, 1875, striking miners organized a parade, which became a marching mob, and, heading for those collieries that had begun work, compelled them again to shut down. At Mahanoy City the chief magistrate was forced to release the prisoners from the jail. Fights were numerous; skulls were cracked; but oddly enough no deaths were reported. Of course, the roistering "McKenna" took part in this demonstration. If, as so many anticipated, the day had ended in a battle between the paraders and the police he would have been fired upon as a conspicuous Molly.

When work in the mines of the Mahanoy Valley recommenced, the men received their first pay on Saturday, the 14th of August. Inebriated miners, most of them armed and all of them bellicose, were surging about — a justice of the peace was slain merely for issuing a warrant charging two

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Mollies with disorderly conduct — the hardy recalcitrance of Gomer James came to its expected termination: he was at last shot dead — and one other, an innocent bystander, died of wounds inflicted by pistol bullets flying wild in a street collision.

The killer of Gome: James was a Shenandoah Molly named Hurley, who at the next general meeting of the society blandly claimed a cash reward. The member who had slain the justice of the peace likewise was revealed to McParland; but this assassin had not Hurley's acute sense of values and simply fled the State. It was reported that citizens were now so aroused they were forming a vigilance committee to put an end to the reign of terror. And McParland reflected ruefully that he—seen as the boon companion of murderers and considered as bad as the worst of them—would be among the first to experience a call from the vigilantes, should any such counter-uprising rayage the coal regions.

The ferocity and cohesion of the Molly Maguires had held out against the better element of citizens, the county sheriffs and deputies, the Coal and Iron Police, and even kept Linden and his men at bay. But at last on January 18, 1876, the combustible train which the Pinkerton Agency had so long and dangerously been laying was touched off with overwhelming suddenness.

Two Mollies — Michael J. Doyle and Edward Kelly — were indicted in Mauch Chunk for the slaying of J. P. Jones. Kerrigan, the Tamaqua bodymaster, had attended this killing as a kind of egger-on and graduate manager — which McParland had managed to learn within the very precincts of the Tamaqua division. And then, being placed under arrest — confronted with the proofs of his complicity, Kerrigan elected to turn State's evidence. He was well advised in this; yet his choice of self-preservation was a blow to Molly

solidarity so crushing and complete that leaders as smart as Tack Kehoe refused to believe it.

In the Philadelphia office of the Agency all the members of the brotherhood were listed by county; and these lists—which represented many weeks of McParland's most furtive and subtle efforts—were now released by Allan Pinkerton to be published broadcast in the newspapers of the nation. Molly Maguires, great and small, furious and afraid, read their names and looked about them. The lists could mean only one thing—an enemy on the inside of the supposedly airtight organization. A spy! Knowing all—acquainted with everybody!

One more murder was ventured. The assassins seemed to be traced with incredible ease. Arrested, they prepared to prove the usual alibis. But it did not come off; tremendous evidence had been compiled against the pair; and both, being convicted, were sentenced to hang.

More than two years had elapsed with the Pinkerton operative unsuspected; but the physical strain upon him had been merciless, his eyes were in need of the best medical attention—he was threatened with blindness, and the perils of his cunningly masked emplacement had arrived at a peak. He wrote, urging Franklin to order him arrested; and in that application Linden anxiously concurred. It was the only way, they believed, to galvanize the evil repute of "McKenna"—the one way to enable him to continue his espionage while the unholy order remained to be utterly uprooted.

Yet before this stratagem could be put into effect, Jack Kehoe called a special meeting of denunciation. And Mc-Parland was not invited to attend! Rumors of his true mission had suddenly sprung into circulation. A Reading Railroad conductor submitted his opinion, with detrimental particulars. Doubtless he had seen the detective at some time during his trip to Philadelphia the April preceding. Another

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frantic Molly, Teague McGinly, had collected a hint about one sent by "a man named Pinkerton" and now sneaking around Mauch Chunk. Still another, Martin Dooley, told of a priest who seemed in no doubt of "McKenna's" real profession. Kehoe was in haste to expose a traitor to the endangered men at the top of the brotherhood.

McAndrew, returned from Wilkes-Barre, and still body-master at Shenandoah, with sincere indignation described to McParland the move on foot against him. Kehoe had promised, true, to call a meeting of the bodymasters at Ferguson's Hall in Shenandoah, where the lodge secretary might have a fair chance to defend himself. But McParland saw this as a crude device of his accusers to keep him in the vicinity, pending a decision as to the moment and manner of his death. "For God's sake," a Molly had cried, "have him killed this very night as ever was—or half the countryside'll hang!"

Even as McAndrew and the Pinkerton agent sat debating the latter's plight, there were sentinels coming on post outside, to prevent the escape of a marked man. One of these Mollies entered — a gaunt, black-fisted coal heaver in pit-stained clothes. He carried a handful of snow, letting it fall at McAndrew's feet, where it melted. And this sign was: The time is short and nothing being done!

McAndrew, with a grimace of pretended pain, answered the emissary, "Lord, m' feet are sore—I've got to take off these boots." Which being interpreted explained: Men are not here in sufficient number—I can do nothing—you must postpone the killing.

Whereupon the ruffian bleakly retreated, and McAndrew turned to the one he meant to befriend. "Jim," said he, "there'll be trouble around here if they do kill you, and — maybe — trouble if they don't. I think the time's come for you and me to destroy the books of this lodge." McParland — in an often ice-cold room, working to all hours by

flickering candlelight — had already copied out everything interesting to Allan Pinkerton, and so he was glad now to help the most respectable Molly Maguire he had found in six counties burn whatever there was that might link him, however remotely, with incriminating power.

Heavily armed, like a genuine thug, the detective thereafter made his way in safety to Fenton Cooney's house, where he had lodged ever since the failing health of "Muff" Lawler's wife necessitated a reduction of her housekeeping duties. Two strange members of the clan, Sweeney and Dowling, called upon him early the next morning, solemn and casual, and quick to explain that they were only just in from Scranton. McParland realized that overnight they had been commissioned to get rid of him, for neither had troubled to inform himself that the earliest Scranton train would not yet have arrived.

"'Tis Kehoe himself that sent you!" McParland exclaimed. "Come along, boys — we'll go and see your Mr. Kehoe and have it out with him, what he's holding against Jim Mc-Kenna."

It was a sleigh ride of some distance to Kehoe's home. And — quite unlike our regal gangsters "taken for a ride" in this efficient age — the detective was master of the situation every yard of the way. Kehoe, county delegate and dominant Molly, was just sitting down to a largely liquid breakfast with some of his cronies who had come over to celebrate the removal of the menace they deemed "McKenna" to be. They heard sleigh bells, and those still sober enough crowded to the windows.

McKenna! There was that man, sure enough, getting out of the sleigh, bold as brass, and his two appointed murderers following him raggedly, well soused during the drive with joyous potations of Old Crow.

McParland strolled in, knowing none of them would dare

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shoot him here at the county delegate's very door. "Sure, Kehoe," he cried, "and why is it that you want me life?"

"Because you're a dirty spy, McKenna. Father O'Connor knows all about the likes of you."

"Then, 'tis Father O'Connor I'll have here to prove it—and, by God, I'll go right now m'self and fetch him." And out stamped the inferentially condemned, pursued by his weaving shadows. The sleigh jingled on to the home of the priest; but that worthy and harassed man had gone to Pittston. Whither McParland would straightway have followed him, if such strategic purpose had not failed to impress Dowling and been sagely vetoed by Sweeney. Well, then—he must send a wire to Father O'Connor! Timing himself as perfectly as he could, he proceeded to the railroad station and began laboring head down over a telegraph form till a train—any train—should pull in.

Linden, meanwhile, was out following close on his trail, hoping to come up with him and his companions before it should be too late. He reached the station five minutes ahead of the Scranton local — which was reported on time — and saw McParland in the telegraph office and the two Mollies waiting near by. Suspecting what ruse his colleague intended, he promptly retired to the other end of the platform where his presence might help but not be observed.

The Scranton local was in; and Linden, with revolver handy, got aboard at once. McParland still pored over his telegram. But at last he seemed satisfied with that composition. He flourished the yellow blank. A whistle shrilled, the clumsy hand breaks were released.

"No" — he crumpled the telegram — "'tis m'self should go to see the good father in person — "He swung about, was out on the platform, and sprinting now toward the slowly moving train. He clambered aboard the last car, as the engine snorted and picked up speed. His dumbfounded captors were

perhaps snorting too, but neither one of them was in motion. They gaped and they swore, fumbling to draw weapons they did not dare to use in their surpassingly exposed position.

Thus, James McParland, Pinkerton extraordinary, rode safely away from the scenes of his prolonged and unparalleled masquerade. The wheel stopped spinning; the gambler had risked all he had — and won!

It is true, the detective never entirely regained his health—even though transferred to the beneficial climate of Colorado, and eventually promoted to superintend the Pinkerton office in Denver. But his exploit in detective annals has marched steadily on to fame. Because he was plausible and resolute, audacious—unscrupulous, if you will—the Molly Maguires and the dread of a decade in Pennsylvania were swept away to the limbo of evils that have been.

#### XIX: WORTH AND SHERIDAN

### And the Bidwells' Bank of England Forgeries

THE trials of the brotherhood's ringleaders were as sensational as they had been expected to be. McParland, although originally promised that he would not have to go into court, was asked by Mr. Gowen to lend himself to the securing of certain convictions which could hardly be obtained without his testimony. It seemed inadvisable to let some of the criminals escape penalties which others, no worse than they, were sure to receive; and so the exhausted Pinkerton spy consented to appear as a witness. He stipulated only that he should return to the scenes of investigation in his true rôle of detective. Allan Pinkerton insisted on assigning for his protection Gilchrist and Deacons, two of the Agency's finest marksmen. Wherefore McParland, scarcely to be recognized as the former unkempt roisterer, suffered what he thought to be humiliation in having to walk about Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, and other towns of the coal region with armed guards striding along on either side of him.

There was no attempt made anywhere to molest him. The more virulent of the Molly Maguires were either hiding or already in cells. At the trials, to be sure, the Pinkerton operative was very roughly handled by counsel for the defense. L'Velle, the most aggressive of these heavily handicapped gentlemen, followed the only course open to him in proclaiming that all the murders, rioting and baleful occurrences in that part of Pennsylvania had begun after the induction of "McKenna" into the Molly organization. McParland, he sought to prove, had been nothing less than an agent provocateur. In refuta-

tion of which Franklin Gowen took the stand himself to submit evidence of an avalanche of crimes and oppression that had preceded the date of his employment of the Pinkertons, thereby extinguishing whatever faint prospect of acquittal L'Velle's sullen clients may have had.

The press of the State and the whole country solidly supported the prosecution; indeed, the trials enlisted almost world-wide attention. The American Law Review of January, '77, devoted twenty-eight pages to the legal aspects of the convictions dependent upon McParland's testimony. And only the Irish World, rather blatantly partisan, detected an obscure innocence in the Molly Maguires, assailing Gowen as "head of the coal monopoly" and McParland as a despicable "hired informer." Fortunate it was, said most Pennsylvanians, that Allan Pinkerton had such a man for Gowen to hire.

To understand the involutions and complexities of the Agency's work at this time it is only necessary to recall that, while dosing the Molly brotherhood with their lethal prescription, the Pinkertons were simultaneously engaged in warring upon such prodigious malefactors as Adam Worth and Walter Sheridan, and had lately joined with detectives of Scotland Yard in rounding up a band clever enough to defraud the Bank of England of more than one hundred thousand pounds.

Worth was called, perhaps whimsically, the "emperor of the underworld", but he was also known to four continents as "Little Adam", and no criminal of modern times has ever had so many respectful things said about him by baffled police administrators. Dapper, cultivated, well-dressed and

<sup>1</sup> McCluer Stevens in "Famous Crimes and Criminals" quotes Sir Robert Anderson, who became chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard while Adam Worth was at the height of his career, as having said of him: "He was the Napoleon of the criminal world. None other could hold a candle to him."

affable, Adam, unlike most other New York criminals of his generation, abhorred the idea of employing force. Rarely did he permit himself a weapon of any sort, even when leading some strikingly desperate enterprise. He had a keen mind and a very quick wit. Without resorting to bribery, as Piper did — to scarfpins, or keys designed from mashed potato, like Max Shinburn, he broke the law of many lands for nearly five decades and was never but once restrained or discommoded by the authorities. In his whole career he estimated that he had stolen or otherwise fraudulently gained amounts to the total sum of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. At Scotland Yard this figure was nearly doubled, as several of his mightier depredations were known to have brought in close to one hundred thousand pounds apiece.

Worth grew up in the city of his birth, was a clerk for a time, and then, after the Civil War broke out, a soldier in a New York regiment. When the draft was threatening, and the odious bounty system began to flourish, little Adam put aside his musket long enough to turn a faintly dishonest penny. Expecting to stay in the Union army anyway, he deserted momentarily, reënlisted under another name and pocketed a bounty of five hundred dollars. Yet his record in the field seems to have caused no complaints; it was only at the termination of the conflict he demobilized himself straight into a forty years' war upon society.

Between 1866 and 1870 he was the brains of a gang of professional robbers who levied generously upon banks and business houses. His share alone of the looting of the Boylston Bank of Boston was over one hundred thousand dollars. The Pinkertons were called into this case, and, when they had captured several of his accomplices, heard for the first time the name of Adam Worth. He had escaped with his swag to Europe.

It is said he really anticipated a quietly luxurious retire-

ment, possessing now almost half a million. But little Adam, perhaps more than any other, experienced the disability attaching to all genuine "master minds" of the underworld: they are so few, they have to accept the cooperation or endure the confidence of lesser fry, extravagant, fickle and full of treacherous cunning. Worth, throughout a long, successful life, kept trying to resign his emperor's throne; but former confederates, whom his schemes had enriched, but who had been neither prudent nor thrifty, emerged from jails and blackmailed the little genius, until he was compelled either to set about replenishing his own funds, or submitted to their demands for leadership to save such reserves as he had left. His plagued and exalted majesty even tried buying a splendid yacht and hiding from his acquaintances at sea but to no purpose, for ardent, impoverished followers found him out, and presently had him planning his great South African exploit, the stealing of between seventy and eighty thousand pounds' worth of uncut stones from the Kimberley "diamond mail."

A few months later he performed his London raid upon the Hatton Garden post-office, obtaining another vast treasure in diamonds. Worth had shrewdly refrained from disbursing the Kimberley stones, and he now had precious supply enough to establish an American crook named Wynert in business as a legitimate diamond merchant. It took Wynert less than a year and a half to dispose of the product of the two celebrated thefts. And it is said that at Worth's suggestion he resold most of the fine stones to the very merchants to whom they had originally been consigned.

Being fond of his immunity and determined at all costs to preserve it, Worth dwelt in terror of some petty accomplice turning King's evidence and landing him, to the great pride and relief of numbers of police, in an English prison. Bullard, an American criminal who had been with him in the Boylston

Bank days, came along and extracted ten thousand pounds, with which he settled in Paris as Charles H. Wells and opened his lavishly fitted and well-remembered American Bar in the Rue Scribe. Worth spent a fortune arranging the release of the forgers — Chapman, Becker and Elliott — from a Turkish prison in Smyrna. They hurried gratefully to London to hail their deliverer, who had by this time pretty well abandoned his hopes of ever resting on illicit laurels; but before long the three American law-breakers had fallen into the capable hands of Scotland Yard detectives.

Worth tried bribery again, even though aware of the differing official temperaments of England and Asia Minor. He then thought to save his threatful friends by committing a crime which seems to have no parallel in the boldest traditions of the underworld. It was May, 1876; and hanging in the art gallery of Messrs. Agnew and Company in Bond Street was the celebrated Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire. Worth — with the aid of one stalwart, Phillips, who supported him until he could grasp the stone coping and so make his way upward to a second-story window — entered the gallery about midnight. Locating the painting by means of a bull's-eye lantern, he deftly cut it from its frame, rolled it up and enclosed it in a metallic cylinder, where it was to remain for many a day.

He counted upon the theft to provide him a gilt-edge ransom for his incarcerated friends. The portrait was then valued at ten thousand pounds, and a reward of a tenth of that sum was immediately offered for its safe return. The despoiled art dealers cared little about the arrest of the culprit; their sole anxiety was for the painting's ultimate recovery in undamaged condition. A cable to the accomplished Mr. Pinkerton retained his organization to that end, and so began the international duel between Worth and the Agency that only reached a settlement in 1901, seventeen years after

Allan Pinkerton's death, and six years before Worth's. In all that time Gainsborough's masterpiece never left its casing; and when Moreland Agnew finally journeyed to Chicago to receive it from William A. Pinkerton, it came forth with all its finish and beauty miraculously unimpaired.

Meanwhile, Worth had found that, though it did not save Chapman, Becker and Elliot from their just due, it could be a marvellous preservative of his own well being. The police kept watch upon him, Pinkerton agents never ceased pursuing him, but nothing was done to drive him to desperation, as he had let it leak out that the picture would be at once destroyed if grave annoyances pitted his path. Guileful traps, laid by Allan Pinkerton and later by his sons, were expected to catch little Adam on one of many occasions when he was believed to have the Gainsborough in his possession. But by repeatedly darting off into countries from which he could not be extradited, Worth avoided arrest and escaped every snare to the end of the twenty-five years, whereat he yielded to friendly negotiation.

Pat Sheedy, a gambler of great notoriety who had long been intimate with him, acted for the Agency. What sum of money figured in the transaction the excessively reticent William Pinkerton kept secret, even from his associates of the Chicago headquarters. Worth, confident of the spell his cylinder cast, had come to Chicago in no fear of detention. He was now much less active and affluent than of former years; probably he hoped to invite an offer from the Pinkertons. But it is a mistake too often repeated by moralizing commentators to say that little Adam died in poverty, "a helpless, hopeless, hunted old wretch", or with "the golden apple of his stolen prosperity crumbled to dust in his hands." He did unquestionably sustain heavy losses and encounter many troublesome moments; not so much because there were Pinkertons or police in the world — for they added challenge and

zest — but because there were other American criminals swarming in Europe, forever appealing to his generosity in tones very close to a command. He was hunted somewhere, at least theoretically, almost every day for forty-two years — and, naturally, he grew old; but his successes outmarched the more plausible fancies of fiction; and when his will was probated in London in the autumn of 1907, it disclosed that an estate worth twenty-three thousand pounds had survived both him and his friends.

Walter Sheridan in his day was conceded to be America's most prepossessing criminal. He was as handsome, some said, as Harry Montague, matinée idol extraordinary; yet it took the Pinkertons three years to get his photograph. He began his variations from rectitude in St. Louis in '58, there stealing a horse. After which he worked his way up through every grade of crime, until he stood at the top of the swindling fraternity. Sheridan's takings from a life work not uninterrupted by arrests cannot have fallen far below the prodigious booty of Adam Worth. When in '76 Robert Pinkerton brought him into court for the last time, there were eighty-four separate indictments for forgery standing against him in the State of New York alone.

He was first convicted in Illinois as an hotel thief, and spent three years in the old Alton penitentiary, where a large membership had been proposed and seconded by Allan Pinkerton or his men up to that year of '61. He was a bank robber six years afterward, worth seventy-five thousand dollars; and being caught again in Illinois, posted seven thousand dollars bail and promptly forfeited it. The prosecuting attorney said he would spend that precise sum to bring about Sheridan's recapture. William A. Pinkerton took charge at his father's suggestion, and began watching the brother of a robber named Hicks, who had been Sheridan's partner,

but was now on reserve behind the stout new bars of Joliet prison. Sheridan, the detective believed, was communicating with the hapless Hicks through this brother who frequently went to visit him at Joliet. Hicks, the brother, was followed to Hudson, Michigan. He stopped at the best hotel in town; and there Big Bill stopped also, presently learning that the place was owned by Sheridan himself, and managed by his brother-in-law. The criminal's picture he found framed on the wall of the manager's office; and Allan's son, who mainly served the law, broke it forthwith to gain that invaluable contribution to the Agency's next bulletin.

Sheridan seems thereafter to have been traced rather easily. He was arrested in Sandusky, Ohio, and while being escorted to Chicago, tried to persuade the passengers on the train that he had been kidnaped. These two men — William Pinkerton and another Agency operative — were his kidnapers! This ruse failing, he offered the secondary Pinkerton ten thousand dollars to permit him to jump, hand-cuffed though he was, from a car window. And so Big Bill spent the rest of the journey watching two travelers.

Sheridan had yet other attempts to make in avoiding Joliet. At the Chicago headquarters he was questioned by Allan Pinkerton and his son, and being for a moment left alone, reached out instantly to pick up Allan's snuff-box that lay upon his desk. William, reëntering, was prudent enough to draw his revolver; whereat Sheridan, with the manner of a French marquis, merely took a pinch of snuff and replaced the box, observing — "Billy, this snuff of your father's is a damned fine article!"

"For the eyes?"

"Eyes or nose," said Sheridan, gaily. "Though I am sorry to say the noes have it this time!"

They couldn't put a man like that in a cell at Joliet. Sheridan proceeded to spend twenty thousand dollars in fighting

his case, secured postponement of his trial by one legal technicality after another till a year had elapsed, obtained a change of venue to the city of Decatur, and there, hiring the best lawyers — and, according to Mr. Pinkerton, a dominant fraction of the jury — was acquitted.

Taking up his career at more distant points, the handsome robber prospered and had a leading part in a daring new series of bank burglaries. In view of these crimes and others already considered - not to speak of financial events like George Leslie's raid upon the Manhattan Savings Institution of New York where all of \$2,747,000 was bulkily carried off - one marvels at the persistent solvency of the American Commonwealth. Perhaps the wilv Sheridan wondered about it at the time, for we next hear of him proposing the great Bank of England forgeries to his partners, Wilkes, Gleason and Andrew J. Roberts, and to McDonald and the brothers Bidwell - who were to conduct the British end of the huge undertaking. A bit more study of his creation told Sheridan that the scheme itself was practically perfect, but that his arrangements were not; for McDonald and the Bidwells seemed to be incapable of caution, were, in fact, addicted to bragging about their immediate plans to very available types of women, with whom all three habitually consorted. Sheridan, therefore, left the Bank of England intact and resumed the swindling of his fellow countrymen. And it is one of the pleasant ironies of this record that his judgment of his colleagues could be so acute. When they came to be sentenced to prison for life, it was due substantially to the very incautious failings he had spotted in them.

Sheridan and his other allies could muster such resources of money and criminal intelligence there was no fraud too grandiose for their undertaking. He reorganized his troupe, bringing together a clandestine firm that, besides himself, Roberts and Gleason, included Pettis, Spence and the astound-

ing Gottlieb Engels — the last a forger whose skill, if possible, equalled Piper's, though he lacked that master's singular poise and imagination — and very painstakingly they began to prepare the most gigantic series of forgeries ever known to America. Five million dollars' worth of fraudulent bonds were ultimately issued, designed to represent those of the foremost corporations of the country, and so faultlessly executed that when they came into the market, they brought black ruin upon many Wall Street brokers and scores of private investors as well.

Because of the low price asked for some of the bonds, made out as of issue from the Buffalo and Erie Railroad, they were submitted by a wary shareholder to the president of that road. "Are they genuine?" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear sir, of course they're genuine. And a surprising bargain at that figure." He asked the name of the seller — whose sudden necessity had instigated this sacrificial price — and from him promptly bought thirty thousand dollars' worth for his private account.

Sheridan must have profited enormously, for the next game he elected to play was an expensive and nearly honest one. Claiming to be the nephew of Ralston, a San Francisco banker who had lost his fortune and committed suicide, the criminal settled down at Number 60 Broadway, established an "A-a" credit rating, became a member of the New York Stock Exchange, as well as carrying on a successful business as agent for the Belgian Stone Company, dealing in granite and many kinds of fancy marble. But with the eventual discovery of the bond forgeries, he had to realize quickly on his assets and make all possible speed to Belgium. There William A. Pinkerton, abroad in pursuit of another criminal, encountered him, living like a prince in Brussels, and certain he would never return to America.

Yet return he did, as Walter A. Stewart, and in Denver

was well and favorably known as an upright business man until gambling in the wildest sort of mining stocks swept away every dollar he had in the world. The Pinkertons somehow had discovered an interest in Stewart, and after a while identified him as Walter Sheridan. He was shadowed; and it was found out he planned to move East, doubtless to renew his old contacts and inaugurate some blazing project wholly abhorrent to the law. As he stepped from a Pennsylvania Railroad ferryboat at Desbrosses Street, Robert Pinkerton touched him on the arm. The detective had a bench warrant. Sheridan offered no resistance. His lack of funds made even his legal defense much less astute than the Agency heads, who remembered that trial at Decatur, had anticipated. And despite the mass of indictments against him, because of his obviously failing health, his sentence was comparatively light - five years in Sing Sing.

While awaiting arraignment on the day of his trial, the old-time Sheridan emerged in a characteristic action. He was detained with other prisoners and learned that he was to be confronted and identified by a number of his victims. Whereat he exchanged apparel with one of the meanest-looking criminals, giving up his smartly cut garments for the worst to be had. Thus altered in appearance, upon being called into court his own attorney scarcely knew him; and many of the prosecutor's witnesses failed to recognize the ingratiating swindler. Perhaps even his "failing health" was in part, at least, a sartorial effect.

The brothers, George and Austin Bidwell, were never really dangerous except to themselves, and, were it not for their leading part in one complicated international exploit, they would scarcely be admitted to a roll call ranging from Piper the "invincible", to Sheridan and "Emperor" Adam Worth. At twenty Austin Bidwell had been a successful stock broker.

Misguided speculations turned the tide against him; and when approached by thieves with stolen bonds they desired to get rid of, he consented to travel abroad for a short time and negotiate the certificates, and retained for himself ten thousand dollars out of this first illegal transaction. Thereafter he and his brother played with the idea of being demigods in the uppermost underworld; but they had ahead of them — as Sheridan clearly foresaw — a great burden of grief certain to emanate from their own foolhardy behavior.

At length they found their American incomes deficient and set out together to prey upon Europe. Following Sheridan's abandonment of his plan to impose forged paper on the Bank of England, Austin Bidwell took it up as his own innovation. Besides his brother and the clever swindler, McDonald, a young man by the name of Noyes—half dupe, half lackey—had later to be enlisted to make all the more hazardous public appearances. Austin Bidwell flourished about London as Mr. F. A. Warren, an overcapitalized parvenu from the United States; and so congenial was this rôle, for a time he believed it himself, and when the moment came to lay it aside did so with keenest regret.

All these preliminaries were usual enough. The Bidwell variation discarded Sheridan's idea of a transatlantic connection and proposed arranging the coup exclusively from London and the Continent. The resplendent F. A. Warren first impressed himself upon a smart tailor, ordering an entire new outfit to the value of four hundred pounds. Pausing at the tailor's establishment when allegedly bound for Ireland to visit a lord, Warren asked to have about four thousand pounds put into a safe place until he returned, as he would not require so much cash during a short absence from the city. Naturally the tailor dodged that sort of responsibility, but suggested banking the money—and provided an

introduction to his bank, the impregnable Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

So far so good, and with his brother George and McDonald on the Continent steadily remitting him large sums, Bidwell as Warren inevitably impressed the bank officials as a man of great wealth and commercial consequence. He crossed to Paris himself, but immediately wrote the bank, asking advice upon certain bonds. He inclosed a cheque for ten thousand pounds to cover their purchase, selling the bonds again as soon as they were delivered to him, and redepositing the proceeds. Not many weeks of this incessant banking accustomed the London institution to the activity of Warren's account. The next step was to buy a series of genuine acceptances, to keep on buying until the bank grew equally accustomed to the American's dealing in that sort of paper; and then the crisis of the conspiracy - the negotiation of the first of the carefully forged acceptances, which, as a kind of promissory note due from three to six months in advance, were not expected to be easily detectable.

Hoping to make absolutely certain of safety, it had been arranged that Austin Bidwell as Warren should leave England three or four days before the first forgeries were presented, with all subsequent operations to be carried on by Noyes, whom Warren had introduced at the Bank of England as his confidential clerk. Austin, however, to assure his affairs the utmost complexity, was married in Paris to an English girl who had no suspicion of his criminal career, and then started with her on a honeymoon to Cuba and Mexico, taking with him thirty thousand pounds from the earliest proceeds of the fraudulent operations.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell — for "Warren" was now extinct — arrived in Havana and were greatly enjoying themselves when Austin happened to see a newspaper head-

line "Amazing Fraud Upon the Bank of England!" Well, even if the secret had come out unexpectedly, what had any one but "F. A. Warren" — or Noyes — to fear? A fortnight sped by no less happily. The Bidwells, to repay their many social obligations, were entertaining a large company at dinner in the house they had taken near Havana, when the doors swung open suddenly and a file of Spanish soldiers marched in. They were accompanied by a civilian, an American, who walked over to the host and placed a hand upon his shoulder. "Austin Bidwell," he said, "I arrest you on a warrant issued by the Captain-General. I am Detective Curtin of the Pinkerton force."

The eventful processes of detection that swept both the Bidwells and McDonald so quickly into the net began in this wise. On the second day after Austin Bidwell left England to be married in Paris, his fellow conspirators started to discount the forged acceptances, and the tellers at the Bank of England unhesitatingly passed and paid out money on the fraudulent paper. About £102,000 had been realized, with a million in prospect before the three to six months' period of expiration should expose the cheat, when a very minor, easily avoided oversight wrecked the whole affair. The date was left off one of the forged notes, which omission, being promptly observed at the bank, caused the paper to be returned to its ostensible maker to have the error corrected. Forgery was at once discovered.

When Noyes, the "confidential clerk", called at the bank next day to present a cheque for payment, he was arrested. George Bidwell and McDonald, waiting outside to keep an eye on Noyes and the cash, saw their accomplice suddenly seized and took to their heels. Noyes swore he was only the dupe of a clever sharper whose right name he did not even know. The police had no clues but the one captive, who

stuck to his story. The Pinkertons were then called upon to help trace the missing F. A. Warren.

There would come a time when the Agency specialized in bank protection, in holding at bay all the cleverest criminals whose preference for despoiling such institutions had been marked. "You let our people alone," William A. Pinkerton made a habit of saying to them, "and we'll leave you alone. If you don't, we will follow you to the ends of the earth." And helping him to make good this tourist threat were the new and effectively operative international treaties of extradition, so largely instigated by his father, his brother Robert, and himself.

Nowadays a fleeing rascal can hardly find a desert island which is not blanketed by governmental understandings. But before 1890, securing the person of a fugitive who had landed on foreign soil depended upon the luck and resolution of the pursuing detective, and the possible complaisance of local authorities. When the unbeatable Frank Froest of Scotland Yard cornered Jabez Balfour in the Argentine, he had no treaties to depend upon, and so got the notorious swindler aboard a car attached to a locomotive, which traveled at full speed to Buenos Aires, where, despite efforts to stop him, he managed to put Balfour on a ship bound for England. And Pinkerton agents, even though wanting government sanction, brought back evil-doers from Asia, Africa and the South Sea Isles, with often an equally informal decisiveness.

The Bank of England forgeries case was perhaps doubly distinguished because of the dispute that arose in an instance of this kind—the treaty-less extraditing of Austin Bidwell from Cuba. Working for so famous a client, the Agency's greatest drive had been launched, Robert Pinkerton and half a dozen of his shrewdest men going to London, while Big Bill with Curtin, as keen an operative as any old Allan had ever trained, remained alertly active in New York. In London

it was learned that Noyes had been seen several times with a man answering McDonald's strikingly individual description; and a careful investigation of fashionable hotels and lodgings was begun. Apartments recently occupied by McDonald were thus located and searched. In a waste-paper basket was a torn fragment of blotter holding the faint, reversed impression of this legend:

Ten thousand pounds — F. A. Warren.

Compared with one of Warren's cheques, the writing proved to be identical. Warren, then, had formerly made out a cheque of his here in McDonald's quarters. A description of McDonald, being spread broadcast, brought news that he had been in Brussels — and then set sail for New York. When the steamer *Thuringia* docked there police and Pinkerton agents were waiting to grab the returning tourist. Similarly, through his mingled weakness for loose talk and loose women, George Bidwell was traced to an otherwise impenetrable haven in Ireland. Curtin and Big Bill Pinkerton were devoting themselves to the probable identity of the flamboyant Warren.

He was an American, and, they reasoned, because of his evident familiarity with the ways of high finance, must have come from one of the largest cities — first guess, New York, with Wall Street the most likely training ground. Day after day Curtin methodically made the round of brokers' offices, gathering a list of young men who might possibly have been involved in such a crime. When he had twenty names, he revised the list, reducing it to four good prospects. "Austin Bidwell" — B — happened to stand at the top. Gathering minute information of each of the quartette, he heard it said of Bidwell that he had made an earlier trip abroad and, on his return, seemed to be suddenly flush with money. Here, thought Curtin, was his long-sought Warren.

A former acquaintance of Bidwell's dropped the casual remark that Austin had frequently declared he meant to settle in the tropics whenever his finances became secure. Curtin took the next train South, pausing on the east coast of Florida to communicate with American consuls all over the West Indies, requesting in behalf of the Agency names of any wealthy young Americans lately visiting the cities in which they were stationed. From Havana came back the four words: Austin Bidwell and wife. Curtin took ship to Havana.

Mr. Delane's Times of May 28th, 1873, had this to announce:

Among the passengers who landed at Plymouth yesterday afternoon, from the Royal Mail Company's steamship Moselle, were Austin Bidwell alias Warren, in charge of detective Sergeants Michael Hayden and William Green, of the city police, and Mr. Curtin, private detective (of Mr. Pinkerton's staff, from Chicago.)

On April 10th the Times had carried this dispatch from Havana:

The British Consul continues to counteract the efforts that are being made to prevent the extradition of Bidwell.

And regarding the forces opposing Austin Bidwell's extradition, a further dispatch read:

Generals Portello and Renegassi have been relieved of their posts and are ordered to return to Spain.

The Bidwell brothers, who spelled endorsed with a "c" and had been near to imprisonment because of that phonetic frailty at Montevideo, in '72, were gifted in stirring up unusual commotions, all of which exaggerated their criminal importance and their rather naive sympathy for each other.

The struggle over Austin's extradition from Cuba took on an acute political aspect in that disturbed colony. The Pinkertons wished to conduct him from Havana to London via New York. There were contrary-minded Spanish officials who seemed to feel that one with close to thirty thousand pounds still in his possession might be profitably detained in the Cuban capital. And the ultimate ruling of the colonial administration was but a recoil of the recent affair of the Virginius; to spite filibustering Americanos, Bidwell was tossed to the police detectives sent out from England.

The sensational brothers and McDonald, being charged and convicted with the sure dispatch of the British criminal courts, were crushingly rebuked with sentences of life imprisonment. However, in a very few years there began a movement sympathetic to the Americans' appeals for a reprieve. Liberated first, George hurried to America to publish a book which he called "Forging His Own Chains: the Wonderful Life-Story of George Bidwell", and which turned out to be strongly prejudiced in favor of the right to rob Englishmen without suffering for it in England's stricter penal institutions. And George's memoirs were to have a curious likeness to Austin's, issued some years later. Each brother in his cell had a pet mouse that played dead, and each a jealous pet rat intent on adding realism to the mouse's imitation of rigor mortis; which seems a peculiar coincidence, unless such tricks were an hereditary tendency of British prison vermin.

George Bidwell, lecturing and hawking his book across the continent, pleaded for his brother's release in terms of anti-English agitation, as though Austin, McDonald and himself had been political prisoners. None the less, their penalties were admittedly excessive; and each deserved relief when it came. John Bright, subscribing to a petition for clemency after Austin Bidwell had served eighteen years, wrote — "A life sentence on a young man twenty-five years of age for

an offense against property, seems to me very harsh and inconsistent with the better feeling prevailing in our time."

Austin entitled his book — "From Wall Street to Newgate via the Primrose Way."

#### XX: THE BAFFLING CASE OF "A. B."

### An Advertisement That Helped to Solve a Crime

ALLAN PINKERTON'S work in the Adams Express and other early cases suggests that he never allowed one operative to attend to any part of an investigation which might be divided among two or more. This may have been a characteristic inherent in the per diem bookkeeping of the Agency; but it is more amiable to suppose he was then learning a new trade, and while perfecting his methods, could afford to take no chances. After James McParland's sweeping victory over the Molly Maguires, there began a perceptible trend away from the old web and network system that had eleven investigators at one time deciphering the guilt of Nathan Maroney. Pinkerton agents, more independently assigned, were made responsible for a specific process of detection, living with their suspicions until they could translate them into evidence strong enough to warrant an arrest and to stand the withering fire of defending counsel in court.

The Agency's manner of handling the Bohner murder mystery and arriving at a right solution would have delighted that renowned student of crime and criminal investigation, Doctor Hans Gross; it might even have impressed the slightly omnipotent Sherlock Holmes, Esq. So well informed a contemporary judge of detective methods as George Dilnot has pronounced it a brilliant example of Pinkerton work at its best.<sup>1</sup>

In the village of Edgewood, New York, on a quiet Sunday morning, the body of a man had been found, to the great

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Dilnot, "Great Detectives and Their Methods."

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horror and excitement of all available inhabitants. Church attendance that day was uncommonly slim, for murder had been aprowl in the community, and mystery of a dark and glamorous sort remained. The murdered young man had been viciously beaten with a barrel stave which was found lying near the body. Then, evidently when insensible, he had been stabbed to death with one deft stroke just below the heart. He had been stripped down to his underclothes; there was none in the curiously morbid crowd that rumors had hurried to the scene who could identify him; and, discrediting all easy theories of robbery as a motive, thirty-five dollars were discovered in a pocket of the undershirt.

One other thing — besides the "blunt instrument" used to strike him down — was found near the body, a battered old felt hat. The Edgewoodian constable and other local and county authorities gathered to investigate; but nothing came of this save that half a dozen luckless tramps who chanced to be in the vicinity were rounded up and treated pretty roughly. Then certain residents of the village blessed both with public spirit and private means decided to support an expert inquiry, and, as an informal committee, asked the Pinkertons to conduct it.

Superintendent Bangs, after viewing the body, decided that the murderer's victim was of German nationality. He gambled upon this potential clue and inserted a personal advertisement in several of the German language newspapers. An actual clue was the not tremendously informative "A. B." he had noticed woven into the shirt worn by the "German"; and so, without revealing the cruel fate of young "A. B." the detective described him graphically, asking prompt communication from any readers who recognized the description and initials as applying to some one they had known. An innocent appearing New York hotel address was given, since the killer might also read the German papers, and must not be

warned that the Pinkertons were taking up his almost imperceptible trail.

Bangs' advertising brought him only one reply, but that one sufficed — for by it he was enabled to meet and escort to Edgewood a man who positively identified the murdered young man as Adolph Bohner, an artist come from Strassburg but a few months before. He had not been in America long enough to establish those contacts so enormously helpful to the investigator. However, his room could be searched, which Bangs now did, finding something of sterling worth — a methodically kept little diary, wherein one of the last lines ever to be written by Bohner proclaimed: "To-morrow will go to Edgewood to meet August Franssen. He promises to pay me back the money he owes."

Here at last was that elusive essential called motive. Unknown in Edgewood, and scarcely known anywhere in America, Bohner could have taken a prize as the man least likely to be murdered in New York State that season. Yet he had been well enough acquainted with one person to lend him money. And this debtor, Franssen, had presumably picked Edgewood for their rendezvous because of his knowledge that he could not repay Bohner, and might quarrel with him upon failing to do so. Franssen had come to a lonely spot prepared for trouble, bearing a knife — mayhap premeditating murder. Once he were found, it should be possible to detect that also.

A Pinkerton agent, Brockman, operating in and around Edgewood as an alleged house painter, was instructed to make immediate inquiries throughout that region concerning August Franssen. His reply came back that, though questioning scores, he had found nobody who could recall ever having heard the name before.

The celebrated long reach of the Pinkerton organization fared much better in Europe. In tracing the dead man, the

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suspect also was traced; for Franssen, like Bohner, had come from the famous city of Alsace — with which point all similarities ended. Acquainted from childhood, but never intimate friends, they had pretty steadily demonstrated the difference between talent and no talent, between laziness and industry. Bohner seemed to show great promise as an artist. Franssen, a shoemaker by trade, concentrated his few abilities upon getting out of work and into trouble.

The report sent from Strassburg by the Agency's European representative added something to the homicidal motive of August Franssen, since even there his interests had clashed with Bohner's. Both had cared for the same girl. But Franssen she had rejected; it was the steady, ambitious Bohner she preferred. And soon after learning this gladsome decision, the artist had set out for the New World, hoping to earn money enough to support a bride. Franssen, disgusted with such poor local appreciation as he had found all his life, had stolen a considerable sum from his father and taken passage — no doubt to Bohner's amazement — upon the same vessel carrying his successful rival to New York.

Here again the neat pen of the dead man bore witness, for in the diary were traces of the intimacy circumstance had forced upon the two after landing, alien, unacquainted and alone. With so little in common at Strassburg, they found they had Strassburg in common in the strange teeming life of New York. But Bohner's diary disclosed, as though he had lived to swear to it, that the shoemaker had been a shiftless, dependent companion. The thrifty young artist and husband-to-be, saving every cent he could, had helped Franssen financially a score of times, with never a dollar passing in repayment. The diary at last announced: "Told August Franssen to-day I had lent him all I could afford."

Bangs sent for Mendelsohn, an operative not only of German birth, but, happily, also acquainted with the craft of

making shoes. "Find Franssen," said the superintendent, after explaining all details of the case. "When you have located him, report back to me."

Mendelsohn began visiting boot-and-shoe manufacturing plants, until finally he came upon a loquacious foreman who recalled very well having had to discharge that good-fornothing August Franssen about three months before. The detective kept on, tracing the suspect to a previously favored saloon. But he hadn't been seen there in weeks; he was in debt to the proprietor. Mendelsohn spoke to steadier customers who remembered Franssen well, had talked to him since the date of the death of Adolph Bohner. He learned something, too, about a girl Franssen had gone to see rather frequently. When the Pinkerton agent commenced trying to find her, he again drew a blank. She had removed to a farm in the country. However, there was nothing furtive about it; and Mendelsohn soon knew what farmhouse he must seek to continue his quest in her direction.

Representing himself as an old friend who had heard of a bootmaking job the always luckless August might be enabled to fill, Mendelsohn eventually interviewed the girl who knew Franssen. But she and the German were no longer the friends they once had been; and the detective learned further, to his immense disgust, that Franssen had come to the farm but an hour before and been packed off again not many minutes later. "It's a wonder you didn't meet Gus on the station road," she observed.

Mendelsohn realized he *had* passed Franssen, and had even spoken to him, inquiring the right direction at the fork just on ahead. Yet he now, at least, knew his suspect by sight. And the girl confided one opinion of import: Gus was spending too much of his time at a beer saloon in Forsyth Street. When Mendelsohn had been patronizing that saloon for upward of

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a week, Franssen walked in. The detective recognized him immediately; while no sign of his recollecting their one brief encounter showed in Franssen's sullen countenance. Shadowing him to the shoe factory where he lately had gone to work, Mendelsohn, after consulting with Mr. Bangs, applied there also and was engaged. And so began once again the cultivating of a suspect, the buying of drinks and playing the boon companion, until Franssen regarded the Agency operative as the only true friend he had in the world.

Mendelsohn heard an acquaintance ask Franssen — "What have you done with that I sold you, Gus?" And the suspect replied — "Oh, I changed it for this." Next day Mendelsohn wore the hat found close to Bohner's body, and casually sought out the man who had sold Franssen a hat. "So you're the fellow Gus stuck with my old hat," that worthy chuckled, when he noticed it. He vowed he would know the one Mendelsohn wore among a million; and as a direct result of this discussion came the subsequent proof that Franssen now wore a hat which had belonged to Bohner.

Brockman, the Pinkerton house painter at Edgewood, was sweeping up some precious small details. He located a cobbler in a neighboring village for whom August Franssen—calling himself "Wagner"—had worked ten days, beginning about forty-eight hours before the murder had been discovered. Brockman found the cobbler's wife a chatty soul. One conversation in particular she recalled having had with young "Wagner" indicated clearly that he had spoken to her of a murdered man being found a good while before any news of the actual discovery could have reached him. "Gosh, folks get queer warnings of things, don't they?" Brockman observed. And the wife of the cobbler agreed with him, but added—"as I remember it now, he didn't seem to have had any sort of dream or presentiment. He just told it like something he'd seen in the morning paper. And since Wagner left

us, I've often wondered how a whole hour in advance he could feel so sure."

Brockman followed this rich vein even further. The cobbler's home was ornamented with a pretty servant girl, who made the engaging of successive young cobbler's helpers a somewhat easier task than the isolation of the village would otherwise have warranted. The curiously well informed "Wagner" had been so interested in the girl that, upon making his sudden exit — two days after the published identification of Bohner's body — he had been unable to resist giving her a gift. A well-worn pair of man's buckskin gloves, with the initials "A. B." traced in India ink on the inside of each!

The detective even concluded his researches in the neighborhood by dining at the small inn near Edgewood where, it was remembered, a nervous-appearing young man calling himself a shoemaker had been served a late supper on the Saturday night of Adolph Bohner's disappearance. But it was left for Mendelsohn to bring out the last indisputable strand of this nicely ordered skein of proofs. Franssen had come to the conclusion that both health and happiness might improve for him if he were to travel west, but, of course, he lacked money enough to pay his fare a quarter of the way. Asked for a loan, Mendelsohn seemed to consider it favorably and start taking stock of his immediate resources. Franssen, overeager to collect, blurted out an offer to sell him a pawn ticket for a man's suit of clothes. The detective grew even more receptive, but said he would not pay for the clothing until he saw how near it came to fitting him. "Why, say, it's just your size," Franssen protested. "Here, take this - see for yourself. I can trust you." He handed over the ticket; and Mendelsohn promised him the five dollars, possibly the loan in addition, if the suit came forth as represented.

George Bangs went with Mendelsohn to redeem that suit; and they hurried with it to the acquaintance of Bohner's —

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who now did not hesitate to declare it had belonged to the slain artist. Franssen's number was up. Mendelsohn returned to pay him as agreed; and they spent half the night with beer and Franssen's sketchy tourist program.

Promptly at ten o'clock next morning the Pinkerton operative arrived at the Erie Railroad ferry. Here August Franssen had arranged to meet him and say a final farewell. But where was Franssen? It grew later - five after, ten after ten; and still the traveler was missing. Other conspicuous absentees were Superintendent Bangs and whatever subordinates he might care to assemble, after reading Mendelsohn's note telling what early train Franssen had chosen.

At 10:15 the detective saw Franssen hurrying across West Street, carrying an awkward immigrant bundle. He had overslept, he gasped - he was breathless from running and anxious to board the ferryboat immediately. "Plenty of time yet, Gus - don't make me feel you're glad to skip away from me," said Mendelsohn, playing out his hateful part to the end. And he continued talking in that sentimental strain till he caught a changed expression - sly, almost squinting - about the other's eyes. After weeks of the most subtle work he had finally aroused the murderer's suspicion.

"Come along now," Franssen said, "if you're so eager about keeping with me. I know I'm in debt to you. It'll only cost you a few cents more, though, to take the ferry."

They started moving toward the gate, Mendelsohn lifting his feet as if each weighed a hundred pounds. He was more than slow, he was glacial. And he went out of his way to collide with women and children, all hurrying for trains, and upon each expended a few more precious seconds of that intervening agony of time, begging pardons and acting the effusively apologetic. "For God's sake -- " snarled Franssen, who had slain a far more inoffensive creditor.

"Just a moment, Gus - " Pushing eagerly through the

throng in the ferryhouse, Mendelsohn had discovered three men, Bangs, Brockman, and another operative. Franssen, irritably hugging his bundle, stood not five feet away from the gate; overhead a moaning whistle sounded his impending departure; then a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. A stern voice made him jump. Arrested! "— for the murder of Adolph Bohner!"

Franssen cried out in terrible fear, as if beside the stalwart Mr. Bangs he had seen the slighter form of the artist, a specter, but real and fateful to him. He let the bundle slip from his grasp, swung round, twisting and trying to break away. But he was firmly held and then he was handcuffed.

The customary reluctance of American juries to find verdicts of first-degree homicide, where the evidence is strictly circumstantial, saved Franssen from capital punishment. He never was made to confess, and so was let off with a long term of imprisonment; though what more convincing proofs of premeditated murder could be submitted by a detective force, all twelve of the jurors at Franssen's trial unfortunately neglected to state.

#### XXI: HOMESTEAD

#### The Founder's Sons In Charge of the Agency

THE most famous detective in America had suffered a slight paralytic stroke in 1869, and thereafter resigned to others his part in the actual work of investigation, detection, or pursuit of criminals. It was anything but retirement, however; his career had thrust upon him all the requests and obligations of a man of international note; and he continued his keen oversight of the business of all branches of the Agency with no regard for symptoms of broken health. It would also appear that, still proud of his great capacity for work, Allan Pinkerton imposed on himself a fearful amount of remembering to attend to, and either wrote or dictated the last of his years away.

Most of his cherished personal records had been lost in the Chicago fire of '71, a lamentable happening for anybody, but singularly unkind to one who was to publish reminiscent stories and anecdotes to the extent of eighteen volumes, each from five to seven hundred pages in length. These obese books, comprising not less than two and three-quarter million words, were issued in rapid succession by the New York house of G. W. Carleton & Company, and were entitled:

The Gypsies and the Detectives
A Double Life and the Detectives
Bucholz and the Detectives
Claude Melnotte as a Detective
The Spiritualists and the Detectives

\$\times 299 \times 299 \times 100

The Mississippi Outlaws and the Detectives Strikers, Communists, Tramps, and Detectives The Spy of the Rebellion
The Bank-Robbers and the Detectives
The Rail-road Forger and the Detectives
Criminal Reminiscences and Detective Sketches
The Expressman and the Detectives
The Somnambulist and the Detectives
The Model Town and the Detectives
The Burglar's Fate and the Detectives
The Molly Maguires and the Detectives
Professional Thieves and the Detectives
Thirty Years a Detective

The author, it will be seen, was inclined neither to shun advertisement nor neglect those with whom he had spent his life—detectives. Whether records or memoirs, the volumes are still as fascinating to sweep through as the stately diction of their time and an often massive literalness permits them to be.

Yet Mr. Pinkerton, shorn of his earlier files, could also be fanciful. It is seldom possible to catch him far astray on dates, methods, or public accomplishments, but names and places of event before 1871 seem often to have been chosen by lot. When bored with too much repetition of suspecting, the head of the Agency begins to "distinguish the flavor of a very large mouse." Nearly all people interested him, and describing them he is as incisive as a surgeon, as intimate as a practiced masseur. Though a tired out and already wealthy man, he found literary composition to his taste and grew so prolific that it influenced his sons, when their turn came, to restrict themselves to occasional fifty-word interviews upon topics unrelated if possible to the privacy of their business. However, his books appeared to justify the labor they cost him, for they sold like novels; all eighteen of them were being reissued in a popular new uniform edition at the time of his death.

#### HOMESTEAD

As one of Glasgow's celebrated sons, Allan Pinkerton was warmly received in that city upon returning to visit his native land. The young Chartist fugitive had been invested overseas at a high rate of interest; and, after he had discerned his own glamor and the sincerity of his welcome home, he declared Scotland a second dividend of him, and even was planning to take his financial success and world renown touring to Glasgow a third time, when another stroke of paralysis proved fatal. He died July 1, 1884, and is buried in Graceland Cemetery at Chicago.

The estate that he left was appraised at half a million dollars, which was an enormous increment over that original twentyfive cent piece; yet, in consideration of his opportunities, he had remained a comparatively poor man. At a time when expansion and corruption were mingled so generally that it was hardly possible to tell them apart, Allan Pinkerton had in hand a powerful instrument he had made himself and might use for good or ill. The recognized effectiveness of his private organization was his passport anywhere. If a score of police chiefs sold protection to Piper on a percentage basis, what might not the Pinkerton percentages have totalled? It was that period of American history Mr. Claude G. Bowers has so aptly described as "the tragic era", an era of brazen politics and reconstruction, when a detective force as good as Pinkerton's would have been needed to hunt out the honest men in public office. And around and behind the office-holders stood a rank growth of business geniuses, Drew and Gould and Jim Fisk, and many other unscrupulous founders of fortunes. The country seemed overrun with political and criminal crookedness. But the Pinkertons were desperately feared by thieves of the underworld, and that fear might so profitably have been spread to all thieves, it is, perhaps, the detective's finest epitaph to say he did not die a millionaire.

To the widow, who survived him only two years, practically

the whole estate was bequeathed; but his sons — as had been arranged since long before his death - now divided the management of the Agency. Having trained them both to succeed him, Allan Pinkerton also had fortified the business strongly enough to withstand the early management of his heirs. He had been a master of secret service, but not personally secretive. He left, besides his fortune and his widespread investigative service, a great number of devoted friends, surprisingly few enemies, thousands of admirers, and all the readers who had dipped into his ocean of reminiscences. The term "canny Scot" might have been coined for him. He made Pinkerton a label which stood for shrewdness, integrity, and dreadful perseverance. He made it stand throughout the civilized world for private detective, thereby joining that curiously immortal company - Shrapnel, Derrick and Mackintosh, Guillotin, Colt, Macadam and the fourth Earl of Sandwich — who have left their names indelibly stamped upon something of their own creation.

In 1885 an Agency branch was opened in Boston at Number 44 Court Street; two years later the Denver branch was established, with St. Paul and Kansas City following the year after. Big Bill had stayed at Chicago; Robert had taken up his post in New York. Even before Allan Pinkerton's death the work of the organization was tending toward systematized crime prevention and service chiefly to large corporations, who paid a yearly retainer for a minimum of attention, asking nothing better than twelve months wherein no need for calling on detectives would be manifest. The rapid expansion taking place was not so much "young blood," but an inevitable result of this policy. If private operatives were being retained even though inactive, a near-by office of the Agency was what the client would most appreciate.

Another inevitability was, of course, involvements in strikes and labor troubles. Railroad clients had brought something of

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this sort close to the Pinkertons long before the termination of the founder's strict control. There exists an interesting bulletin dated November 1, 1876, entitled "Tests on Passenger Conductors", whose statistics, obtained by Pinkerton investigators, revealed to railroad executives of that time the often striking dissimilarities between amount of fares received and amount turned in to the company. But this was not labor as labor - hours, wages, working conditions, or union strength. It was labor only in terms of individual workers' dishonesty. Again, in '77, came the railroad rioting, with more than a score slain or fatally wounded in Chicago alone. Pinkerton operatives were concerned with the protection of the property of the principal carriers, and there was much of it damaged or destroyed. But no charges provoked by this torrid disturbance were seriously entertained, so far as the Agency was concerned. While there had been much savage fighting about terminals and yards, private detectives at those points seem to have left the shooting to deputies, militiamen, police and rioters. Whereas, in the trouble at Homestead the Pinkertons engaged did a little less than half the shooting, killed eleven who may scarcely be described as innocent bystanders, and had nine of their own number slain.

The Homestead fray, which was neither a sea fight nor land battle, albeit armored vessels and cannon were used, might be termed the tragedy of Allan Pinkerton's career, though he had been dead eight years and five days. It constituted a grave breach of the peace, in which the detectives' part was neither creditable, comfortable, nor in any way related to intelligent strategy. And it launched that fashion of denouncing the Pinkerton Agency in labor disputes which was to last a quarter of a century, and would shake the solid foundation of repute — of shrewdness, fair dealing, and prudent intervention — which Allan had given his best years to attain. Even in his

lifetime, when operating in behalf of large corporations, he had been criticized for forgetting his own impoverished youth and turning his powerful organization against the interests of the poor in support of the rich.

To this he had made reply:

"I know what it is, from personal experience, to be a tramp journeyman; to carry the stick and bundle; to seek work and not get it; and to get it, and receive but a pittance for it, or suddenly lose it altogether and be compelled to resume the weary search. In fact, I know every bitter experience that the most laborious of laboring men have been or ever will be required to undergo, not forgetting frequent participation in 'the strike'; and from it all there has come a conviction, as certain as life itself, that the workingman is never the gainer but always the loser, by resort to the reckless intimidation and brute force which never fail to result from the secret organization of the trades-union to force capital to compensate labor to a point where the use of that capital becomes unprofitable and disastrous. . . . These trades-unions of every name and nature are but a relic of the old despotic days. . . . In American citizenship there exists all the essentials to make success in the life of every man not possible, but probable."

There is a preëlection ring to this, and its somber view of high wages driving capital to the poorhouse is now one of our nicest economic antiques; but Allan Pinkerton, who never ran for office in his life, may be taken as wholly sincere in his utterance. Judged by the standards of the times, he paid his own people well. Like many another successful immigrant, he found the land of the free really free, and so he saw no reason why his extraordinary good fortune should not be the criterion of any average worker's progress and industry.

In the plant of the Carnegie Iron and Steel Company at Homestead, Pennsylvania, there was a union, and in the summer of '92 there came "the strike" — with neither of which



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conditions the Agency had been even remotely connected. The union laborers were skilled men belonging to the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. The strike had evolved from a serious wage dispute which failed of compromise; but on June 20th, while the negotiations with the workmen were in progress, the president of the Carnegie Company, Henry C. Frick, had written Robert Pinkerton in New York upon the subject of obtaining three hundred armed guards for the Homestead works. When an angered crowd of steel workers blew off steam with the juvenile show of hanging President Frick in effigy, either he or some of his advisers decided the best way to hang these malcontents in effigy was to shut down the plant. And this was done two days before the expiration of the wage contract under which the Amalgamated men had been working.

Representing the Agency, a Pinkerton supervisor named Hinde visited the Carnegie offices in Pittsburgh, and there terms were agreed on whereby three hundred impromptu Pinkertons should be delivered to Homestead and paid for at the rate of five dollars a day. The company meant to stand firm, and was bargaining to spend ten thousand five hundred dollars a week for protection. With the unauthorized suspension of the wage contract in the midst of negotiations for its renewal, the workers had also begun to organize openly for combat. The company contrived to build a high board fence around the entire plant. But when this stockade was pierced with loopholes, a darker aspect settled upon the scene, replacing the smoke which no longer belched from the furnaces.

Mr. Frick wrote Robert Pinkerton on June 25th, giving final instructions for the movements of the guards, which were to assemble at Ashtabula, Ohio, be transported by rail to Youngstown on the Mahoning River, and from there moved by boats to Homestead, about eight miles east of Pittsburgh,

on the Monongahela. July 6th was fixed as the day of their arrival. Counsel for the company notified Sheriff McLeary of Allegheny County that strike disorders were feared, that the company had engaged a strong force of watchmen, and would like them deputized by him to guard the Carnegie works. Until there was an attack on the steel mill with consequent property damage the sheriff declined to agree to this arrangement. But he sent twelve of his own deputies to observe conditions in and about the plant.

On July 1st the Amalgamated Association men had declared a strike, and had taken charge of the fenced-in works with the determination to let no strike breakers or non-union workingmen enter. On the fifth the company notified the sheriff that there were repairs which must be made under his protection. His deputies had been passed in and permitted to see that no damage to the plant had occurred; but they had not been allowed to remain and were warned to get out of town, so that no excuse for disorder might be found. The advisory committee which directed the action of the strikers even offered to be sworn in as deputies and to post bonds for the faithful performance of their duties as peace officers. But when this probably sincere attempt to hold the turbulent element in check was refused by the county authorities, the committee straightway dissolved and its records were burned. Meanwhile, McLeary emphatically opposed the coming of Pinkerton "detectives", but at the same time made not a move to raise enough men of his own to put the company in control of its property.

Here was a situation that called for delicate handling; and inasmuch as they moved their guards by water, the Carnegie management felt they were showing exquisite delicacy. Yet all responsible persons of the vicinity dreaded the ignition of their coming. It was disclosed later that the strike leaders, in asking to be deputized, had hoped for lawful authority to prevent

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the company's installing clandestinely an armed force inside the mill enclosure.

For the transportation of the Pinkertons the steel company had prepared two of its best barges of the type used in shipping rails down the river from the mills at Braddock, fitting up the holds with bunks and cooking facilities, and, as a precaution against the very state of siege which came to pass, had lined the hulls with heavy steel plates, and protected parts of the deck in like manner. Two steam tugs, the *Tide* and *Little Bill*, where chartered to tow them to the Homestead wharf, and at quarter past two in the morning of July 6th, the loading of the indiscriminately recruited three hundred began.

A tiny steamer commandeered by the strikers for purposes of river patrol sighted the flotilla about 4 A. M. and gave shrill alarm with its whistle. Every engine in town controlled by Carnegie workmen took up the blast; and soon the river banks were aswarm with half-clad strikers, their women and children, and such other members of the community as stood curious and aloof from the conflict. The motive force of the little *Tide* had ebbed at a dam between Pittsburgh and Homestead, and for the last few miles of their approach the *Little Bill* had tugged ahead with both barges, which came on like a veritable Ark, freighted with two of almost every known species of trouble, as well as three hundred revolvers and two hundred and fifty Winchester rifles.

It should be reiterated that, while not detectives of the caliber of Bangs or Warner, Curtin or Timothy Webster, neither were these Pinkertons on the barges armed strike breakers, as many have seemed to suppose. They were an excessively large order of watchmen; and the Carnegie officials had every right to install them on ground the company legally owned. Yet peaceful processes of law are the presumed ideal of enlightened citizens. There had been no outbreak at Homestead, and no damage done; and any Pinkerton investigator who spent an

hour in the mill town could have foretold exactly what sort of collision must occur when the Pinkerton guards — "a large body of miscellaneous men from foreign States" 1 — put in an appearance, equipped for war. At this writing the position of the steel company, regardless of the strike leaders' eventual inability to control their following, appears to have been indefensible.

But at the time the most weighty question dealt with the firing of the first shot. Neither side in the battle would admit having started it. However, it would seem that as the barges edged in toward shore, there was a sporadic exchange of superheated language, and that all of a sudden guns began popping as if exploded by spontaneous combustion. A good many were hit and several killed; the crowd lining the river bank dispersed behind every visible shelter; while the Pinkerton watchmen retreated to cover in the barges and there remained. A deputy sheriff and the Carnegie plant superintendent were aboard the Little Bill, the former representing the law and the latter the directors of the company. Gray, the deputy, afterward testified that his orders had been to prevent a breach of the peace, and take the Pinkerton contingent away in case of resistance. But when the Little Bill cast off from the barges and steamed up the river to Braddock, Gray and the Carnegie superintendent went along, and the only Pinkertons taken on board with them were the first of the wounded on their way to the hospital.

The gunfire resumed later in the morning. Sixty Pinkertons attempted to land, and, in being driven off, sustained their heaviest losses. Captain Hinde, the Agency officer in command, was twice wounded, as was one of his lieutenants. During the lull in the firing, the men on one of the barges had prepared loopholes to shoot through; while the attackers, now

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Congressional Record.

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spread out on either side of the river, made breastworks of iron and other materials found lying about the mills. From somewhere the strike sympathizers had managed to produce a small brass cannon, which they began to discharge with great sound and fury, but with such slight depression its shots carried well over the heads of neighborly sharpshooters lodged on the opposite bank. However, when the *Little Bill* attempted before noon to return and tow the beleaguered barges back to Braddock, the tug was met with a raking fire, and its skipper, Captain Rodgers, did not dare to proceed.

In the pilot house, while bullets whined and spattered above him, the pilot lay down and steered by dead - or at least dazed - reckoning, until the towboat had drifted past Homestead and went on to Pittsburgh. At about this time some malevolent genius on shore had thought of pouring oil upon the water - and setting it on fire to surround and consume the barges. Barrel after barrel was emptied into the river; but a stiff breeze blowing upstream interfered with the horror intended; and only a tank car loaded with oil on a siding near the river's edge came within reach of the flames and was destroyed. Another group of desperate, willing workers tried laying a natural gas pipe toward the nearer barge, hoping to envelop it in a cloud of gas and ignite that with a torpedo. The Pinkertons made a second attempt to land, but were again repulsed. The Little Bill gallantly reappeared and drew a terrific fire. One cannon shot sheared off the head of a striker in its path, and rifles thereafter were chiefly relied upon. Despairing of his prospects or frenzied by the pain of a wound, a Pinkerton recruit jumped overboard and was drowned.

Luncheon was served to the attackers by the townsfolk, but when the barges raised a white flag of truce, they were answered with discharges of dynamite. While apparently having, besides unlimited ammunition, a good supply of explosives, the mob was at a loss to discover means of blasting the

Pinkertons from their floating trenches. At half-past three in the afternoon Messrs. Weihe, Garland and McEvoy, leaders in the Amalgamated Association, arrived on the scene to remonstrate with the rank and file. But to no purpose: death by gunshot, incineration, or drowning was the best the "filthy scabs" need expect. It was only when, toward five o'clock, Hugh O'Donnell, the Homestead leader, grasped an American flag and made an impassioned plea for mercy to be shown the men trapped on the barges, that the Pinkertons' capitulation could be arranged.

They were permitted to take away with them personal belongings, but rifles, revolvers and all else on board the barges were seized by the mob, who then applied the torch to both vessels. They were destroyed; and the fire spread to the Carnegie pumphouse, which also went up in flames. O'Donnell had promised to protect the surrendering force of two hundred and thirty-four Pinkertons, but this he found himself unable to accomplish. The disarmed men, in the hands of the mob, now chiefly composed of infuriated women and boys, were treated with shocking brutality as they filed through the town toward temporary refuge and imprisonment in a skating rink. One woman used her umbrella to punch out a prisoner's eye; sand was thrown to blind others already hurt and unable to protect their faces. Merciless indignities were suffered by the disillusionized "detectives" all along the line of march.

One Pinkerton stepped aside at the risk of his life and addressed his tormentors: "Fellow Citizens! When I came here I did not understand the situation, or I would never have come. I was told I was to meet and deal with foreigners. I had no idea I was to fight American citizens. I am a member of the Junior Order, and I appeal to you for permission to leave and get myself out of this terrible affair." Therewith the crowd cheered him wildly, and he vanished among them, unmolested.

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Because of the hostility of the throng that gathered about the rink, it was impossible for some time to bring in medical assistance and attend the injured, who numbered one hundred and forty-five, twenty-one having been hit by bullets during the engagement, and the remainder seriously hurt on the way to the impromptu jail. In number of killed the victors counted eleven — one of whom had perished in front of the cannon — and the defeated, nine. The workmen had eighteen more or less severely wounded by rifle fire.

After an appeal to the better element of the men on strike it was made possible at midnight on the seventh to remove all the Pinkertons to Pittsburgh, twenty-five being received at the West Penn Hospital. And with the perverse enthusiasm of crowds, when the five-car train of the Pittsburgh, Virginia & Charleston Railroad pulled out of Homestead station, its battered passengers were given three cheers.

Captain Hinde in hospital said he had picked up two hundred men in Chicago and New York, that he merely obeyed orders without knowing the nature of the enterprise. As few as twenty-five Pinkertons of regular Agency employment were estimated to have been included in the contingent of green recruits. Subsequently O'Donnell and thirty-two other residents of the mill town were jailed on a charge of treason, something unheard-of, even in the dark chapters of Pennsylvania's contests between employers and the employed. As no Federal officer, military or civil, had come upon the scene, it must have been a strictly localized or company treason. And nothing proportionate to the enormity of the accusation seems ever to have happened to the accused.

Both William and Robert Pinkerton appeared at the ensuing Congressional inquiry, on July 23d, testifying that there had been three hundred and ten men on the barges, and two thirds of that number regular Pinkertons. They admitted the rifles and revolvers, but denied the metal sheathing on the interior

of the hulls. "We held off until the last minute on this business," Big Bill already had told an interviewer, "but having done Carnegie's work for years, they insisted that we should supply the watchmen." And even in Washington he still seemed to miss the point of public condemnation. Were the barges unprotected with steel plating? Then, that was but one more proof of the criminal folly of the enterprise. Sending an undisciplined, deceived and inadequate force virtually to storm a town on the brink of insurrection was a piece of unvarnished negligence that the Agency heads at length stopped trying to argue. Many military commanders have been cashiered for less. Both of Allan's sons upon examination showed a tendency to disregard responsibility for the lives of the men engaged to go to Homestead, as though any who would take such hazardous employment for a few dollars a day were entitled to an equally minimum consideration.

The elder Pinkerton, again sustained by his brother, very bluntly refused to expose either to Republican or Democratic eyes the Agency's contract with the Carnegie Company. Though not so formidably individual a witness as the great Cecil Rhodes, pausing to eat a sandwich and quaff a glass of beer while his Parliamentary inquisitors stood hungrily by, Big Bill was pretty stern with the Congress, and by his answers gives the impression of an exceedingly independent young man.

#### XXII: ARCH-FIEND OF THE CENTURY

#### H. H. Holmes and His Habit of Killing People

THE insatiably wicked Herman W. Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, of "Holmes' Castle", was one more murderer who wished there had never been any Pinkertons. Many of his worst crimes were committed within a short distance of the Agency's Chicago headquarters, while evidence against him was gathered in Detroit, Toronto and Burlington, Vermont; and when finally exposed through the adroit perseverance of one Pinkerton operative, he was hanged in Philadelphia.

Holmes — for the name Mudgett had little meaning for him after his early youth — was an educated man. He had studied at the University of Vermont, and had secured a medical degree in Michigan. He possessed a persuasive manner, and an alert mind that seems to have warped itself in keeping on track of its own few inhibitions. There was nothing too frightful, too lawless, too peculiar for H. H. Holmes to undertake. And once he had started, no matter to what lengths it led him, he endeavored to carry out his purpose with the zeal of a master artisan who cannot do less than his best. He was the most complex and imaginative liar a Pinkerton operative ever questioned.

But before his fourth-dimensional villainies were brought to the Agency's notice, he had pretty well carved out a career for himself in fraud, theft, and bigamy. He had been accused of horse-stealing in Texas, but had escaped with his life. A land-swindling transaction in Missouri had lodged him for a time in a St. Louis jail. But he had manipulated, without detection, a series of other frauds; and having not yet nearly ex-

hausted his capacity for deceit, he had married three women, and managed to live with them — and even travel about the country with them — in punctiliously methodical rotation.

While detained in St. Louis he had met a notorious train robber, Marion Hedgspeth. Holmes soon expected to be released on bail and forfeit it, whereas Hedgspeth was awaiting sentence for banditry that would keep him confined fifteen or twenty years — it turned out to be twenty — yet the versatile swindler and husband found the robber a man much to his liking. If Hedgspeth had stood any chance of emerging from prison before Holmes lost the dynamic deceptiveness of his youth, a significant partnership might have resulted. Even without such prospect, it was a time-killing pleasure to confide in Hedgspeth, and see the poor fellow's eyes light up with fancied participation in a crooked new scheme, which would be devoid of novelty long years before he finished paying off his debt to Missouri law. Holmes told the robber about a project he had in mind for defrauding insurance companies. All that he needed was a legal accomplice who might add of his own accord a few details of sharp practice. And when Hedgspeth declared he knew the very attorney to be trusted in such affairs, Holmes promised to give him five hundred dollars as a reward for the contact, should it have any profitable outcome.

In due course Holmes had jumped bail, met Hedgspeth's lawyer, Jeptha D. Howe, and proceeded to compound his plot. Later the train robber, who had never seen a penny of the five hundred, learned through Howe that Holmes with his connivance had fraudulently obtained ten thousand dollars from the well-known Fidelity Mutual Life Association. Whereupon Hedgspeth, choosing the oblique vengeance of a man who will not be doing much himself for twenty years, voluntarily "confessed" to the warden of the prison, who notified an inspector employed by the insurance company. A little further investi-

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gation satisfied the company that Holmes and Howe, who were neither of them available at former addresses, had perpetrated an obvious fraud; and in order to trace the miscreants, the Pinkerton Agency was called upon to coöperate with the company's own investigators.

The ironic truth in this part of the Holmes case was that no fraud had really been committed, though Hedgspeth—hence, the insurance people—and even the crafty Howe, believed in their guilty knowledge. Holmes' crime was not in pretending an accomplice had died and collecting his insurance; it was killing a no longer valued accomplice—and collecting the insurance with the aid of Howe and the widow of the deceased, who both had faith in their share of the swindle.

Detective Geyer of the Pinkertons' Philadelphia office was the man who eventually brought H. H. Holmes to trial and condemnation, working with that undespairing tactical thoroughness which has ever characterized the exploits of the greatest of investigators, a Canler, Froest, or Macé. The man who had died so carefully insured was Ben Pitezel, a willing assistant in several of Holmes' previous swindling operations. He left a wife and five children, Mrs. Pitezel, of course, supposing he was not dead but only in temporary hiding. Of the ten thousand insurance paid her, Howe first took twenty-five hundred dollars — to Holmes' unequivocated disgust — and when that alarming rascal finished his own collecting from her on account of "Ben's debts", she had exactly five hundred dollars remaining for her worry and reluctance in crime.

Pitezel as B. F. Perry, alleged patent attorney, had briefly occupied an office in Callowhill Street, Philadelphia; and there one Tuesday in August of 1894 his body had been found in a back room, exposed to the glare of the summer sun, and all but unrecognizable. Mrs. Pitezel, who was even more a dupe of Holmes than ever her husband had been, was not allowed

to identify the remains. Holmes so contrived it that he himself — as Pitezel's intimate friend and former business partner — was presently requested by the insurance company to come East and make the identification; and he asked and received his expenses for the journey, traveling amiably back to the scene of his crime in company with one of his several mates.

Howe believed the body was that of an unknown person who had died a normal death, that Holmes had bought and brought over from New York. This also Mrs. Pitezel believed. As representative of the immediate family — for the widow was declared to be prostrated — Pitezel's fourteen-year old daughter, Alice, came forward innocently and said, yes, it must be her father. Doubtless the child thought she recognized him. Holmes had elected to have Pitezel die as the result of a private accident, a benzine explosion, and, after killing him with chloroform, had unmercifully charred and distorted his face.

When Gever started out upon his tedious and exacting search for evidence, he had nothing to work on but the statement of the case as it appeared to the insurance company, and routine descriptions of Howe and Holmes. The company believed their policy holder still lived and that they had paid his widow for a fraudulently substituted body. However, a medical examination had revealed that "Perry", though mutilated, had really suffered death from the chloroform poisoning; and when Gever looked over the Callowhill Street office he could detect not a trace of fire or benzine explosion. All signs of it had been reserved for the dead man's countenance. Even the broken bottle, alleged container of the explosive substance, showed fragments of glass fallen into its own shattered base. as if from a blow. Whereas, reasoned Geyer, any explosion worthy of the name would have burst the bottle and spattered bits of it all over the room.

For some time the various insurance inspectors and private

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detectives seeking Holmes gained no clues as to his whereabouts; but then a man answering his description, and using the name Howell, was reported in Canada. Geyer took up the trail and had soon ascertained that the tourist registering himself as Howell, Cook, Hayes, Canning and a dozen other names was his suspect, H. H. Holmes. Keenly observant and nimble-witted, Holmes appeared soon to apprehend that he was under surveillance, for he began a fantastic series of sudden stops, turns, and detours, finally doubling back into the United States, where at length, in Boston, it was decided to take him into custody.

The Pinkerton Agency, still superior to any police department of America in handling a case of this kind, had looked up Holmes' record in many States. The horse-stealing charge long existent in Texas appeared the most useful peg to start hanging him upon; and, after a telegram from the Agency had invited the Texans to dust off their ancient warrant, it was used to effect his arrest. Now Holmes, like most deadly killers, was not a particularly brave man — though his bravado in prison and courtroom was to fascinate psychiatrists for many a day. He wanted above all to avoid being returned to Texas as a horse thief, and promptly bargained with Geyer to submit to indictment for the insurance fraud.

Removed to Philadelphia when he waived extradition, the swindler and bigamist made light of his part of the "Perry" or Pitezel job. Holmes' lies were always of the towering, sky-scraper variety, and for one in a Pinkerton trap he was altogether too diffuse about "Perry." The purchased body, said he, had been brought over from New York in a trunk. One of his examiners remembered how straight and rigid the supposed patent attorney had been when found at the Callowhill Street address, and asked Holmes by what miracle he had stiffened the body again after rigor mortis had been broken to permit packing for shipment.

Holmes blandly reconsidered his account. He had been wrong to deceive them, he might as well own up — the body of "Perry" really had been Pitezel's. His partner in the swindling scheme had, obstinately enough, committed suicide. And Holmes, finding him dead at the office, had decided he might as well use Pitezel himself to collect upon — without divulging the circumstances to his other accomplices — and thus avoid the considerable expense and trouble of having to shop around for a cadaver.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Pitezel had been traced to a house Holmes finally had rented for her in Burlington, Vermont. Her presence in Boston was demanded upon some excuse or other, and there she, too, was arrested. The woman was terribly overwrought, and made but a few feeble attempts to deny her connection with the fraud. She was not at all a criminal type; she had been the tool of a weak, dishonest man, and then of Holmes, her husband's far more cunning and forceful confederate. And now she was found to be in doubt, not only of the fate of Pitezel, but of the present whereabouts of three of her children. Dessie, her oldest, and the baby had been left with her, but Holmes had taken Alice, who had appeared to identify the body in Philadelphia, a boy, Howard, and a still younger daughter, Nellie, to stay with "a widow, in Kentucky" where they would be wholesomely cared for until the entire family could be reunited.

"It is suspected, Holmes," said District Attorney Graham of Philadelphia, "that you not only are the murderer of Ben Pitezel — but also of his three children."

"Why should I kill innocent children?" Holmes plaintively rebuked him. It was true that only Ben Pitezel had carried insurance; yet Holmes had undoubtedly set out to destroy a whole family who might one day be gathered in court to bear witness against him.

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"The best way to remove this suspicion is to produce the children at once," said Graham.

Holmes could not produce even one Pitezel child, but he had ready a whole generation of glib excuses. The children were no longer in America, but had gone to England with a Miss Williams, formerly employed as his secretary in Chicago. This girl, by the way, like many another woman, had become infatuated with Holmes and had been tricked out of a small property which she had inherited. But the bigamist's narrative omitted that - explaining how he had planned to marry Minnie Williams, and she had invited her sister to attend their wedding, and then, shortly after Nannie Williams arrived, she and his betrothed had indulged in a violent quarrel, and, alas, poor Minnie had been unlucky enough to strike Nannie dead. All of which not only postponed the wedding — his fourth but made Minnie eager to leave the country and take the Pitezel children with her. Holmes, dutiful both as impending bridegroom and brother-in-law, had expedited Minnie Williams' departure, and ceremoniously dropped Nannie into a receptive lake.

Geyer and the others heard him tell this story with the utmost gusto and candor. But without even bothering to cable the English authorities, the Pinkerton Agency sent Geyer out to find the trio of smaller Pitezels — or whatever remained of them.

That Holmes was no ordinary destroyer of life had been clearly established by a search made at "Holmes' Castle" in Chicago, an uncommonly altered four-story structure with a drugstore occupying the ground floor. Above the store was his more mysterious domain, which included a sound-proof chamber that would have permitted of almost any type of crime. Even troubling to lift up the linoleum in the bathroom, the detective had thus uncovered a trapdoor admitting to a hidden staircase that led down to the cellar. From the labora-

tory on the third floor another secret stairway descended in the same sinister fashion. There was both a furnace and a huge tank of acid down cellar, in either of which a human body might have been consumed. The laboratory stocked many lethal gases, powders and fluids. There was an apparatus for manufacturing poison gas; there were a surgeon's dissecting table and the necessary implements for anatomical exploration. But not a trace did the investigators find of any one of the attractive young women who, as typists, chemist's assistants, or "housekeepers", had gone to the Castle in answer to Holmes' alluring advertisements, and, after an interval, inexplicably vanished from Chicago.

That Geyer succeeded in tracing every move Holmes made after his alleged setting out for Kentucky with the children is one of the greatest accomplishments of the Agency conducted by Allan Pinkerton's successors. Holmes had too much on his conscience - and what conscience he had must have been reinforced concrete, to sustain such a weight - ever to be direct in his movements, or careless in revealing his identity. Sometimes he stopped at three different hotels in one city, using a different name at each. Geyer ferreted it all out, and learned that, besides traveling with one of his wives, Holmes had triplicated his tour by carrying along two other groups - Mrs. Pitezel, her baby, Wharton, and Dessie for one; and separately from them, the wondering, homesick Alice, Howard, and Nellie. The distracted mother had repeatedly been lodged within three or four blocks of the missing children. In Toronto she nearly had encountered them on the street; but by tragic luck Holmes met her first. Alice had taken her brother and sister for a walk in the neighborhood; and so he quickly discovered a reason for hurrying Mrs. Pitezel, whom he required to use the name Adams, to another quarter of the city.

#### ARCH-FIEND OF THE CENTURY

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All this while Ben Pitezel was still expected by members of his family to be only a little way on ahead, furtively evading the law. The children wrote constantly to their mother and worried because she did not reply. Holmes, of course, absorbed all communications, but delivered messages of his own composing to the wife from Ben, to the children from their mother, to her from each of them. When Geyer had followed the tortuous trail to Indianapolis, he seemed to face defeat; but then he learned there was an hotel in town, the Circle House, which lately had been closed. Inquiries produced the information that three children had stayed there ten unhappy days, and that a Mr. Canning, the man who had taken them away, answered the description of Holmes.

In Detroit the manager of so many destinies had rented a house. At the rear of the cellar he had dug a hole - but apparently to no purpose, as nothing gruesome proved to have been hidden in it. In Toronto he rented another house. When Gever began to seek it, there was the whole Canadian city to cover. But in eight days' time he had found a dwelling at Number 16 St. Vincent Street into which Holmes had moved only a bed and mattress. From an elderly Scots neighbor he had borrowed a spade, to dig a hole for storing potatoes — a convenience requested by his "widowed sister", for whom he had taken the house. Geyer borrowed that same spade, and dug where Holmes had dug. He first found some pathetic, broken toys of the younger Pitezels, and then the bodies of Alice and Nellie. In Cincinnati, Holmes, as A. C. Hayes, had rented still another house at Number 305 Poplar Street and, in company with a boy, delivered to it but one article, a large stove. Next morning, however, this strange tenant said he was not going to occupy the house and courteously presented the stove to a startled neighbor. Geyer found nothing at that point; he went on again to Indianapolis, determined to complete his case by establishing the fate of the boy, Howard.

Having secured lists of all the houses advertised in the vicinity, more than nine hundred of these were unavailingly investigated.

Geyer grew discouraged; but there were yet a few remote suburban dwellings to be seen. And so in Irvington he found the last house Holmes had rented for homicidal purposes. A stove had been moved in here also. Burnt human remains were discovered and medical men examined them and described a boy who could not be other than Howard Pitezel. Geyer also had unearthed from under the piazza a trunk which the three children shared on their travels, and, his long search ended, returned to Philadelphia to deliver a monster to the hangman.

Mrs. Pitezel had been released, but Holmes was held without bail all the while the Pinkerton agent was reconstructing the itinerary of his crimes. When he was informed of the Toronto disclosures he affected the most touching anguish, and "saw . . . the two little faces as they had looked when I had hurriedly left them — felt the innocent child's kiss so timidly given — heard again their earnest words of farewell."

Holmes decided that a mythical Edgar Hatch who was to have aided the regretful murderess, Minnie Williams, in taking the three young Pitezels abroad, had instead done them foully to death. Minnie "in a hellish wish" for revenge — on account of her deferred bigamous nuptials, presumably — had told Hatch to do this, knowing how certainly Holmes himself would be suspected. Little Howard's remains, when located in Indiana, required still yet another flight of his prodigious fancy.

Brought to trial only for the killing of Ben Pitezel, because the prosecution considered that a really "open and shut" case, Holmes continued in character by quarrelling with his attorneys and undertaking to defend himself. He was convicted

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and sentenced to death. Whereupon one of the discarded lawyers to whom he turned in his last extremity, appealed for a re-trial, chiefly on the ground that new evidence had been brought to light. This was sheer invention — and Geyer of the Pinkerton force was still on duty. The lawyer cast about him for somebody he could hire to swear falsely. Geyer provided a police matron, who accepted a retainer of twenty dollars and a short statement she must memorize immediately. A little later the unwise counsel was under indictment for subornation of perjury.

Holmes' trial occurred in the fall of '95, greatly obliging the lately christened "yellow press" of America, which had begun to grow out of pink infancy and arrive at a distinctive saffron. Installed in a "condemned" cell at Philadelphia, the killer really let himself go, selling for publication—at the modest price of seventy-five hundred dollars—memoirs which retailed the destruction of twenty-seven men, women and children. Having specialized in murder and matrimony, he had excelled at the former pursuit by a ratio of nine to one. He was, moreover, extraordinarily proud of even his smallest delinquencies. For years he had used Chicago city water free of charge by making pretense of having drilled an artesian well. City gas, he boasted, had cost him nothing, since he brought it through a tank of water in which there was a chemical that colored the flame and so deceived the inspectors.

Women and girls who had remained with him a while, but ended on his dissecting table, had not after that been lightly tossed aside. Emily Cigrand, Mrs. Connor and the rest—he had paid an expert to mount their skeletons! Yet self-made men are too often the victims of their own proficiency; and the more Holmes confessed, the more elements of doubt intruded at this or that point of the florid recital. Possibly he had annihilated all these twenty-seven, but there was much to show some dozen or more of them never had been alive.

And later, when almost at the foot of the scaffold, he paused to brag of having cheated the newspapers with a narrative of massacre, that was his last cute fraud.

Holmes, neverthless, has not many recorded rivals for the title "Arch-Fiend of the Century" which was conferred upon him, together with the fee for his literary product. He premeditated murder with the smiling ease and confidence of a millionaire negotiating the purchase of two-cent postage stamps. And it was never doubted by Geyer or others who dealt with the arch-criminal that he had slain at least ten people.

Nine days before his thirty-sixth birthday, at Moyamensing Prison, May 7, 1896, Holmes or Mudgett was executed.

#### XXIII: THE "EYE" STILL WAKEFUL

DURING the fifty years of the Pinkerton Agency's development and expansion the municipal police departments of America were developing and improving also, and at a more rapid pace, which was fortunate as they all had much farther to go. Allan Pinkerton had become famous almost overnight as a Chicago city detective, because he never gave up trying to capture any one he went after, was hard to deceive and absolutely impossible to bribe. By 1895 there were hundreds doing police duty who could have answered that basic description; within a few years more there were thousands - though with plenty of room for likely recruits. Whereupon many people who remembered Allan's flood of books, and the days when none but a Pinkerton was worth counting upon if detective work happened to be necessary, began to suggest that "the Pinkertons" had slipped back, were "no longer what they used to be."

A careful search has not discovered any stirring evidence of such deterioration, unless we take the instance of Big Bill's pet terrier, which, being lost in the summer of 1904, with all the resources of the Chicago office put to work upon the case, managed to stay lost ever after with that special gift some animals have for ridiculing the infallibility of man. But surely contributing to the impression of diminished favor and effectiveness — which any underworld character would treat with probably profane derision — was the instinctive reserve of Robert and William A. Pinkerton, who had not their father's fondness for print and skill in obtaining the right tone of publicity, and were neither of them conscious of requiring it. They were wealthy men themselves, and all their principal clients

were rich and reticent corporations or individuals; and they lived in an age — 1880 to 1907 — when riches in America, however still envied, were peculiarly subject to suspicion and attack. Theodore Roosevelt, wishing to consult leading New York bankers upon an important question of government finance, had to bring them down to Washington and sneak them into the White House at night — all concerned preferring to avoid the loud cries of alarm such a consultation would then have occasioned. The brothers Pinkerton, who were now running the kind of Agency they wished to run, had other shrewd and distinguished models to follow in the conduct of their confidential business.

The detective organization had, of course, attained to such eminence it could be exposed in several ringing volumes. A man named Siringo - "the cowboy detective" - wrote two of these books,1 and apologized for his delay by saying: "A word from William A. Pinkerton or one of his officers would send any 'scrub' citizen to the scrap heap or even to the penitentiary. A man without wealth and influence trying to expose the dastardly work of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency would be like a two-year-old boy blowing his breath against a cyclone to stop its force." Stranger things have happened in the midst of a cyclone. And the vitiating part of Siringo's exposé seems to be that he was himself a Pinkerton operative for twenty or twenty-two years - he claims both - and only near the end of his employment discovered the work he had been doing all that while was something deserving his contempt.

1 "A Cowboy Detective" (1912) and "Two Evilisms" (1914). The first of these books was restrained from publication for two years by the Pinkertons, who obtained a succession of judicial orders compelling the author to disguise names of clients and operatives — very superficially — and delete certain passages alleged to have been libellous.

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Siringo was for a time the personal bodyguard of our friend, James McParland, become a mature assistant general superintendent in the West. Sent to Denver to regain his health after the overthrow of the Molly Maguires, the redoubtable "Mc-Kenna" had presently run into an antagonist which, in his opinion, made "the terrible Mollies look like children" — the inner circle of the Western Federation of Miners. The McParland-Pinkerton war with the Federation was a rough affair, and a book might be filled with it and hardly get past the earliest rounds of vituperation. Later on the fighting turned into a series of ambushes. On a June day in 1904 fourteen miners were killed by an explosion of dynamite, and the possibility of this grim event having been accidental could be probed no deeper than the fact that all fourteen were non-union men.

On December 30, 1905, a former governor of Idaho, Frank Steunenberg, was mowed down in front of his own home by a bomb attached to the gate. Wherewith McParland and his operatives, encouraged by the governors of Idaho and Colorado, started to hit out in all directions. Doubtless, as the radicals complained, there were innocent bystanders hurt by mistake—as they nearly always are, too, when a bomb goes off. But Charles H. Moyer, William D. Haywood—the Big Bill of the "Wobblies" when the I. W. W. came of age—and George A. Pettibone, recognized leaders in the Miners' Federation, went to prison—together with more than a dozen of their alleged lieutenants. While Crane, Conibear and other Pinkerton operatives were revealed as well-established members of the union.

Long before the identifying innovations of Alphonse Bertillon and other European specialists had recommended a quiet sanity to the files of the average American police department, the Pinkerton office in Chicago had a "rogues' gallery" of its

own — it included that precious picture of Walter Sheridan — and kept records of all its cases and criminal contacts which, though suffering from a certain Victorian voluminousness, were surely the most usefully complete of their time.

For some years the western divisions of the Agency had been up in arms against Harvey Logan, a desperado who was a kind of Reno brothers congealed into one very wild young man. Logan, besides his inability to see a railroad line without wanting to hold up a train, is remembered as the first - and perhaps last — criminal in America ever to escape from prison on horseback. It was the warden's horse, and Logan spurred it so amazingly he cut straight across the outraged State of Tennessee, while newspapers issued extra editions hourly, giving the latest details of his continued disappearance. Finally, on June 7, 1904, three bandits held up a Denver and Rio Grande train and attacked the safe in the express car with nitroglycerine. But armed passengers took heart and drove them off; the safe remained intact; and a posse, hastily gathered, followed after the three so hotly they got within shooting distance on the second day of the chase. One of the trio was wounded. He was seen to compel his comrades to ride on. As his captors circled around him, suspecting some trick, he raised up a little, put the muzzle of a heavy Colt against his temple and blew off the top of his head.

"That fellow was game enough to be Harvey Logan," said a deputy sheriff, who believed he knew the train robber by sight. His remark stirred up a considerable debate. Before long half the posse had decided it was Logan. As a railroad had been originally concerned, Pinkerton detectives were soon on the scene; some gruesome photographs were taken of the suicide, sent on to the Chicago office, and the word came back—Harvey Logan. All official means of making sure of the famous criminal's death had, meanwhile, produced only doubt.

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Such an identification, which would be a commonplace today in the case of any man who had spent a day in prison, was deemed remarkable in the West at that time. And even in the East, where European detective "fads" made more rapid conversions, the Pinkertons' general knowledge of the underworld and its denizens, past or present, often had important consequences. A brewery in a large eastern city was robbed and the watchman slain. Local detectives convinced themselves that the night engineer at the brewery was implicated in the crime. He appeared a steady, law-abiding sort of man; yet he had been traced within ten minutes of the time of the killing to the scene of the homicide. Fortunately for the accused, officers of the brewing company found themselves dissatisfied with so simple a solution of the case, and called upon the Pinkerton Agency to investigate.

The Pinkerton superintendent went and talked to the suspected man. He at once identified him as a formerly notorious thug, who had served five years in prison on a conviction of felonious assault. The subsequent action of the average police investigator would not be difficult to decide in such circumstances. But the Pinkerton noticed this also: when the brewery had been robbbed, its safe had been blown open. The work of yeggmen! Of course, a convict meets all too many other convicts — but that night the superintendent stopped by for another quiet chat with the engineer. Fifteen minutes of candid discussion convinced him he was getting at the truth; the man had come out of prison and sincerely reformed; he was not breaking any laws, or frequenting unsavory dives; and he was entirely innocent of the crime at the brewery. He was not arrested.

Two months later Pinkerton operatives rounded up a quartette of yeggmen, who were charged with the brewery job and all convicted. Detectives are not supposed to be consoling, tender-hearted, or full of loving kindness. Yet there was gen-

uine rejoicing at the Agency that the right men had been caught and the wrong man left to continue his straightforward course. William A. Pinkerton, whatever were his difficulties in labor disorders, was modestly benevolent, and repeatedly helped criminals or their needy dependents. He believed the worst character might be reformed if handled just right, and was a sincere advocate of the parole system and of greater leniency to men who, imprisoned, have been able to demonstrate a resolve to learn and stick to an honest trade and lead decent, useful lives. Yet to suggest that he ever grew sentimental over crooks draws some very sour smiles to-day from venerable old rascals who recall having tried to betray him.

While possibly never so popular as his father, or even his younger brother, Big Bill was the most complete detective of the three. He had begun younger than Allan's hard lot permitted him to do—he outlived Robert by sixteen years—he was, actually, a Pinkerton operative for more than fifty years, thereby exceeding the original Pinkerton's record by half a generation. All his life he avoided personal exploitation, and melodramatic narratives of crime either bored or annoyed him. He said—"I have always been opposed to crime reminiscences, and the reminiscences of the Pinkerton Agency will never be written. My father wrote some books in his day, but I believe the stories of famous crimes should not be published." He never retracted, refusing many publishing offers for his autobiography, and went to his grave like a gold mine defying its prospectors.

Yet no matter how strongly he felt about suppressing details of criminal hits or misses, he suppressed nothing when acknowledging the successful careers of others. Of Frank Froest, that excellent man, William Pinkerton observed, in 1912, on the occasion of Froest's receiving the well-deserved award of the Distinguished Service Order:

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"I have known every superintendent of the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard in recent years, and there has been no one to approach him in ability. He is as game a man and as clever a one as I ever have known in the detective business."

Besides lending powerful support to the campaign which resulted in the international extradition treaties to which the United States subscribed, and in better facilities of extradition between the States - besides setting a valuable example of coördination in police work, and of the benefits to be derived from properly maintained crime records, statistics and systematic identifications of criminals, the Pinkertons did good pioneer work in battling with a new class of robber whose science was wholly unknown to the founder's earlier days. Some one connected with the Agency called them "yeggmen" and the name stuck, being often condensed to yegg and very loosely applied. When a Pinkerton operative reported the work of yeggmen, he meant only a criminal undertaking by men whose practice it was to open any particularly difficult safe with explosives. Small iron receptacles handed down from father to son still defied safe-blowers by being too easily opened. Newer models would have defied even a Shinburn; but they fell apart very feebly when jarred with nitroglycerine.

In a series of bulletins relating to the yeggman's technique and preferences, which the Agency sponsored, it was pointed out by William A. Pinkerton that the steadily increasing amount of engineering work going forward in America was giving practice in the handling of high explosives to great numbers of men, some of whom were bound to be irresponsible and reckless, and often lacking in funds. Bank clients and others known to keep large sums of money at the plant or office were bombarded with warnings, which were the chief

protection that could be rendered until some criminal act occurred. In addition, the Agency forwarded sundry recommendations to manufacturers of vaults and "burglar-proof" safes; and many of the more modern alterations or appliances which give them their present enormous security are attributed in part, at least, to the voluntary researches pursued by Pinkerton agents.

Illustrative of the carelessness or inexperience of most people where safe-blowing explosives were concerned, the Agency archives produced an anecdote of a criminal recently apprehended by its operatives. In his pocket when he was searched, following his arrest, there had been found a bottle containing a fluid which, he explained, was eyewash. Arraigned before a magistrate, the suspect had to secure a young lawyer on rather short notice; and presently his attorney began an eloquent plea for his discharge, pointing out that the Pinkertons' suspiciousness was not the law. There was absolutely no proof on which to hold him!

Some one mentioned the eyewash as a possible sign of criminal intent. The ardent defender then pounced on the bottle and brandished it in front of the magistrate. "This," he exclaimed, "a mere lotion for the eyes, is the flimsy pretext on which my client is brought before Your Honor—" He lifted the bottle high overhead and was about to slam it down contemptuously on the table before him, when the accused man sprang to his feet and grasped the lawyer's arm. "Here—be careful!" he remonstrated. "That's got enough 'soup' in it to blow this court house into the sky. You made the bluff too strong. I'd rather be settled for a couple of years than take any more chances of seeing you prove me innocent."

The management of the Agency was kept in able hands; no matter how rapid the expansion, there always seemed enough good men to go round. Nor did many individual operatives

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— considering the growth of the organization — reflect discredit on the Pinkerton name. Rival detective bureaus sprang up all over the country, of course, and not a few of them were shady as an Antarctic summer, fattening upon divorce cases, sublimated blackmail, the suspiciousness of elderly men with younger wives, or young mistresses. The Pinkertons did not resent the strongest rivalry, and could endure their innumerable imitators; but once the Agency's reputation seemed secure a swarm of crooks took advantage of it, and from many points complaints began pouring in of misrepresentations and crimes perpetrated by elastic gentlemen hurrying by and claiming to be "Pinkerton Detective Number One" — or, if more modest, Two.

A more amusing instance of this kind of masquerade occurred in the city of New York, where rival bands of bank robbers had hit upon the same new scheme of tunneling into the building holding the vault which was their ultimate objective. Band A. feared that Band B. would operate it first; and that the resulting publicity would spoil their own chances. Band A. learned what particular bank the other band was proposing to rob and sent two accomplices who would be unknown to the B. men to pose outside that institution as Pinkerton agents. The ruse effected the desired retarding of the B. raid; but, of course, it was too clever to keep still about, and, when the frustrated group heard how they had been outwitted, they retaliated by sending the other crowd's plans through to genuine Pinkertons. As a happy result, neither bank was in any way disturbed.

It was in New York also that a Pinkerton detective quite inadvertently eliminated from gangdom one of its most notorious czars. Monk Eastman was so widely respected a gangster that when his following chose a name they were proud to avoid the fancy, whimsical or threatening, and simply be "Eastmans." And because of his very substantial connections

in the lower depths of the political world, Monk had for some years defied the city police and behaved himself pretty much as he pleased. However, on the fateful night of February 2, 1904, the Eastman leader of the powerful Eastmans, and a lieutenant of his named Wallace, being in the vicinity of Sixth Avenue and 42nd Street, paused to rob a wealthy-appearing young man who was too drunk to care what happened to him. Walking cautiously a little way behind the tottering youth was a shabby man whom Eastman and Wallace supposed was preparing to strip the wanderer's pockets if they did not. But instead this furtive shadow was a Pinkerton agent employed by the glad boy's family to see him through a period of dissolute experimentation. Out came the gangsters' guns. The to-berobbed one seemed mildly surprised. But then, to the overpowering amazement of Monk and his partner, the unconsidered tramp whipped out a pistol and started to shoot.

Down the avenue and across 42d Street the trio ran, Monk and Wallace retreating, but engaging the Pinkerton in a fleeting duel. Wallace escaped, and it is possible the Pinkerton would never have taken Eastman prisoner - he still had his young man to watch over, and return to his home - had not Monk collided with a policeman in front of the Knickerbocker Hotel and been knocked flat with a nightstick. Reviving in a police station, Monk waited insolently for his pet politicians to come and get him out. But they did nothing of the sort. It was said his high-handed ways had grown tiring to Tammany; and, moreover, there was a Pinkerton in the case. Recalcitrant policemen who tried to testify against gang leaders could be transferred to dismal duties or otherwise invited to repent; but an Agency operative could neither be threatened nor bought off. Eastman had overplayed his luck; he would have to suffer. Which he did, his conviction on charges of highway robbery and felonious assault removing him from his underworld monarchy for about ten years.

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Another and later police event in New York which reflected credit upon the Agency was the appointment under Police Commissioner McKay of George S. Dougherty, for years a noted operative and executive officer of the Pinkerton organization, as Deputy Commissioner of Police in charge of detectives.

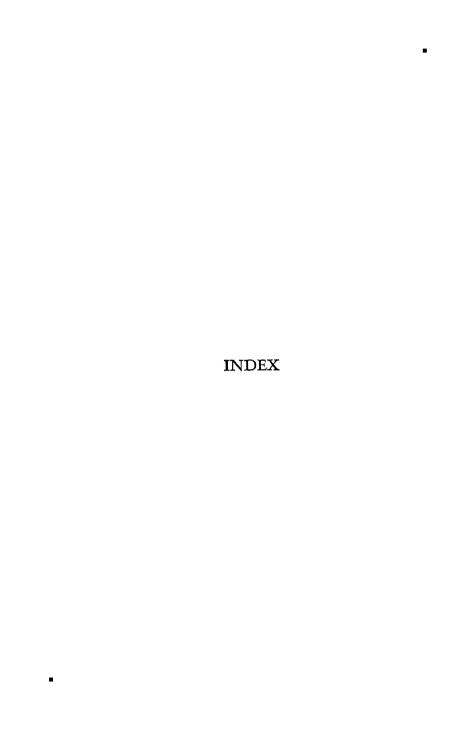
After Robert Pinkerton's death in 1907, William A. Pinkerton remained as active head of the whole detective force, with his nephew, another Allan Pinkerton, associated as his partner. But William was living in virtual retirement in California when he died, December 11, 1923, in his seventy-seventh year.

The Agency was then continued as an incorporated company, with Robert's son Allan becoming its president. The policy of the sons of the founder thus was maintained in another generation, with few spectacular cases and a very definite avoidance of anything savoring of the sensational. For years Pinkerton operatives had carefully guarded the better class of race tracks in America, noticing thieves and all sorts of undesirables drawn to the turf, and warning them after one visit to betake themselves and their bad reputations to some spot invisible to "The Eye." It was at the request of stewards of the Jockey Club that Allan Pinkerton investigated the shady operations of the notorious Arnold Rothstein, with the result that a far more formidable underworld ornament than Monk Eastman could ever be felt the impact of Pinkerton vision and found himself ruled off the New York tracks. Allan Pinkerton, himself devoted to sport, was likewise invited by the president of the American League, Mr. B. B. Johnson, to investigate the so-called "Black Sox" baseball scandal after the World's Series of 1919. It did not take the special Agency operatives who were set to work long to uproot evidence of treachery and bribery in that unpalatable affair; and in due

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course the crooked players of the Chicago American League Club were exiled from what is so aptly entitled "organized baseball."

Allan Pinkerton, grandson of the Agency's original Allan, had emulated that zealous military agent during the months of American participation in the World War, serving for a time on the staff of the commander in chief at Chaumont and as a major of the Intelligence at Tours and Bordeaux. During his period of service in France he was exposed to poison gas, and never wholly recovered from the effects of severe gas wounds, dying in the city of New York on October 7, 1930, from causes directly attributable to them.



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